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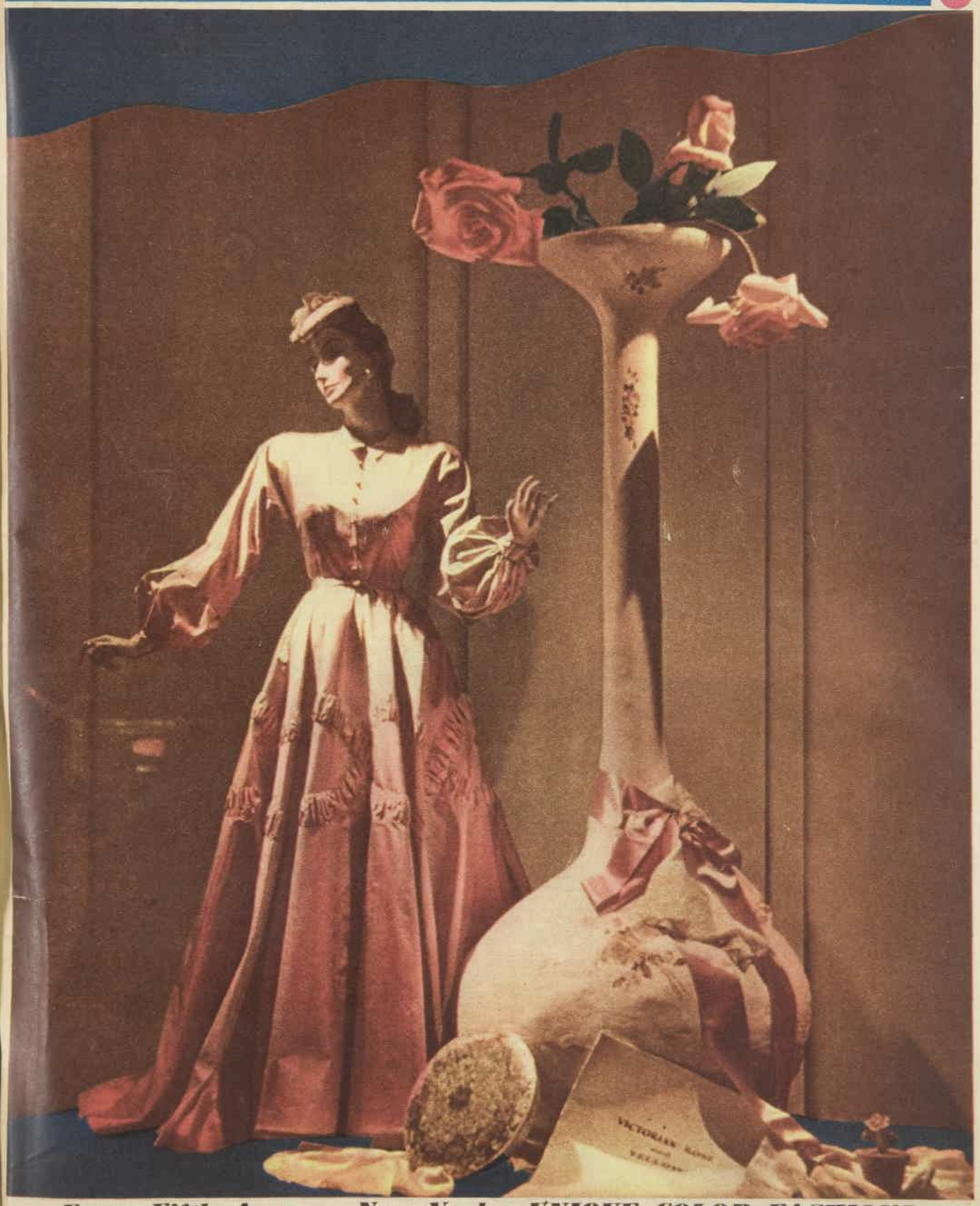

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This couple tried

Living on a BUDGET

Have you trod the same stony path?

By AMANDA LOVEL

"JOHN said the first thing to do was to find out where the money goes."

OUR friend, Mary, was always maddeningly efficient. There was something wizard, positively wizard, about the way she made one pound do the work of five.

She had a profound contempt for our difficulties with the phone bill and the dentist's plaintive "cheque will oblige."

"Any couple," she said, "can live within their means on strength of mind and a budget."

So we tried.

John said the first thing to do was find out where the money goes. In our house that has always been somewhat of a mystery.

So we each got a little notebook, and the idea was to jot down what we spent and balance up each night.

Have you ever tried to remember to put down every penny you spend—even the twopenny tram-fares?

I was 5/3 out the first night and John said now we'd found the crux of the matter.

"You must have spent that on something that wasn't necessary at all or you'd remember," he announced in that revoltingly smug way men have of passing the buck.

Then he had the cheek to be positively violent when I woke him at 2 a.m. to announce triumphantly that of course I'd used 4/6 of it to pay for HIS suit that came back from the cleaners.

Men are so petty.

One way and another the whole scheme caused a lot of trouble.

For instance, I couldn't understand why John felt called upon to give as much as 10/- to the subscription list for the typist's wedding present.

As I said, he's not a Big Executive on a thousand a year. Half-a-crown would have been most adequate!

And he couldn't understand when I had a sudden need to pep up my ego and bought a pair of super-sheer stockings at 16/11.

Men are so insensitive.

It was pretty hopeless, so we abandoned Method 1 and attacked the problem the other way round.

WE drew up a most elaborate incoming and outgoing ledger and calculated what we ought to spend on each item.

"Look at the big things first," I said. So we looked at the rent. It had never looked so big before.

We told ourselves that £2/2/- was absolutely scandalous rent for two people. We went flat-hunting.

Everything we looked at had something wrong with it—a squalid back yard or a misused bath, was too far from the water or too near the tram, had too much sun or too little.

In fact, after a dozen foot-slogging expeditions, we were suddenly struck with the conviction that we were amazingly lucky ever to have found such an extraordinarily cheap flat.

John said he knew it all the time.

Men are so smart!

It was much the same with the food budget. I was certain I could buy enough meat for the week on 8/-, but somehow I always found myself down to a rabbit or a pound of stewing steak by Wednesday.

John immediately began to clamor for fillet steak as though he'd never heard of budgeting.

Men are so un-co-operative.

We both decided when we did our calculations that we really didn't need any more clothes till next winter, but that we'd set aside 10/- a week for clothes ready for that.

Imagine my horror when John came home in the second week of budgeting with a suit-length he'd bought from some mysterious traveller.

He had the usual excuses. It was imported and there wouldn't be any more like it because of the war, and anyway it was a marvellous bargain for £2.

I'm an understanding woman, and after a few well-chosen words I let the matter drop.

But the next week, when I brought home a modest little hat that was just exactly what I needed to make last winter's frock good again next season, he blew up like a magnetic mine and harped on the subject all night.

Men are so unfair.

By this time we'd realised that you can't make hard and fast rules about how much you intend to spend on any particular thing.

"It means you can't take advantage of special opportunities," said John, no doubt thinking of the suit-length.

So overboard went Method 2.

Deferred payment

JOHN thought of Method 3 all alone.

He said that if we didn't carry money round we wouldn't spend it. We'd save pounds in small purchases like sweets and flowers and fares and lunches if we really felt we didn't have the money with us to spend.

So John banked his salary every week all except fifteen shillings for himself and 7/6 for me.

Men are so sure women in the home don't need money.

The idea was to have monthly accounts and all the month we'd be strictly economical about what we licked up. We certainly wouldn't do any rash buying during that month. Oh, no, we'd buy nothing big that we wouldn't have bought anyway, and there'd be all that beautiful saving of pounds and pounds on small things.

Men are so optimistic.

I've never spent a more uncomfortable month in my life. Three times I found myself without money and had to explain to the busman I'd changed my purse and forgotten my money.

And there was that awful day when I lost 3/- at bridge and only had 2/6 with me.

Mary was insufferably patronising about our "incessant bankruptcy" when she lent me a shilling.

I think the same sort of thing happened to John once or twice, though he wouldn't admit it.

Men are so deceitful.

Well, that was bad enough, but it was nothing to the showdown that came at the end of the month.

We couldn't believe our eyes. We assured each other that the bills must be wrong. We couldn't have spent all that, we just couldn't have.

But we had.

Feast and famine

I draw a veil over what John said about my mental age and mathematical incapacity. I hate to remember one or two cracks I made about his earning capacity.

We made it up in an orgy of tears and good resolutions.

JOHN and I are not really pikers. We just like good things too much. We were not such cheap scroungers as to do down any of the tradesmen and stores who'd let us run accounts.

Within another month we'd made up the shocking arrears—and we'd learned to like rabbit in the process.

Most significant of all, we'd admitted that we, like so many others, could live on about half what we'd been spending so blithely.

We got frightfully sentimental about our efforts to eclipse each other in Doing Without.

"There simply isn't any other method of budgeting" said John with the rich wisdom of experience. "And you've been simply marvellous."

Men are so comforting.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Bembrandt.

SIR RUPERT CLARKE
Australia's baronet

BEFORE the war, Sir Rupert Clarke, Australia's only baronet, who will be 21 in November, was planning to come from London to take up his properties here.

Now he is at Sandhurst, hoping soon to get into a regiment. "Too impatient to wait for a vacancy in his own regiment, Scots Greys," said his mother, Lady Bective.

GWEN LE GALLIENNE
Official war artist

PORTRAIT-PAINTER Gwen le Gallienne is the first woman artist to be sent to the Western Front by the British War Office. She will leave her London studio for France to paint battle scenes.

Gwen is the daughter of Richard le Gallienne, poet and author, and sister of Eva le Gallienne, famous repertory producer.

PROFESSOR E. O. LAWRENCE
He shatters atoms

INVENTOR of the cyclotron, most powerful atom-shattering device yet built, Professor E. O. Lawrence is planning "to attack a new frontier of nature—the region of energies within the atom above 100,000,000 volts."

Professor of Physics at California University, he has won high honors for research on the atom, including the 1939 Nobel Prize for Physics.

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Romance of London blackout

BEFORE the blackout London looked like this by night. Now such landmarks as Big Ben are only dimly discernible.

Australian millionaire air-raid warden wins lovely debutante

By cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London Editor.

The first A.R.P. romance of Mayfair—between Sub-Lieutenant Lebbeus Hordern, R.N.V.R., Naval Air Arm, formerly an air warden, and debutante Ursula Gibbons—has intrigued social London.

Mr. Hordern is an Australian, the son of the late Lebbeus Hordern, and has lived most of his life abroad.

THE romance began when, as an air-raid warden, Lebbeus Hordern, complete with tin helmet and gas mask, called on the occupants of a palatial flat at Arlington Court, in the heart of Mayfair, to complain that chinks of light were showing.

There he found a girl whom he had met in a plane going to the south of France during summer, and who had stayed at a house owned by some of his friends.

In the words of the mother of the bride-to-be: "It was nothing but complaints about the lights from that time until he was relieved of his warden's duties in order to join the navy."

Ursula Gibbons is the fair and beautiful daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Gibbons and Doris, Lady Orr-Lewis.

Miss Gibbons is a keen motorist, following in the footsteps of her father, who was the founder of the Royal Automobile Club, and inherits her mother's musical talent and love of dancing.

She frequently dances at amateur entertainments.

At present she is recuperating from an attack of German measles which held up the announcement of the engagement for three weeks.

"It was most thrilling," she told me, "to stand on the terrace at night looking at blacked-out London ten floors below. I used to help Lebbeus watch for cracks of light while discerning in the blackness all the places we loved. Big Ben, the spires of Westminster, and the Houses of Parliament, with here and there glimpses of the old Thames.

"I have always liked Australians, among whom mother and I have many friends, including Lady Doverdale, who lives in the same block of flats, Lady Bective, Princess Melikoff, and Carol Coombe, who is on the stage in London.

"When the war is over we hope to go to Australia, where it is likely that we shall make our home."

The Hordern-Gibbons wedding will be one of the largest of the year. The bride will wear a white wedding dress and a short veil and will be unattended.

The groom, who will be in naval uniform, will be attended by fellow officers.

The reception will be held at Claridge's, where guests will include some important Australians and well-known English people, including Lord and Lady Sackvill, who entertained recently in honor of the couple.

The bride will be given away by her brother Edgar, who is an officer-cadet at Sandhurst.

Many Anzacs of the last war will remember the bride's mother, then Doris Lee, for she was keen about amateur theatricals and took part in many entertainments for the troops.

Friend of Birdwood

SHE is a great friend of Field-Marshal Birdwood, and he has already showered blessings on the engaged couple and entertained them at a dinner and theatre party.

Lieutenant Hordern inherited two fortunes when he was 21, one from his grandfather, the late Mr. Samuel Hordern, of Sydney, and one from his father, the late Mr. Lebbeus Hordern, who died in Sydney in 1932.

He has had an income of £10,000 a year since he was 18.

His mother, who is Madame Rafaele de Romero, was, before her first marriage, Miss Olga Monie, of Sydney, and is a sister of Mrs. Niels Storaker.

Shortly after the outbreak of war Lieutenant Hordern presented his private aeroplane to the British Government.

A PORTRAIT of Madame Rafaele de Romero, who is the mother of Lieut. Lebbeus Hordern. Before her first marriage she was Miss Olga Monie, of Sydney.

SUB-LIEUTENANT LEBBEUS HORDERN, R.N.V.R., Naval Air Arm, son of the late Lebbeus Hordern, of Sydney, whose engagement to a beautiful English girl, Miss Ursula Gibbons, is one of the most romantic of wartime betrothals.

Our Knitting Issue Sold Out

LAST week's adults' knitting issue sold out on the day of publication. To meet the record demand, 550,000 copies were printed.

Next week we present a magnificent children's knitting issue. It's a complete lift-out section which makes a comprehensive knitting book containing all the latest and loveliest designs for boys and girls.

Many of the designs are printed in glorious color-gravure. Order your copy early—to avoid disappointment.

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To check bogus career schools

Law to prevent exploitation of boy and girl students

Bogus "career schools" which exploit young students of both sexes are to be dealt with under new legislation now being considered by the Government.

Amendments to the Technical Education Bill will tighten the control of trade training.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION, Mr. Drummond, watches a boy at work in a technical training school.

EARLY last year The Australian Women's Weekly drew attention to the many avenues available to unscrupulous teachers, and warned girls who were searching for a career that they should exercise care in their choice of a "school" for training.

Following reports to the Minister for Education, Mr. Drummond, a clause in the amended bill will provide for the creation of a Technical Education Board.

This board will have the power to investigate the status of "career schools," which allege to teach students a trade either by direct or by postal methods.

The schools will have to conform to a certain required standard, and will not be permitted to give instruction without the approval of the Technical Education Board.

"There is no intention of interrupting the work done by really genuine schools," said Mr. P. D. Riddell, the Superintendent of Technical Education.

"At present, however, like an attack of boils, 'bogus' schools spring up and flourish for a while.

"Students pay fees for an utterly useless alleged training.

"The Government realises this exploitation must be stopped."

Working on the same subject, but from the angle of the frequent breaking or avoidance of wages awards, inspectors of the Department of Labor and Industry will welcome the proposed Technical Education Board.

Women and men inspectors for some months have been investigating reports about "bogus" schools for trade training.

"We can investigate these places," said one woman inspector, "but at present it is another thing to prove our case in the Industrial Court.

"Legislation governing the conduct of career schools will be a great help.

"The most undesirable type of person can open a 'career' school, and students—girls especially—must be protected.

"We hear so many stories from students who have been grossly exploited.

"One of the latest cases of exploitation that has come under the notice of the department has to do with power-machining.

"Girls are invited to become students with the promise of full training and a job to follow.

"They join the school, pay anything from 25/- to 30/- a week, and are trained in the most perfunctory manner.

"Then they are told to watch the papers for jobs.

"The worst feature of this particular 'racket' in industry is that some of the owners of the schools sell the goods made by the students.

"In this way, they actually are paid for the labor, and then sell the goods to cheap shops or market stalls."

"I WANT TO LEARN." Girls should investigate career schools before joining.

Power machines

MRS. MULLINS, of Royal Arcade, Sydney, who was a former member of the Department of Labor and Industry, gave other examples of the exploitation of girls.

Her school for power machine training for girls is approved by the Department, and all the goods made by her students are made to order for charitable institutions, which supply the materials but do not pay a penny for the labor.

"My girls sew for the Prince Alfred Hospital, the Papuan Mission, St. Joseph's Poor School, and the Kincumber Orphanage," said Mrs. Mullins to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Each girl is placed with a reputable firm when her training is completed.

"I know of schools, though, that have boasted openly that their students' work is sold at the City Markets.

"One refugee girl who came to me told me that she had paid 30/- for a week's training at a school, and the training had been merely the sewing down of side seams in men's trousers," said Mrs. Mullins.

"Country girls and immigrants are the most easily taken in by school-owners, and astonishing evidence of dishonesty would be revealed if the matter were completely ventilated."

Film careers

IN many other avenues of career training the same story can be told.

Much worry was caused to Cinesound studios, which was besieged by girls from mushroom academies who had been led to believe that they would be engaged for film work.

Mr. Ken Hall, the director of Cinesound, was forced to report the matter to the police.

Cinesound has its own talent school, and no outside organisation is required to provide screen aspirants for the company.

"The disappointment of the so-called trained girls who had been cruelly misled was pathetic," said a Cinesound executive.

Mannequin work and photographic modelling are two other attractive careers in which dozens of girls have suffered heartbreak and monetary loss from dishonest go-getting teachers.

In addition, the girls may make the most undesirable acquaintances and parents will appreciate the move to safeguard their daughters.

Reports of bogus schools for boy students have also been received by the Department of Labor and Industry.

Offers by circular or advertisement to teach lads a trade have been investigated by the Department's inspectors.

Until legislation wipes out these "schools," young Australians should stick to well-known and proved trade instructors.

Long courtships advocated

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

Admitting there might be such a thing as "Love at First Sight," Mrs. Ethel Nash, English writer and lecturer, declares it is extremely rare, and should be avoided.

Mrs. Nash urges a courtship of at least a year, in which time many causes of marital disputes can be ironed out in advance.

She advises people to make friends with the opposite sex before thinking of falling in love. It is possible to make these friends through many of the clubs and social organisations.

These groups also tend to raise artificial barriers to friendship, she said.

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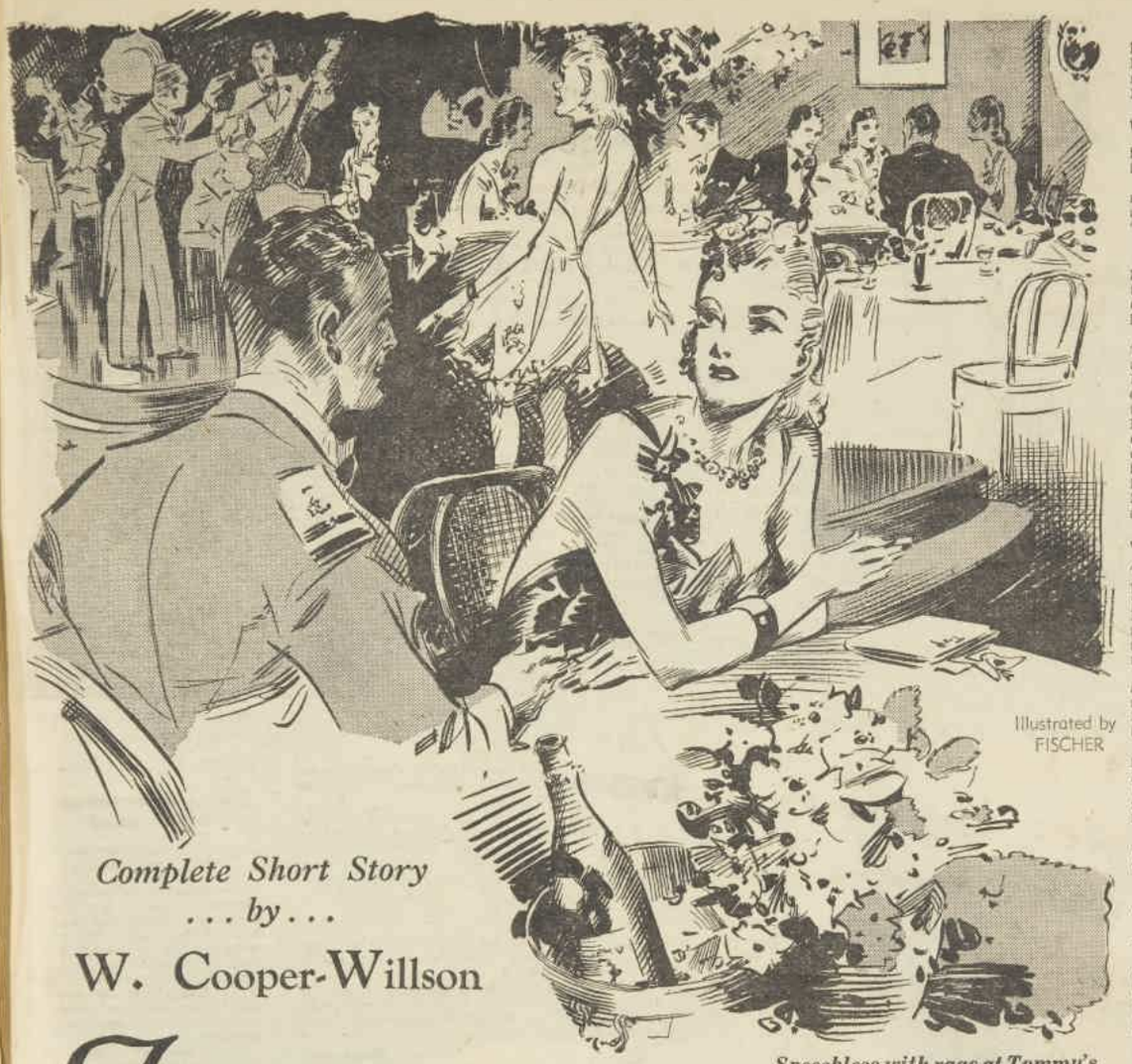

Illustrated by FISCHER

Speechless with rage at Tommy's desertion, Joan turned—to find the faithful guardsman at the table beside her.

Complete Short Story
. . . by . . .
W. Cooper-Willson

Faint Heart *and* Fair Lady

NONE but the brave deserve the fair. So it is said, and perchance it is true; but this is a world in which, alas, so few meet with their deserts.

Tommy Ibbetson's is a case in point. His real trouble was that he was shy, which is the old-fashioned way of describing an inferiority complex; just as those who used to be derided as "born clumsy" are now called "accident prone."

Fashions in these things change. The main point is that Tommy was not the kind of fellow who pushes the women and children aside so that he can get the best place in the boat. Rather was he the kind who lets someone else jump overboard after the drowning man, because he is assured that if he attempts the high dive from the steamer's side he will have to be fished out himself and, anyhow, think of the publicity!

Tommy used to work in a garage near Brooklands because his father had thought him a bit too highbrow. The idea was that a little oil on his hands and a little of the bad language that mechanics use when wrestling with hot exhaust pipes would do Tommy good.

He certainly had a mechanical bent and had, quite casually, managed to attach some letters to his name to certify this, so the idea of marching up the ladder from the bottom seemed to Ibbetson senior quite a bright one.

Officially, Tommy was assistant manager, on the strength of his diploma in motor engineering, but he messed about with everything. He knew all about the ailments of superchargers, could dope petrol and design a high-compression cylinder head.

These sort of things seemed elementary to him, so he just did them, but they rather bored him. Machinery, although he understood it, did not thrill his soul or occupy his dreams at night.

Tommy had two secret vices: art and music. He painted pictures; pictures of beautiful women with sharp, keen faces and hair that made such a frame for those faces that it seemed a halo.

It was a kind of synthetic love dream; for he was too shy to tell any girl how beautiful he thought her; and he never showed the pictures to anyone, for fear of being laughed at.

When the light was too bad for painting, Tommy practised on the saxophone. It gave out wailing heart throbs that fitted his melancholy mood, but it gave them out pianissimo because Tommy always stuffed his handkerchief down the silver mouth of the trumpet, so as not to draw attention to his vice. He was like that.

Sometimes a racing driver would ask for a man to go abroad with him, and Tommy never thought of volunteering till the rush had died away. In fact, whenever there was any kudos being sprinkled about, he simply was never there.

He didn't worry about this. He was very impressed by the loud-voiced people, who obviously knew far more than he did. Besides, he didn't really like driving in racing cars.

The person who did seem to mind, however, was Joan Protheroe. Of course, she was not in love with Tommy, or anything like that, but she took a motherly interest in him.

She lived at Weybridge and her people knew his people, so that she naturally had a word with him, or about him, when she stopped at his garage for a fill-up. It was that kind of acquaintance.

Joan was slim, wiry, and red-headed. She could sit a hunter, and she could dance till the bacon and eggs were ready, and she used to be always about the place in a black two-seater. She drove up in it one day for some petrol, and there was a man with her, but he was old enough to be her father, so Tommy did not feel that he was butting in by strolling across from the office.

"Hullo, Tommy!" said Joan.

"Morning," said Tommy. "Are they looking after you all right?"

"HOPE so. I said six, so I suppose that's what I'm getting. By the way, this is Mr. Samms. He's come down to do some murky business deal with father, and I picked him up at the station. Actually he's a hairdresser, Mr. Samms, Mr. Ibbetson."

"How do," said Mr. Samms. He was a heavy man with close-cropped white hair.

"Where's everybody?" asked Joan. "Place seems quiet."

"It's that new V-12 Whizzer," explained Tommy. "The boss has taken some of the boys to try it out on the track. They've had a bit of bother with the gearbox."

"What's the trouble?" asked Joan.

"Well, as a matter of fact, there's a spindle about five thousandths too thick," said Tommy, with a deprecating little laugh. "They'll get it right sometime, I expect."

"But why don't you tell them?" exclaimed Joan.

"I wasn't asked," said Tommy, and kicked at a grass tuft. "They'll be all right, so long as it doesn't seize up."

"Oh, Tommy!" Joan let out a long breath in a kind of despairing sigh. "You're hopeless. Isn't he hopeless, Mr. Samms? He never pushes himself forward."

Tommy dithered and half turned to go, but Mr. Samms took pity on him. He really looked an awfully nice boy, but rather squashed and baffled. Mr. Samms was a kind-hearted man. He said: "There's plenty of pushers about. Anyhow, I don't know anything about motor cars. As you said, I'm only a hairdresser."

Tommy was rumpling his own hair, and there must have been an association of ideas, because he looked up, and said without thinking:

"Mine wants a cut!" Then he blushed, because Joan laughed. "Oh, all right," he said. "I'm only a dirty mechanic, anyhow."

"D'you know," said Joan, "that this disreputable-looking greaser is really a great artist? He is; he paints the most divine pictures."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Samms, politely.

"How on earth did you know?" asked Tommy, turning quite pale. "I—I, I say, you haven't told anyone have you?"

"WHY, everybody knows," said Joan. "You paint girls' heads. Your charlady told me, as a matter of fact. She pinched one. I've got it."

"Here!" said Tommy. "I want that back. It's mine!"

"Why? You hadn't even missed it. If you want it, come and fetch it. It's hung up in my bedroom."

"Oh, I say!" said Tommy, much abashed. He rumpled his hair again, and repeated his previous remark: "My hair does want cutting."

Joan shook her head.

"You can't cadge a free cut from Mr. Samms. You see, he's really the Maison Sara, in Bond Street. He creates coiffures. To be explicit, he designed my wave!"

"Oh," said Tommy, "do you mean that it was his idea that you should do your hair like that?" He was relieved. He had been offended by her wave, offended to the depths of his creative soul, but he had assumed the idea to be her own. It had detracted from his estimate of her perfection. Now that he knew that the horror had been inflicted on her by the grey-haired Mr. Samms, his worship was serene again.

Mr. Samms bowed: "My own creation," he confessed.

"But it's all wrong, you know," said Tommy in the stubborn way shy people sometimes have. "That's not the way to show off her face at all. Don't you see it ought to come back and up, not down and back, in a sort of sweep—oh, I know what I mean . . ."

"How do you mean?" Mr. Samms, slightly offended, but rather amused, turned and stared at Joan's hair as if he had never seen it before. "D'you mean wind-swept?"

"Oh, no!" said Tommy, disgustedly, "not like that. You see, you've been trying to soften the hardness of her profile, but that's really her strong point. It should be accentuated."

"Show him!" demanded Joan, and pulled off her little hat. "Twiddle it up how you mean."

Tommy hung back.

"But . . . but, don't you mind? I mean I didn't mean to butt in."

"Carry on!" ordered Joan, in a voice like a sergeant-major.

"Well," said Tommy, slowly advancing. Then he plucked up courage or perhaps he dared not disobey. He reached up to Joan's hair and twisted two curls round his fingers, laying them fore and aft.

"Like that!" he said.

"Y'know," said Mr. Samms slowly, "that's really remarkable, Joan. I'm big enough to know when I've been wrong. That's the way your hair ought to be done. I felt there was something I hadn't quite got. This is IT. Say, young man, you interest me a lot. I'd like a few words with you!"

The ultimate result of those few words was that Tommy Ibbetson got conscripted into the Bond Street Beauty Business of Mr. Samms. He was sorry to leave his motor cars, but he did not break his heart over them. His artistic fingers itched to play with something more pliable than steel, and here was his opportunity to try out the effect of his artistic inspirations in real life.

All the lovely girls of Mayfair came to the Maison Sara. They queued up to sit under Tommy's hands. They fought for appointments with him and then went to parties and refused to divulge where the heavenly creature was to be found until they had had at least six cocktails. In six months, Tommy was the rage, and he was blissfully unaware of it. In fact, in spite of the munificent salary and the unrivalled artistic opportunities he was not very happy.

Joan, of course, came in once a week for a wave and a set. Then he relaxed. He could talk to her, albeit stutteringly.

It was the rest of that week that was the trouble. If he had been employed on curling wigs, he would not have minded, but the heads he had to handle had mouths underneath, and they would talk.

A ravishing member of the younger set would smile up at him. "I think you're marvellous, Mr. Ibbetson: simply too wizard!" And all he could find to say was:

"I say: I wonder if you'd mind awfully—just keep the head bent a bit. I can't quite manage, you see."

Then she would duck, dutifully, and he would blush and wonder if he had said something he ought not to have said. He was terrified of a blunder which would lose Mr. Samms a customer. He admired Mr. Samms and was grateful to him.

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Ten Little Niggers

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

Our fascinating serial rises to a dramatic climax

Illustrated by WEP

Lombard swung round, to see Vera facing him, the revolver in her hand.

THE STORY SO FAR:

TEN people arrive at lonely little Nigger Island, to find themselves plunged in terrible mystery. MR. U. N. OWEN, owner of the island, is not there, and when, according to instructions that he had left, the butler puts on a gramophone record, it accuses them all of having been involved in murder—accusations which they know, in their hearts, to be true.

Then six deaths occur. The gay young ANTHONY MARSTON chokes and dies; MRS. ROGERS, the butler's wife, dies in her sleep; old GENERAL MACARTHUR is killed by a blow on the head; ROGERS, the butler, is struck down while he is chopping wood; the elderly spinster, EMILY BRENT, is killed by an injection of poison; while MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE, shot through the head, is found dressed as though in judge's robes, draped in scarlet curtains and with a grey woollen wig.

The manner of the deaths has followed the fate of the "ten little niggers" in the nursery rhyme; while after each death a china nigger has disappeared from a "Ten Little Niggers" centre-piece in the dining-room.

There remain only VERA CLAYTHORNE, the young secretary; DR. ARMSTRONG, of Harley Street; WILLIAM BLORE, a retired detective; and the enigmatic PHILIP LOMBARD; and as a thorough search of the island has proved fruitless, they have decided that U. N. Owen, or "Unknown," must be one of themselves.

At night, Blore hears footsteps, sees someone disappear out the front door, and finds that Dr. Armstrong has left his room. He and Lombard give chase, and presently Vera hears them calling to her, outside her locked and barricaded bedroom door.

NOW READ ON:

VERA went to the door. She removed the chair, unlocked the door, and slid back the bolt. She opened the door. The two men were breathing hard, their feet and the bottoms of their trousers were soaking wet.

She said again: "What's happened?"

Lombard said: "Armstrong's disappeared."

Vera cried: "What?"

Lombard said: "Vanished clean off the island."

Blore concurred. "Vanished — that's the word! Like a conjuring trick."

Vera said impatiently: "Nonsense! He's hiding somewhere!"

Blore said: "No, he isn't! I tell you there's nowhere to hide on this island. It's as bare as your hand! There's moonlight outside. As clear as day, it is. And he's not to be found."

Vera said: "He doubled back into the house."

Blore said: "We thought of that. We've searched the house too. You must have heard us. He's not here, I tell you. He's gone — clean vanished, vamoosed."

Vera said incredulously: "I don't believe it."

Lombard said: "It's true, my dear." He paused, and then said: "There's one other little fact. A pane in the dining-room window has been smashed—and there are only three little niggers on the table."

. . . . . .

Three people sat eating breakfast in the kitchen. Outside, the sun shone. It was a lovely day. The storm was a thing of the past. And with the change in the weather a change had come in the mood of the prisoners on the island.

They felt now like people just awakening from a nightmare. There was danger, yes, but it was danger in daylight. That paralysing atmosphere of fear that had wrapped them round like a blanket yesterday while the wind howled outside was gone.

Lombard said: "We'll try heliographing to-day with a mirror from the highest point of the island. Some bright lad wandering on the cliff will recognise S O S when he sees it, I hope. In the evening we could try a bonfire—only there isn't much wood, and anyway they might just think it was song and dance and merriment."

Vera said: "Surely someone can read Morse. And then they'll come to take us off. Long before this evening."

Lombard said: "The weather's cleared, all right, but the sea hasn't gone down yet. Terrific swell on. They won't be able to get a boat near the island before to-morrow."

Vera cried: "Another night in this place!"

Lombard shrugged his shoulders. "May as well face it! Twenty-four hours will do it, I think. If we can last that out, we'll be all right."

Blore cleared his throat. He said: "We'd better come to a clear understanding. What's happened to Armstrong?"

Lombard said: "Well, we've got one piece of evidence. Only three little niggers left on the dinner table. It looks as though Armstrong has got his quietus."

Vera said: "Then why haven't you found his dead body?"

Blore said: "Exactly."

Lombard shook his head. He said: "It's odd; no getting over it."

Blore said doubtfully: "It might have been thrown into the sea."

Lombard said sharply: "By whom? You? Me? You saw him go out of the front door. You come along and find me in my room. We go out and search together. When the devil had I time to kill him and carry his body round the island?"

Blore said: "I don't know. But I do know one thing."

Lombard said: "What's that?"

Blore said: "The revolver. It was your revolver. It's in your possession now. There's nothing to show that it hasn't been in your possession all along."

"Come now, Blore; we were all searched."

"Yes, you'd hidden it away before that happened. Afterwards you just took it back again."

"My good blockhead, I swear to you that it was put back in my drawer. Greatest surprise I ever had in my life when I found it there."

Blore said: "You ask us to believe a thing like that! Why the devil should Armstrong—or anyone else, for that matter—put it back?"

Lombard raised his shoulders hopelessly. "I haven't the least idea. It's just crazy. The last thing one would expect. There seems no point in it."

BLORE agreed. "No, there isn't. You might have thought of a better story."

"Rather proof that I'm telling the truth, isn't it?"

"I don't look at it that way."

Philip said: "You wouldn't."

Blore said: "Look here, Mr. Lombard; if you're an honest man, as you pretend——"

Philip murmured: "When did I lay claims to being an honest man? No, indeed, I never said that."

Blore went on stolidly: "If you're speaking the truth, there's only one thing to be done. As long as you have that revolver, Miss Claythorne and I are at your mercy. The only fair thing is to put that revolver with the other things that are locked up, and you and I will hold the two keys."

Philip Lombard lit a cigarette. As he puffed smoke, he said: "Don't be an ass."

"You won't agree?"

"No, I won't. That revolver's mine. I need it to defend myself, and I'm going to keep it."

Blore said: "In that case, we're bound to come to one conclusion."

"That I'm U. N. Owen? Think what you please. But I'll ask you, if that's so, why I didn't pot you with the revolver last night? I could have, about twenty times over."

Blore shook his head. He said: "I don't know, and that's a fact. You must have had some reason."

Vera Claythorne had taken no part in the discussion.

She stirred now and said: "I think that you're both behaving like a pair of idiots."

Lombard looked at her. "What's this?"

Vera said: "You've forgotten the nursery rhyme. Don't you see there's a clue there?" She recited in a meaning voice:

"Four little nigger boys going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one and then there were three."

She went on: "A red herring—that's the vital clue. Armstrong's not dead. He took away the china nigger to make you think he was. You may say what you like, Armstrong's still on the island. His disappearance is just a red herring across the track."

Lombard sat down again. He said: "You know, you may be right."

Blore said: "Yes, but if so, where is he? We've searched the place. Outside and inside."

Vera said scornfully: "We all searched for the revolver, didn't we, and couldn't find it? But it was somewhere all the time!"

Lombard murmured: "There's a slight difference in size, my dear, between a man and a revolver."

Vera said: "I don't care. I'm sure I'm right."

Blore murmured: "Rather giving himself away, wasn't it? Actually mentioning a red herring in the verse. He could have written it up a bit different."

Vera cried: "But don't you see he's mad? It's all mad! The whole thing of going by the rhyme is mad! Dressing up the judge; killing Rogers when he was chopping sticks; drugging Mrs. Rogers so that she overslept herself; arranging for a bumble bee when Miss Brent died! It's like some horrible child playing a game. It's all got to fit in."

Blore said: "Yes, you're right." He thought a minute. "At any rate, there's no zoo on the island. He'll have a bit of trouble getting over that."

Vera cried: "Don't you see? We're the zoo. Last night, we were hardly human any more. We're the zoo."

They spent the morning on the cliffs, taking it in turns to flash a mirror at the mainland. There were no signs that anyone saw them. No answering signals. The day was fine, with a slight haze. Below, the sea heaved in a gigantic swell. There were no boats out.

They had made another abortive search of the island. There was no trace of the missing physician.

Vera looked up at the house from where they were standing.

She said, her breath coming with a slight catch in it: "One feels safer here, out in the open. Don't let's go back into the house again."

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"Marcia, we can't die in the middle of a quarrel," Hugh whispered agonisedly, forgetful of their drowsing companion.

Illustrated by KILGOUR

THE Third PRISONER

Under the shadow of drama and death, a stranger taught a young couple that life is too short for quarrelling

By DOROTHY EDEN

AT sundown another man was pushed unceremoniously into the cell. That made three of them. The guard made a rapid utterance in Spanish, which was addressed to the first occupants of the cell.

There was a smile on his dirty face as if he were exulting over the unintelligible remark he had made, but on Hugo's request that he translate his horrible language into English, he only gave his maddening derisive smile again and went out, locking the door.

It was almost dark now. Fifteen minutes ago the tiny high window had caught a square of hot gold sky. Then it had changed to a delicate clear green, like cool water, Marcia had thought, and now it was pale and remote and of no color at all. (How dreadful, thought Marcia, how utterly incredible that they were to die before color had come back into the sky again.)

The three occupants of the cell peered at one another in the gloom. Hugo Crystall and his wife, Marcia, had been there since noon. With paralysing suddenness they had found themselves involved in this insane war which had begun and spread like a fire, catching up to them before they could get out of Spain.

Because Hugo had been drunk, and had slept too long, and they had missed the early train this morning; and after that the railway service had been completely disorganised and there had been no more trains, only the rebel soldiers pouring into the city, and a multitude of people fleeing, and the sun blazing on the great square which was first a scene of inextricable confusion, and then gradually became still, people only with inanimate huddles on the ground.

Marcia had been brave, saying that the rebels would not kill English people. One had only to wait until hostilities died down and a conveyance could be found to take them out of this ghastly sunlit city, out of this crazy country. But she had been wrong. For although the rebels did not especially wish to kill English people, they sometimes wished for English hostages.

They took Marcia and Hugo as hostages. They threw them into a cell of the captured city prison, and left them with an explanation given first in Spanish, and then, at Hugo's frantic demand, in broken English. And at sundown the third prisoner arrived.

Marcia and Hugo, though distraught and dishevelled, still retained their air of refinement. Brushed and tidied up, they would have fitted admirably into the setting of an English country house. They were utterly incongruous in this dark, hot and airless cell, whose walls were being shaken continually by the bombardment of the rebel guns.

But the third prisoner seemed as if he might have been a part of the war. He was a powerfully built fellow, with a blond head and an ugly, good-humored face. He did not appear at all perturbed by his predicament but was grinning affably, and saying, "So what?" in a drawling American voice.

"What did they say?" Hugo was demanding. "Did they tell you the same thing?"

"Say, I couldn't understand one word of those guys' jargon," drawled the cheerful stranger. "What did they tell you?"

"They said that we were to be held as hostages for John Mead, an English airman who's giving them a spot of bother. Information was being sent to John Mead that two English people were being held as hostages, and if he didn't surrender before dawn they were to be——." Hugo couldn't prevent his convulsive swallow. "Well, they were to be shot," he finished, with a peculiar defiant air, as if he were tossing his cap challengingly at death. Or trying to give the impression that he was.

A candle burning out—symbol of their fate.

"Of course," said Marcia quickly, "it doesn't matter about us. I mean, we don't want to die, but we're not of any real importance, and John Mead's a brave man. It would be dreadful if he were shot because of us."

The stranger said in his slow, unperturbed voice, "I shouldn't worry about that. I've heard of this fellow. I imagine he knows how to take care of himself."

"It's three of us to one of him," Hugo said. "It was only Marcia and me before, but now it's you, too. Are you of any importance in the world, because it looks as if it's our duty to die for John Mead?"

That, thought Marcia, was merely Hugo's bravado. He never could bear for anybody, even his servants, to see him in an unfavorable light. Now he was adopting this young Galahad pose simply to impress a stranger. But he was doing it extraordinarily well, and Marcia was on the point of telling him how much she admired him for it.

She checked herself at once, however, because that morning they had had their magnificent and absolutely final quarrel, and she couldn't go back on the sentiments expressed then, simply because Hugo was cool in the face of danger. So she said nothing, and listened to the third prisoner, who was saying:

"I? Oh, I'm a wanderer on the face of the earth. Gosh, no, I'm of no importance."

Now it was so dark that they could scarcely see. The American walked about the cell, feeling the walls, looking at the tiny barred window.

"What have we here? Fifteenth century dungeon? Solid little place, eh? They've got nothing like this where I come from. You can't tell from here who's winning the war." He paused, listening. The big guns were keeping up an intermittent bombardment, and in between their rumbling there came the occasional rattle of machine-gun fire.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm dead sure they're bluffing. They've put us in here as bait, but if the bait doesn't catch anything I don't think they'll trouble about exterminating it. Not important enough, see. Not scared?"

Hugo laughed easily.

"It seems a tight corner. Scared? Oh, well, you know, a bit disturbed."

AGAIN Marcia wanted to show how much she admired his self-control, but the eyes of the young giant were on her. She found herself saying, "It's going to be dark. It's going to be a long night in here—or too short a one." Hysteria was in her voice. She forced herself to say calmly, "You're an American, aren't you? How did you get into this mess?"

The stranger, in his wandering about the cell, had discovered a blessed stump of candle which he held up triumphantly.

"It'll last a couple of hours. Shall we have it now or later?"

"Oh, now," begged Marcia, "I shall be braver later. Just now, the dark—you see, we've been here all the afternoon."

In the gloom she saw Hugo throw back his scornful head. She heard him saying in explanation.

"Marcia's the plucklest woman alive. But there are limits, you know."

"Of course, I understand absolutely," said the stranger. He struck a match and in a moment the soft glow of the candle had brought an illusive sunset into the room. It was strange how that cheerful young giant with his humorous grin had lessened Marcia's fear. Now the possibility of their death seemed remote, for surely death could not come near so carefree and vitally alive a person.

"How did I come here?" the American was saying. "Well, I've been wandering through Provence doing a bit of sketching. I'm a painter of sorts, you know, I thought those fire-eating Spaniards were only trying to satisfy their natural taste for a bit of noise and bloodshed, and that this little outburst would die down. But glory, the thing got serious, and next thing I knew I got in their way, and here I am. Yes, I'm a Yank. Come from out California way. Say, we might as well sit down and be comfortable."

"You really think they're bluffing?" she said eagerly. "Then why have they kept us here at all?"

"Well, we're safe out of harm's way," drawled the American. "No chance of stopping a packet in here."

"That's true," Hugo said. "I tell you what it is. They don't want to risk us getting killed out in the street. Might cause an international situation. You know that nowadays almost anybody, even a beachcomber, could cause an international situation if he's the right nationality.

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WE CAN BE FRIENDS

He knew that Janice had loved him with all her heart, so he refused to be treated as a stranger now

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

By the light of the lantern, Blake saw Janice lying beside the wrecked car.

IT was not going so well, this anniversary celebration. It was not going well at all. Only a year ago in this very room he had asked Janice to marry him, and she had said yes, with amazing enthusiasm.

On that night of nights they had reached what he thought was the perfect understanding. And now she sat beside him on the couch, drinking her coffee, while the silence wrapped them like a blanket.

Blake cleared his throat. "You're not so bad in that dress," he told her.

This was rank understatement. Janice in white was a miracle which stopped him, breathless, every time he saw her. But a man cannot say "You are the sun and the moon and the stars" to a girl who seems almost unconscious of his presence.

"Thank you," she said, and took a lump of sugar.

Oh, she was discouraged, of course. She hated this waiting, this being neither one thing nor the other. But she might spare a thought for him.

He was not enjoying it. He could have a headache any time, just thinking about the lack of rings on her finger. A bricklayer got his pay envelope every week. So did a dustman or a street-cleaner. But a doctor could twiddle his thumbs and make entries in red ink, once his patients felt well enough to go to the south of France.

"Cigarette?" Janice inquired sweetly.

"Thank you," Blake said.

It began to seem more like a wake than a celebration. And yet the evening had begun rather well. Flowers for Janice, and dinner served on a table near the fire. The date, the firelight, and the perfect meal should have blended into an atmosphere of romance and tender memories. But it had all turned cold somehow, and a little flat, like a cup of coffee which has stood too long.

THERE was also this matter of Terry Brandon. Blake had told her to go out with other men. No sitting at home alone and regretting her promise on the nights when he had to see patients. He thought he'd been rather decent about that phase of the situation. But he had not expected her to go about with a human tank, a youngster who thought that alcohol was a substitute for proteins and starches.

He had hoped that this evening might create the proper mood for a friendly warning. Unfortunately it had done nothing of the sort.

Janice was offering a lump of sugar to her dog. "Come here, Muffin. Sit up and beg—that's a good boy."

Muffin tried, but his tail got in the way. He did not seem to know what to do with it. Apparently he had escaped even the rudiments of dog education until that winter day when Janice had found him shivering in the snow beside a dustbin. "He looked so cold," she had said, "and he's so ugly that I suppose nobody wanted him." Even now, bathed and fed and dosed with cod-liver oil, Muffin was far from handsome.

"He ought to use his tail to balance himself," Blake said. "He's trying to sit on it."

Janice rose and attempted to put the tail in its proper position. This seemed like a new game to Muffin. He licked her hand, then rolled on the floor in ecstasy.

She picked up another lump of sugar. "Here, lamb—try again, will you?"

Bending over that assortment of legs and ears, she looked very lovely and more than a trifle ridiculous. It was odd, Blake thought, that a girl like Janice should go in for rescuing dilapidated animals from unlikely neighborhoods. When she walked down the street in her Persian lamb coat and little black saucer hat, it was always highly absurd to find Muffin on a lead beside her.

"I don't believe he understands at all," Janice sighed.

The kitchen door creaked gently and the cats appeared, one by one, looking smug and well fed. There was Sandy, the big yellow cat, and Baby, the limping kitten, and Snooky-Pooh, the black-and-white exotic. The fact that to-night there were only three of them meant nothing. Janice might bring home a dozen to-morrow.

Blake eyed them a bit resentfully. A year ago there had been no cat and dog intruders. It was not that he disliked animals, but they seemed to take up such a lot of Janice's time and attention. There were occasions on which she behaved exactly like the mother of several children.

Snooky-Pooh had long green eyes and a disdainful manner. She had also a history of small boys and a tin can, but she looked superior to such vulgar matters. Jumping up on the couch beside Blake, she rubbed against him, purring softly.

"Come here, Snooks," Janice said. "You're getting hairs all over him."

"I don't mind," Blake said, patting the cat. He was glad that something was fond of him.

As Gertrude, the impeccable maid, removed the coffee tray, his eyes followed her with a certain satisfaction. Not that Gertrude was beautiful, but to him her flawless uniform and cool efficiency symbolised the sort of surroundings in which he intended to keep Janice.

In a world filled with patients who seemed to think he was running a free clinic, that was his one comfort. Janice was still in the expensive little flat which her uncle had taken for her.

After her father's adventures on the stock market and his long illness, any other girl would have been breaking her nails on a typewriter, or telling an outsize that she looked slim and youthful in the pink satin. But Janice's uncle was fond of her. "You're going to have your fun while you're young," he had said, pulling out his cheque book. Blake felt the same way about it.

It had been his job to protect her from herself. She had been so reckless, so ready to sacrifice everything. He'd never forget the way she had talked a year ago. When a girl was willing to live on what often amounted to less than her dress allowance—just to be with you—it did something to you. "I can cook," she had said, "and I wouldn't mind—really I wouldn't." Her eyes had been so blue and so soft that for a moment he had almost yielded.

Then he had thought of her friends and how they would pity her. "Darling, what's the matter with Janice's hair?" "Oh, she's setting it herself. Looks frightful, doesn't it?"

What's the matter with Janice's hands? What's the matter with her clothes? Janice can't afford to play golf any more. Janice has had to do all her own work since she married that Dr. Harper.

Talking about his wife . . . feeling sorry for her . . . "We'll wait," he had said, "until we can do it properly. We can be friends for a while, can't we?"

But he had not realised that it would take so long.

"How is business?" Janice was asking.

Blake had been waiting for that. "I got my appointment to-day," he told her.

"At Mercy Hospital—really? How nice." She picked up the little grey kitten. "Good Baby—she knows who loves her. She knows who found her in the street after she was run over by that car. Look at her splint, will you, Blake? I'm afraid it's coming off."

For a moment he could not say a word. "I'm not a vet," he managed at last. "What did Clinton tell you to do?"

"He told me to see that the splint stayed on, and it's coming off. I'll get some bandages."

SHE left the room and Blake sat very still, his hand automatically stroking the kitten. That appointment to the staff at Mercy Hospital was a small triumph, the beginning of recognition. It was not a matter to be dismissed with: "Really? How nice."

"Aren't you glad that I got the appointment?" he asked as she returned with a roll of bandage.

"Why, of course. I'm delighted. It's wonderful that you can get everything for yourself, without a bit of help from anyone."

It did not sound very wonderful, the way she said it. She must be thinking about that evening, months ago, when she had told him how well her uncle knew the chief of staff, Dr. Cortleigh. "I'll ask Uncle Tom to talk to him," she had said. "He'd be glad to do it." Women were like that, he supposed. They loved to stick their fingers into other people's pies. They loved to be devious. He had refused, of course. He did not care to have people saying that he owed his appointment to a girl.

As he tightened the splint on Baby's paw, Janice picked up the yellow cat. "Sandy seems rather limp to-day. What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"Honestly, Janice, I don't know a thing about cats."

"Of course he hasn't been very well since he was poisoned. I suppose he'd have died if I hadn't found him and rushed him to Clinton."

"No doubt about it," Blake admitted wearily. During the six months since Janice had adopted Sandy, his health and whether or not he would survive this ordeal had been one of their chief topics of conversation. Sometimes Blake thought that what she really needed in her family was a vet, not a physician.

"Snooky-Pooh was sick yesterday, too. I think Gertrude feeds her too much."

"Good Lord!" he exploded. "Can't we talk about anything but cats?"

Janice stiffened. "If you don't like my cats——"

"I do like them. I've always liked animals. But we never talk about anything else. We——"

"What do you want to talk about?"

"I was trying to tell you about my appointment."

"Go ahead," she said sweetly. "I'm listening."

For a moment he could think of nothing to say. Then, rather self-consciously, he began to talk about the medical service at Mercy Hospital. He'd see interesting cases. He'd have a chance to meet older doctors. There was the added prestige of belonging to the staff of an important hospital . . . Uncomfortably he realised that he had said it all before on the night she had offered to use what is sometimes called influence.

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Complete Short Story by

Florence FORD

Janice stood in silent annoyance as her husband laid his hand on Terry's shoulder.

Janice was studying the tip of her scarlet slipper. "How nice," she murmured.

Blake was suddenly chilled. Here was something more than the natural annoyance of a woman whose finger has been removed from a pie which interests her. Was it possible that she and Terry Brandon . . . ' But the idea was utterly ridiculous. Janice was a sensible girl—she had ideals and even a few illusions. She could not be seriously interested in a kid of twenty-one, who was playing hide and seek with delirium tremens. As for Terry's money, that was not worth consideration. He had reason to know that Janice was anything but mercenary.

And yet—this was not the girl who had promised to marry him. That girl had scolded him when he did not get enough sleep, or skipped meals because he was busy. She had sewed on buttons. She had made gingerbread. He could remember the first night she had met him at the door with a plate of fragrant, spicy slices. "Look, darling," she had said. "I made it myself. You told me you hadn't tasted good, home-made gingerbread since you lost your mother."

It was not that he wanted her to wait on him or worry about him. He had explained that lack of sleep or an occasional meal did not bother him. He had told her that the tailor would sew on his buttons. What he could not understand was this change in her attitude. And there had been no gingerbread for months.

Janice was looking at the fire. Its flickering light shimmered softly on her hair and in the folds of her white dress. A year—even six months ago—she would have been talking and laughing. She would have been telling him about the hat she had bought or the new recipe for chocolate cake she was going to try, or the bridge hands she had held that afternoon. But now she said nothing. The silence between them grew until it was a tremendous, almost a tangible, thing, pushing them apart.

BLAKE cleared his throat. His eye lit upon Snooky-Pooh, stretched out on the hearth. "That cat looks like the Sphinx," he said.

"I thought you didn't want to talk about cats."

Startled, he realised that he had mentioned Snooky-Pooh because she was there, because she was something to talk about. Was it possible that Janice's conversation dripped with dog and cat ailments for the same reason? Had they really drifted so far apart? It was unbelievable.

He had a moment of panic. He wanted to catch her in his arms and hold her close. He wanted to tell her how much he needed her, and how he couldn't sleep half the time, just for thinking about her. But something held him back. It was almost as though she were in a glass case, where he could see her but not touch her. And anyway he never told her things like that. It was all right to say that he loved her. But to go on and explain how he really felt . . . well, there was no sense in making a difficult situation even worse.

Janice sat up. "Let's go to a film," she suggested.

It was rather like a slap in the face. Blake had counted on this evening, on being alone with her. They never seemed to be alone any more.

"The cats might miss you," he said curtly.

"Is that supposed to be funny?"

"Not particularly."

"In other words you don't want to go?"

Something deep inside him flared hotly. This was not fair. She had no business to behave like this without a word of explanation.

"You were out with Terry Brandon last night," he said. "Can't you stay at home once in a while?" He remembered too late that he had intended to be very tactful when he mentioned Terry.

Janice looked at him steadily. Evidently she saw what lay behind his words, for she ignored them. "Why shouldn't I go out with him?" she demanded. "Didn't you tell me to go out with other men?"

"I didn't tell you to go out with a human blotting pad."

Color flared in her cheeks. "I'm the first person who has ever cared what happened to him," she retorted. She was out of her glass case now, and another man had done it. He remembered suddenly that Terry was only a year younger than she was.

"So that's what he's been telling you!" he said slowly.

"Well, it's true, isn't it? He's been an orphan since he was fifteen. How would you like to be mothered by a bank and a flock of lawyers?"

"There are worse fates—such as having nothing to put in a bank or pay a lawyer. I lost my own parents when I was eighteen."

"Oh, you . . . !" Janice cried. "You're a man of iron, a big, two-fisted creature who always stands on his own feet and takes care of himself." She made it sound like an insult. "You can't understand anyone who needs to be helped."

Even Blake's hands began to feel hot. "I'm not trying to understand him," he said. "I'm thinking of you. Driving about with an alcoholic isn't the safest——"

"He doesn't drink when he's going to see me."

"You mean he hasn't yet."

"AND he won't. You're just like all the rest—you expect the worst of him. He'd have tried to stop long ago if anyone had cared enough to help him. People don't drink too much because it's fun. They drink because they're unhappy. I read an article about it and I know. You'd be surprised——"

"Has it occurred to you that I might know something about the subject myself? After all, I am a doctor."

She ignored the interruption. "You can get a man to stop drinking if you show him that life has something to offer him."

"And so far it's offered him nothing, I suppose. Just a flat in town and a country place and two cars and a private income."

Her eyes were hot. "The trouble with you," she cried, "is that you've never had any money. You think it will buy everything."

The blaze inside him exploded with a shower of sparks. "And the trouble with you," he shouted, "is that you don't use your head. You're the kind of woman who'd marry a man to reform him!"

. . . . . .

He rang her up at nine the next morning. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean it."

"That's all right." But she was much too calm, as though it did not matter.

"About Terry," he went on very carefully. "I realise, just as much as you do, that something should be done for him. Can't you persuade him to take a cure?"

"But he'd be miserable in an institution!" Her voice was rising. "What he needs is to know that somebody cares what happens to him."

Blake's hand tightened on the telephone. Better change the subject—this one was still too hot to handle. "Is Baby's splint all right?" he asked. Good Lord, the cats again!

"It looks all right," she said.

"That's fine. Well, I'll call for you some time after nine this evening. Good-bye, dear." He said it hastily because he was afraid she might say that she was not going to the dance with him.

He spent a miserable day. Pictures of Janice danced through his brain, blotting out the faces of his patients. Janice's voice rang in his ears until he could scarcely hear what they were saying to him. The job of persuading Mrs. Brown that soup and a water ice were not the best possible luncheon for a convalescent was too much for him. And whether or not to let Willie Smith return to school had become such a complicated problem that he worried over it for hours.

One trouble with Janice, he felt, was that she could not appreciate what he was trying to do for her. Oh, she'd had her troubles, of course—nursing her invalid father, seeing the doctor's bills eating up their small capital. But towards the end her uncle had insisted on helping them, and real penny-pinching was unknown to her. If he took her to call on Charlie Thompson's wife, her eyes might be opened.

A good-natured, easy-going fellow was Charlie. He had been at Bart's with Blake, and now he drove a rickety car and wore clothes which frequently needed pressing. It was a wonder that he had any patients at all. "Why don't you get married?" he had asked one day when Blake dropped in. "You don't know what you're missing."

As usual they were entertaining him in the kitchen, and Blake had glanced at Edith Thompson. Her dress was faded and her hair looked as though she had completely forgotten its existence. She held a very damp baby under one arm while she stirred a mess of something that smelled like cabbage. Blake didn't see how a man could do that to any girl. He would have expected even Charlie to have more pride.

But lack of appreciation was hardly enough to account for this change in Janice. There must be more—he might as well face it. The fact that Terry Brandon seemed like a kid to him meant nothing. Terry was only a year younger than Janice.

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We Can Be Friends

Continued from Page 9

OH, he drank like a fish, of course, and she knew it, but women never had much sense about such matters. Perhaps she really believed that love would make a new man of him.

All right, Blake told himself, he'd have to be sensible. If she could change so quickly, in less than a year, he was lucky to have found it out before he married her. A woman like that could wreck a man—especially a doctor. A doctor had worries enough without having to wonder whether his wife still loved him. If she were that kind, he'd put her out of his life and forget her. Only . . . what was he to do with all the long, empty years if he could not have her?

At three o'clock Mrs. Moore walked out of his consulting room in scarlet indignation. He had told her that her troubles were due not to nerves, but to over-eating. His records were in a hopeless mess, and his secretary looked as though she might weep at any moment.

"Sorry, Miss Howard," he said. "I'm just no good to-day. You'd better put on your hat and go to the pictures."

Janice would have to tell him where he stood. With all this on his mind, he could not practise medicine.

He reached her flat at nine-twenty-five, and Janice herself opened the door. She wore a silver dress that might have been spun from moonbeams, and a tiny jewelled flower shimmered in her hair.

For an instant Blake could only look at her. Then he stepped forward. Not until she shrank back did he notice that Baby was in her arms.

"Hello," she said. "The Milhollands are here."

So he did not know whether it was the kitten's splint or the Milhollands or something else which had made her draw away from him.

"Blake darling, I'm so glad to see you," Audrey Milholland cried. She was sitting on the couch, very gay in her scarlet dress and gold slippers, with Snooky-Pooh curled comfortably in her lap. It was ironic, Blake thought, that she should be the one to call him darling.

"Don't take off your coat," Tom Milholland said. "We're ready to go. We've been here since nine, waiting for you to get through with the measles and what not."

Once they reached the golf club, he had no chance to get her alone. Every man with whom she had ever played seemed to be there, complete with white tie and a desire to dance with her. Standing by the door smoking too many cigarettes, Blake brooded upon the evils of a social system which kept him from having five minutes' conversation with the girl he loved.

At eleven Terry Brandon appeared. His eye was slightly glassy.

Blake watched him as he moved across the floor and caught Janice by the arm just as she was coming off with her partner. Terry was still maintaining a certain equilibrium. It would take, he thought, about one more drink to finish him.

When Blake went over to them he put his hand on Terry's shoulder, but was very careful to say nothing. He danced in silence for a few minutes with Janice.

"Go on," Janice said fiercely at last. "Say I told you so."

"I haven't said anything."

"Well, you needn't be so smug about it. Anybody can slip once. Terry still thinks he can have one drink and stop. Poor boy——" Her voice was shaky.

Blake missed a step. His legs seemed about to collapse under him. He thought that she could not possibly take it like this unless she loved Terry.

When another man claimed her he went off to the smoking-room and discussed his game in meticulous detail with old Colonel Braceling. It was nearly an hour before he went in search of Janice again.

She was not on the dance floor. She was not in the lounge. In a corner he found the Milhollands and the Parkers sprawled comfortably.

"This is one of the nice things about being married," Audrey said, as he walked toward them. "When you've had enough you can put up your feet."

Blake's mouth tightened. Why did they all keep rubbing it in?

"Where's Janice?" he asked.

There was a barely perceptible pause. "She was here with us for a while," Audrey said. "Isn't she dancing?"

"No," Blake said.

"I saw a silver dress on the verandah," Lucy Parker told him quickly. "Could that have been Janice?"

"Have a cigarette," John Parker said. And at almost the same instant Tom said: "Why don't you sit down for a while?"

Blake looked at them. He saw that they knew exactly where Janice had gone, and with whom. "No, thanks," he said. "See you later."

He lit one of his own cigarettes and went out on the verandah. Not that he expected to find Janice there—he knew better. Janice was with Terry, of course. They were sitting in one of those parked cars, or strolling in the grounds in the darkness.

He started down the steps. The night was dark and there were no stars. If Janice did not want to be found, his chances of finding her were problematical. And what could he say to her if he did find her? She'd think he was jealous, of course. Women always thought that you were jealous.

Blake flung his cigarette on the drive and ground it under his heel. All right, let her think that he was jealous. He was jealous. He'd been sick with it for twenty-four hours. What did he care if she were fickle? What did he care if he had to spend the rest of his life worrying about her? He wanted her. He'd get her back if he had to break Terry's neck.

He walked down the drive. Behind a parked car he stopped for an instant, listening. A man and a girl were sitting in it—he could hear their voices. But he could not hear them well enough. He made himself go on.

Intent on those voices, he almost bumped into a shadowy figure running towards the clubhouse. The man was panting so that he could scarcely speak.

"Is that you, Dr. Harper?" he gasped. "There's an accident—down at that bad turn in the road."

Blake recognised the greenkeeper. "Come on," he said. "We'll take my car. We can get there quicker.

"How did it happen, Joe?" he asked as they found the car and climbed in.

"Didn't see it myself. I heard a crash and started down. Then a man yelled to me to find a doctor. He said he was getting 'em out."

They tore down the drive and through the gate. A moment later he saw it. The lantern. The figures bending over something at the side of the road.

He stopped the car and reached for his bag. This medical business was a mess. You couldn't begin to have a life of your own. Instead of looking for the girl you loved, you had to pick up what was left of some drunken idiot, who thought that a ditch was part of the road.

Some drunken idiot . . . Blake's hand tightened on his bag. That thing over there in the ditch was light-colored. And Terry had a yellow car.

"Not that—dear God, not Janice!" He began to run.

Let her love Terry. Let her love anyone at all. But let her be safe, not lying torn and broken at the roadside. He reached the little group of dark figures. He pushed his way through.

"They're all dead," a woman was babbling. "They must be dead. Look at that car!"

It was Terry's car. He could see the licence plate. A man was holding up the lantern and by its light Blake saw a silvery gleam. "Janice!" he cried hoarsely.

"Blake, is that you?" a voice asked faintly.

He fell on his knees beside her. His hands were shaking so that he could scarcely open his bag.

"I'm all right," Janice said. She sat up. "Where—where's Terry?"

"There's a man over here," somebody said. "I pulled him out."

Somehow he managed to get to his feet and pick up his bag. Terry was stretched out on the ground beside the crumpled car. His head was covered with blood.

"Hold that lantern over here," Blake said. "I want to look at his eyes."

In spite of the blood, Terry did not seem to be seriously hurt. After a few minutes he was sitting up and trying to talk. Blake swabbed off the top of his head and found two small cuts. "Nothing to worry about," he told Janice. "Scalp wounds always bleed like this."

People were pushing against him and breathing down his neck. He turned and saw that his audience consisted of a farmer, his wife, and four children.

"Is he going to die?" the woman was asking.

"Nobody's going to die," Blake snapped. "But somebody's going to get hurt if you don't stop pushing me."

With Joe's assistance he got them both into his car, Janice in the front seat and Terry stretched out in the back.

"My brother can get that car out for you," said the farmer. "Do you want his telephone number?"

"No," Blake said, shortly. Let Terry worry about his own car. Terry himself was enough for one man to handle.

When he could control his voice Blake asked: "Was Terry driving?"

"Of course he wasn't driving," said Janice. "I persuaded him to let me take him home."

"Good Lord!" Blake muttered.

After a moment he said, "What made you go off the road?"

"I—I don't know."

"Of course you know. You're not that kind of a driver. What happened?"

There was a long pause. Then in a very small voice Janice said: "He—he tried to kiss me while we were going round that curve."

"What? Did I do that?" Terry was cold sober now.

They drove the rest of the way in silence.

WHEN they stopped before Terry's home, he climbed out slowly and painfully. "I—I'm sorry, Janice," he mumbled.

"You ought to be," Blake said. "You're a case for a doctor, not for amateurs like Janice. If you even speak to her again when you're drunk I'll take you apart. And you'll need a hearse, not an ambulance."

Janice said nothing at all.

He drove her back to town and they climbed the stairs to her first-floor flat in silence.

Blake pulled a small bottle from his bag. He told himself that it did not matter how he felt. It did not matter that he fairly ached to hold her in his arms, to touch her and know that she was safe. His mind was a tumult of words which he wanted to say to her, words which might ease just a little this horror that was still inside him. But that was of no importance whatsoever. Janice was suffering from shock. She must take a sedative and go to bed.

Janice was sitting on the arm of a chair, twisting her handkerchief. Blake tried not to look at her. Another glimpse of that torn silver dress and those bandages and he'd make a complete fool of himself.

Suddenly Janice ripped the handkerchief in two. "Go on!" she cried. "You might as well get it over."

For an instant he could only stare at her. He saw that she expected him to scold her. To scold her—to-night. What had he ever done—what had he ever said that could make her think . . .?

He took a deep breath. Janice was getting hysterical—that was all. "I'm not saying anything," he told her quietly. "I want you to take this capsule and go to bed."

She did not seem to hear him. Her voice rose sharply. "You were right, of course. You're always right. But has it occurred to you that Terry might be dead if I hadn't gone with him? He was going to drive that car himself."

"Please——" Blake said. "Let's not discuss it to-night. You——"

"Nobody else would have gone with him. Nobody else ever cared what happened to him. They all expected him to get into trouble, but they never tried to stop him. Nobody thought that he might be unhappy——"

"Unhappy?" Blake echoed. It was too much. He forgot that he was a doctor and she was a patient. "If you've got to make somebody happy," he shouted, "why don't you start on me? I could do with a little help."

"You?" Her voice was high and shrill. "You don't need any help. You don't even want it. You always do everything for yourself and take care of yourself. Why should I waste my time on you?"

He stood there, staring at her flushed face. Oh, she was hysterical, of course. But this passionate resentment, this bitterness.

It was almost as though she hated him. Hated him because he had not required her help. Did she want him to be a weakling like Terry? Did she want to worry about him?

Muffin was whining and licking her hand. She stretched out the hand and drew him close. She patted him. Upset as she was, she seemed to know that Muffin needed her. Needed her.

And suddenly Blake understood. He remembered her invalid father, the dog, the cats, and Terry Brandon. Poor creatures, every one of them, needing help, needing to be mothered. He remembered the many things she had once tried to do for him. The gingerbread, the buttons, the appointment at Mercy Hospital. And he had been telling himself that she was fickle, that she might wreck his life!

He had been treating her like a bit of fragile porcelain. Wrapped in his stubborn pride, he had ignored her protests. His wife must never be pitied. His wife must have a car and a maid and expensive clothes. And all the while she had been alone in this flat, feeding cats and giving cod-liver oil to Muffin.

"Janice," he said huskily, "I'm sick of eating in restaurants. I'm sick of coming home to empty rooms. I have holes in my socks and my buttons are falling off and I get so darned lonesome . . ."

For an instant her eyes were wide and unbelieving. Then suddenly they were very blue and very soft—the eyes of the girl of a year ago.

(Copyright)

Lyric of Life

RECIPROCITY

I searched among my memories, not very long ago,
And tried to capture, once again, a face I used to know.
But pictures in the mind grow faint when many years go by,
And memories, if long unsought, are rather apt to die.
And sadly then I wondered, with a whisper of regret,
"Will they have all forgotten me, the friends whom I forget?"

—*Phyllis Duncan-Brown.*

STOP FUSSING AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST !

Betty wouldn't eat breakfast. Mummy was worried and Daddy was cross.

"Don't you know about Kellogg's Rice Bubbles?" exclaimed Auntie Joan. "They go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! when you pour milk on. Kiddies love them."

No fuss and bother at breakfast now. Betty has a big bowl of Snap! Crackle! and Pop! Rice Bubbles every morning. Mummy is glad because they're such a nourishing digestible breakfast. Just what every growing child should have!

DON'T NEED COOKING! Kellogg's feathery, crunchy Rice Bubbles are all ready to serve—pour them straight from packet to plate. Sold at your grocer's—oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive waxtite innerseal packet.

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Jottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight

• TO THE RESCUE . . . Narelle Garry, aged four, fastens three-year-old Julianne Fagan's frock at Lysaght-Donohue wedding reception. They attended the bride.

• ON DOTTED LINE . . . Bert Helps watching his bride (formerly Jean Lumsden) sign the register at St. Philip's Church.

• MRS. ROY BRADSHAW, in silver mood and backless gown, and her husband . . . guests at McLaurin-Cary wedding.

• THE HON. LEWIS CLIFFORD and his wife (formerly Elizabeth Knox) photographed during Melbourne's autumn races at Flemington.

Marriage lines . . .

SUCH a week of weddings! Can hardly believe it's Lent. One of the largest and prettiest . . . Margaret Cary to Ian McLaurin. One hundred and sixty guests at St. Mark's and Australia reception.

Outstanding collection of beautiful gowns . . . the bride's mother taking the honors with her midnight-blue crepe sewn with silver beaded crescents, completed by mauve orchids and blue velvet hat flaunting shaded blue feathers.

Helen Weihen's white lace mantilla catches my eye. Lesley Turner poises wine velvet bow above her forehead. Mrs. Wal Anderson in lovely powder-blue, Mrs. Tom Peters in petunia shades, Mrs. Dennis Nixey and Nola Gough both in white.

I spy the P. G. Smiths, former owners of Mornington, Tamworth, where the bride and groom will live. Several Tamworth guests at wedding . . . include Jill Davidson, Winsome and Nancy Liston.

Country comes to town . . .

OFT-REPEATED remark at Lysaght-Donohue wedding . . . "Isn't the bridegroom exactly like Errol Flynn!"

Country people come to town in dozens for ceremony at St. Mary's and reception at Australia.

Yass-Binalong district well represented — all the Shannons and Garrys. They'll be here again next month for Colin Shannon's wedding with Betty Mooney.

Someone hands me champagne . . . it's Nano Walker, wearing her wedding dress of ivory crepe and sequins. It's almost two years since Nano and George Walker celebrated their wedding—also in the Australia's banquet hall.

Mrs. Mill Barber smart in pastel brocade, severely tailored. Mrs. Walter Burfitt poises two pink tiger lilies atop her head. Esmey Burfitt wears flame-red sheer, which I overhear Jack Garry saying reminds him of bushfire he extinguished a few hours before.

Quaff a cup . . .

DOWN to Ye Olde Crusty wine cellars, George Street, to quaff a cup in aid of Salute to Autumn fashion show this Tuesday.

Can hardly believe my eyes when I see vats large enough to swim in, bordering dimly-lit passages. I look for pink elephants, but there are none. Am reassured when Mr. Buring comes along and tells me vats are real.

Finally come to small cellar, where the Grant Lindemans, Sam Stirlings, Mrs. Cyril Ruwald are toasting success of fashion show, which is for Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

Electric lights gleam faintly through bunches of grapes and vine leaves, but I manage to see that Mrs. Alf Morgan wears smart white crepe frock, Honolulu shell necklace, white Foreign Legion headgear. And that Mrs. Hans Robertson's black crepe frock effectively contrasts with cyclamen gloves and handbag.

Heard around town . . .

JILL BARNES and Dr. Bill MacDonald marry this month.

The Bill Winter Irvings' dogs, Golden Labradors, are travelling from Melbourne in luxury trailer with all mod. cons., including electric fans, to be entered in Royal Show.

Picnics at Yass . . .

AT Yass picnics Mrs. Ernest Merriman (race club president's wife) lives up to her reputation for lovely clothes. At ball after first day's racing she wears one of the new covered-up (high neck and sleeves) models in fine black lace, encircled with belt of black suede and gold.

Mrs. Merriman tells me cheerfully she's not nearly so busy as at pre-war race meetings . . . but still she entertains luncheon party before first race, 100 guests to afternoon tea, and dinner party before the ball.

In spare moments she concentrates on the six horses she and her husband are racing. Is also entertaining house guest, her niece Pat Prince, of Rose Bay.

Not so many visitors as in other years, but plenty to keep things going merrily. Honor Bowman comes from Mudgee to be guest of Helen Stewart at Fifield. George Walker entertains the Bill Scotts.

Horton and Marion Browne here from Young. Also the E. W. L. Gordons. The Talbot Sandersons come from Moss Vale, the H. Stevensons from Boorowa.

Canberra represented by Brigadier-General and Mrs. Plant, Commander and Mrs. Garcia, Joyce Edwards.

For art's sake . . .

LOTS of North Shore residents leave their gardens for the day and come to town for opening of Nancy Goldfinch's exhibition at Macquarie Galleries.

Squeeze into the galleries and find standing room only. Close on my heels comes Mrs. Bill Owen. Also Betty Larke, who leaves soon for foreign parts.

Nancy, looking all efficient in black and demure white trimmings, receives congratulations from everybody. Sister Helen Mendl stands by.

Much taken by large cluster of yellow flowers at neckline of Mrs. Guy Gemmell Smith's black frock. On close inspection discover they're "Japanese lanterns," real ones.

Two young matrons, Mrs. John Pockley and Mrs. Colin Wyatt, arrive together . . . and Mrs. Pockley rather Old World in black corded silk coat with squared shoulders, tiny waist and white lace jabot.

Infant news . . .

PETER BRUCE are names chosen for son and heir of the Bruce McWilliams', of Rosemount Avenue, Woollahra.

Infant daughter of Stuart and Pippa St. Vincent Welch will remain unnamed until her father returns to port shortly. Pippa celebrated her 21st birthday a week or so before baby's arrival.

Did you know? . . .

HELEN DUTTON, South Australian well known in social Sydney, is engaged to Bill Weatherley, of Melbourne.

Mrs. A. E. Grace sang popular songs at Bert Helps-Jean Lumsden wedding reception.

Family supper party was the only celebration chosen by Margery Nall for her coming-of-age on Wednesday, March 6.

Snow boots, skis and toboggans decorated wedding cake when champion skier George Lamble married Eileen Grono.

• SHEILA CARTER and Dorothea Darvall take time off for tea at Mrs. Cecil Johnson's home while discussing plans for Finnish relief concert on March 20.

• MRS. JOHN LOVELL and Marion Scott off to luncheon party in town . . . Marion marries Frank Mack at Narromine this Friday.

• HOSTESS PEGGY CAPP obliges with match for Meg Alcorn at pre-wedding party, Pickwick Club. Meg, the guest of honor, marries Garnet Stacey on March 23.

• WHITE HOODED frock for Cele Wightman . . . dancing at the Australia Hotel with John Julian.

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New Rinso SUDS for brilliant results

Into the copper with your clothes and let New Rinso do all the work! Masses of fine-bubble, hard-working suds get right down to the job, removing even stubborn, worn-in dirt. Out come your clothes—actually 3 shades whiter! No soap or extras needed—with this wonderful New Improved Rinso.

Wonderful Success with Colours, Silks and Woollens.

Yes, your whole wash is safe in Rinso's rich gentle suds. Colours stay bright and new, silks and woollens beautifully soft and luxurious.

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No Soaking Needed Now!

FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BIG, NEW PACKET

FOR A BRIGHTER WASH, TRY THESE RICHER SUDS!

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.344.38

The Third Prisoner

Continued from Page 7

"AND by locking us up they think they'll catch John Mead, too."

The American stretched and sighed prodigiously.

"Ho—hum! That's about true, too. World's cranky enough nowadays to fix up almost anything as an international situation. Gosh, the refreshments aren't too good in these places. What I'd give for a good straight whisky! But I've been in tighter spots than this. Where do you hail from?"

"London," said Hugo. "But we travel a good deal."

"Married, I presoome?"

"Yes," said Marcia, surprised at her cool voice. "We're married. We've got two children. We've been married seven years and we're going to be divorced." (Funny how one couldn't realise that now perhaps there would be no need for divorce, that in the morning they would have died as man and wife.)

"Oh, that's bad," said the blond young man.

"Dear Marcia!" murmured Hugo beseechingly, his beautiful mouth drooping.

Yes, thought Marcia, that was what Hugo had been doing for the last seven years, saying "Dear Marcia!" wheedlingly, and pouting his lips like a spoilt, but attractive, child.

At first it had been enchanting. When Marcia had married him (in face of the opposition of her family and friends, all of whom said that Hugo was charming and good-looking and wealthy, but frightfully unstable, Marcia darling!), and he had been drunk on their honeymoon, the wonderful sweetness of their reconciliation had been a hundred times worth the unpleasantness.

And when she had discovered that Hugo was possessed of a demon of restlessness that drove him from one end of Europe to the other, that kept him perpetually in search of new places and people, his entreaties, his charm, his protestations that he could not travel one inch without her had made the continual fatigue of packing and moving on well worth while.

Before Nigel had been born, when Hugo had insisted that the London fogs were killing, that Marcia must go to the South of France, and Nigel had been born at Cannes in a strange nursing home, with hateful French nurses and doctors, and Marcia had been desperately ill, Hugo's voice, "Marcia, darling, darling! We've got the cutest son. You've no idea. Marcia, I love you!" had pulled her back out of the shadows.

When, two years later, Susan had been born, in London, at Marcia's absolute insistence, and Hugo had said, "Darling, we can't stagnate here a moment longer," and she had protested, "But the children, Hugo," he had dismissed that argument with "Good heavens! What's their nurse for? You don't have children to be tied to them all your life. I've booked our passages to the States. I'll die if I stay here."

And she had gone, but her heart had ached all the time for baby Susan's coppery head that was so like the coppery head of her charming, unstable husband. Some day, she had thought, she would live just for the children. Some day . . .

DURING the three years that had followed, the day had grown perceptibly nearer. For with each new move, each new craze of Hugo's, her gaiety had become more strained. (Good heavens, could they spend the whole of their lives chasing an elusive gaiety which perhaps didn't even exist?)

With each new quarrel her patience had grown less. Hugo's charming repentance (Marcia, honest and truly, I'm sorry! Marcia, don't scold! I must have got hold of some bad gin somewhere. It's the last time. Promise you it's absolutely the last time. Dear Marcia!) had tugged less at her heart-strings.

Hugo needed her, of course. His need of her and his love for her were the only genuine emotions in his restless, wayward life. But the children needed her, too. They wanted a mother who didn't spend nine months of the year chasing gaiety in all the fashionable hotels of Europe.

And Hugo was doomed by his own unresting spirit to roam for ever from place to place.

There would have to be a break some time, and with each fresh quarrel Marcia realised it more clearly. The choice would have to be made between Hugo and the children. Hugo she would love for ever, but his life was shaped unalterably. Nothing now could change him from the undependable, unexpected, utterly charming person that he was. The children could still be guided and moulded. It was her job.

So this morning, when Hugo, regardless of the danger they were in, and having discovered the previous evening that the wine was excellent, had stumbled up to their hotel bedroom, asleep even before he had reached the bed, and had slept on and on in that familiar stupor from which Marcia knew that there was no waking him, until long after that fateful last train had gone, she had at last made the final choice.

"I just can't stand this any longer," she had said. "If ever we get out of this country, I'm not leaving England again. I'm staying home with the children."

Hugo, tousled, only half-awake, feeling wretched, had sat on the edge of the bed staring at her.

TO YOU!

Dear Boy,—
Since Father Time decreed
This year is set apart
For me to ask a man to wed,
You more than please my heart.
I'm very bright about the house,
I'm tidy, quick, and neat,
My cooking is a pure delight,
My voice is low and sweet.
The frocks I wear I make myself,
Advice I've always heeded,
I'm economically inclined,
I'd grow the flowers we needed.
I'm not the type to fuss or nag,
I think I tend to flatter,
So if you'd care to call on me,
We'll finalise the matter.
—*Yvonne Webb.*

"We'll get out of the country, all right. I'll hire a plane. Gosh, I feel rotten. What's that? Of course you're leaving England again. Tie yourself to a pair of kids for the rest of your life! Don't be a fool!"

Then Marcia had lost her temper. She had told Hugo exactly what she thought about everything. The inevitable result of this was that Hugo had lost his temper, too, and in a very short time a divorce had been agreed to, with great emphasis on both sides. But Hugo's tempers never lasted long.

"Oh, Marcia," he said ruefully. "Aren't we idiots? As if we could live without each other. Give me a kiss and forget about it."

"No," Marcia had returned. "Not this time, Hugo. I've made up my mind this time. For heaven's sake don't gape at me! If there's anything I hate, it's gaping."

He hadn't been gaping, of course. He had only been looking so desperately hurt and surprised that Marcia had scarcely been able to prevent herself from bursting into tears. But she had stuck to her decision. For a whole hour she had withstood Hugo's pleadings. And then the rebel aeroplanes had flown overhead, the first bombs had exploded shatteringly. The war had caught up to them, and now they were doomed.

"Divorce," said the third prisoner, "is pretty irrevocable." He was leaning comfortably back against the wall, his eyes closed sleepily. He added: "Personally, I don't believe in it. Daresay I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I think it's a rotten system. Couldn't you patch things up?"

Please turn to Page 14

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EMPTY PLEASURES

DON'T we do a great many things in the name of pleasure that are not really pleasure at all?

Grasping at so much, we are too tired to enjoy what we get.

We accept too many invitations, and, in consequence, are dull guests, not fit to enjoy all that our host and hostess have prepared for us.

We aim at making our parties so elaborate that halfway through the preparations we wish we had never begun.

Let us get back to simpler pleasures. A game of golf, or a sunbake on a sunny beach, if we are fit after a good night's rest, are twice the fun of a late party.

If we ever become convinced of these things, I wonder will we have the courage of our convictions?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. H. D. Lamble, 4 Appian Way, Burwood, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

BE MORE FRIENDLY

THE other day I overheard these words: "I'd rather have country life always. It's too lonely living in town." Lonely! When there are masses of other human beings in our towns and only a handful of people scattered over our vast countryside.

If these words are true, isn't it a terrible indictment of the way in which we live? A city can be the loneliest place on earth without the necessary friends or credentials.

Of course we cannot speak to everyone we see, but we can at least be sure that our friendliness outflows to more than just those of our immediate circle. There are probably far more lonely-hearted people around us than we ever realise.

Miss D. J. Miller, Box 259D, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Garden owners resent flower stealers

ADULTS who pick flowers from other people's gardens are more to blame than children, Miss Dawes (24/2/'40).

I saw a woman going along the

Uninvited flower picker.

street cutting flowers from different gardens till she had a big bunch, but I am sure that the person to whom they were given had no idea they were stolen.

It is most annoying when you are saving a flower for seed to find it has been removed.

Perhaps if flowers near fences were filled with pepper it might stop the thieves.

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 17a Royal Ave., Adelaide.

Give willingly

WHEN flowers grow in sufficient profusion to peep through or hang over fences, there must be an abundance of them.

Then why begrudge a bloom to flower-lovers without gardens? The rightful owner is not deprived of any pleasure, as in most cases these straying blossoms cannot be seen from the house.

I think any gardener who loves flowers well enough to grow them in large quantities is quite willing to pass on a few to those less fortunate than himself.

And is it not better for the plant itself that some of the flowers be picked?

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

How refugees react to life in Australia

REFUGEES I have met, Mrs. Leach (24/2/'40), have impressed on me that their disposition and appreciation of their new life keep them cheerful.

To work hard, eat well and live peacefully with their families is all they want.

The average Australian is rather easy-going concerning his job, and as they have never known war in their own country, do not appreciate a peaceful and democratic existence.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

Home charity first

REFUGEES can afford to smile, as in a great number of instances they are getting the picked positions while Australians are left jobless.

Charity begins at home, and while one would always wish to help the down-trodden and helpless, I consider Australia should be kept Australian.

Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Future promise

IT was my privilege to meet a refugee family.

Although they lost all their friends in a raid in Poland, they are happy and contented and very thankful to be in our sunny land, where, I am sure, they will develop into excellent citizens.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Barrett St., Booval, via Ipswich, Qld.

Feels thankful

I AM a Polish refugee, and am very happy doing domestic duties.

Life here is far different from that of my native land, but I feel that every refugee is trying to show gratitude and thankfulness to Australia and its people.

There are so many kind people here who do not look down on me as just a refugee.

Miss Mimi Posnansky, 51a Telegraph Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.

Foreign sections

WHILE I can appreciate the happiness of the refugees who are living in our peaceful land, I would not like to see Australia turned into a cosmopolitan country.

In certain sections of Melbourne one hears more foreign languages spoken than English, and this seems quite out of place.

Mrs. J. L. Rhodes, Queensberry St., Carlton, Vic.

Reason to worry

IF the foreigners were sent back to their original homes, would they look so happy?

It is human nature to grumble, and many Australians express dissatisfaction with their lot in life because they are inclined to take this lovely country for granted.

M. Conway, 9 Raymond Tce., Yeppoon, Qld.

Titles of "Granny" not favored to-day

QUITE a number of women will not allow their grandchildren to use the title "Grandma" or "Granny." They insist on being called "Nana" or "Ma"—anything but grandma.

I wonder if they fear that people will think they are old?

The younger a grandmother is the more reason she has to be proud.

It proves that she has carried on the job of keeping the population going, and her children have followed her good example.

Mrs. A. Frost, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, S.A.

Is health upset through too many snacks?

I HAVE always believed, Mrs. Marsden (24/2/'40), in giving the children a snack at any time between meals.

Children use up so much energy

An after-school snack.

running about that it is only natural to suppose that their food is readily absorbed.

Restricted hours of eating are a menace to the growing child.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrickville, N.S.W.

Help digestion

THERE are probably no noticeable ill-effects from the children's snacks between meals, but some good might possibly result if those snacks were omitted.

Time must be given to digest food after each meal before more is eaten, and I wonder if the indigestion of later years can ever be traced back to childhood snacks.

Mrs. M. Ethell, Lanigan St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Can spoil meals

BROADLY speaking, I would say that if the snacks did not interfere with the children's ordinary meals they would do no harm, but to replace a well-planned and nourishing meal by sweet biscuits and cake is asking for trouble.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highett S21, Vic.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS

I OFTEN see women speak to other women in the streets and tell them that they have a ladder in their stocking, or that their petticoat is showing below their frock.

The person thus told then feels very uncomfortable, and imagines that everyone is looking at her.

Possibly her informant is well meaning, but sometimes it is impossible to put things right, and blissful ignorance is better than the worry of knowing of the fault in one's dress.

Miss B. Inkster, 44 High St., Glenelg, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

LACK OF MANNERS

HAVE politeness and good manners gone out of fashion?

Recently a girl came to me with a letter of introduction from an old and dear friend. I arranged a little party for her, going to a fair amount of trouble and expense.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I had a phone call from the girl. She had received an invitation to play tennis, and she could not turn it down. She was sure I would understand if she did not come to my party.

Upon comparing notes with neighbors I found many who had been treated in much the same way. Are such occurrences very common?

M. I. Norman, Whytecliffe St., Albion, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

JUST TOO LOVELY

BEING an avid reader of fiction, I sometimes wonder why heroines are always so very "beautiful," "flower-like," and so on. It is really most discouraging to the "not so beautiful."

Why can't authors, by way of a change, write about somebody a bit plain, or even just pretty? It would help us ordinary mortals to keep our chins a little higher.

Mrs. B. Dearden, 79 Colin St., North Sydney.

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense: To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

The Third Prisoner

Continued from Page 12

"OF course we'll patch it up," said Hugo easily. "We'll come to terms, won't we, Marcia? It's only on account of the kids, you know," he explained to the other man. "It's not that we don't love each other."

"No, we won't come to terms," returned Marcia sharply, for she knew that if they did she would discover later that they were all Hugo's terms, and they would be exactly where they had been before. But then she made a short, unhappy sound that was intended to be a laugh, and said, "But what does it matter? There won't be any time to come to terms."

Hugo tumbled sideways towards her.

"Marcia, we can't die in the middle of a quarrel," he whispered agonisedly.

Marcia stared down at his tousled coppery head, his upturned face, his lovely drooping lips. Her mouth had gone dry. She couldn't speak.

"You'll get out of this all right," drawled the deep comfortable voice of the third prisoner. "Point is, you've got all the night before you and nothing to do. What about threshing things out now? Honestly, I can't stomach this divorce business. You take a man for better or worse, and that's all there is to it. If you love each other, you're both going to be mighty miserable apart. You get to work and patch things up. Don't mind me. I'm going to sleep. And if you can't tell me in the morning that everything's okay, I'll be mighty disappointed."

Whereupon he stretched out on the floor, and, pillowing his head on his arm, settled himself to slumber.

Hugo whispered, "Let's do as he says."

But Marcia shook her head stubbornly.

"No. No, I've made up my mind. You needn't think because we're in a situation like this you can take an unfair advantage of me. We'll call a truce for to-night, but after that—well, if we come out of this, it's to be as I said." Then, overwhelmingly, the fear was on her again, and her voice began to tremble. "Hugo—Hugo, aren't you afraid?"

Hugo drew closer to her, and Marcia said, "That's the first unfair advantage," but had not the strength to move away. Presently she said, "Hugo, do you think we should save the candle? We might be more glad of it later."

Hugo looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock.

"Ten hours," he murmured. "No, we'll sleep later. Put your head there, darling. Let's remember all the happy times we've ever had."

"Nice way for an estranged husband and wife to talk," she said, but the thought was a soothing one. In spite of her fear, her mind began to wander over past years.

Venice with Hugo, Rome with Hugo, Egypt, Brittany, Honolulu, California with Hugo, the world a painted, animated background for the two of them. Hugo solemnly telling the Sphinx that there was only one woman in the world whom he loved, and that was his wife, Hugo's alarm when he knew they were going to have a child ("But what will we do with it, darling?"), Hugo's sleepy, repentant voice saying, "But, Marcia, you know I'm the sort of idiot who must get drunk sometimes . . ."

An hour passed. The candle was burning low. The young man stretched on the floor had not stirred. Marcia's fears became overwhelming once more.

"HOW can he sleep?" she cried. "Doesn't he care at all that he's going to die?"

"I wonder who he is," Hugo remarked. "Good sort of chap, though. He really wanted us to patch things up."

"Oh, what's the use?" said Marcia wearily. "How many more hours?"

"Depends on what they call dawn here. About eight and a half, I should think. Try to sleep, darling. These last hours aren't anything to write home about."

The candle flickered. Hugo's face seemed all hollows. Marcia stared at it, touching it with her fingers.

"I wonder if you'll always be chasing laughter when you're dead," she whispered. "Hugo! Hugo, I'm so tired."

"Go to sleep, sweet. Don't worry. It's all bluff. There's nothing to worry about."

Marcia was sobbing quietly, without tears. "I can't sleep, Hugo."

Nevertheless, she did doze in snatches that made the night seem immeasurably long. Then she awoke abruptly to full consciousness to find the cell in complete darkness, and Hugo clinging to her arms so tightly that it hurt.

"Marcia!" he was whispering desperately. "Marcia, I'm frightened as hell! You've got to forgive me! We can't die with this hanging over us. Marcia! Please, Marcia!"

It was half an hour before she succeeded in calming him, and then he lay with his head in her lap, his arms folded tightly round her, like a frightened child, like her own child, Nigel, whom she knew so little. And at that thought she was glad that still she hadn't promised anything, that she had stuck to her decision.

At last the trembling dawn came, and with it shouts and a fusillade of shots from without. And Marcia, fully awake, saying between stiff lips, "If only—one had died before—and knew what it felt like."

And Hugo saying, "They can't have caught John Mead anyway. We've got to be thankful for that, Marcia, the truce holds until—until afterwards?" And then his laugh that cracked unnaturally. "What is afterwards?"

The young man, stirring and getting to his feet, grinned sleepily down on them.

"You two made it up? Huh?" And without waiting for their answer, "That's fine. Life's too short to quarrel in. Gosh, I'm hungry! I believe I'd give the rest of my life to be able to put myself outside one of my mother's breakfasts right now. Say, you ought to have seen the breakfasts my old mother cooked. Huh? Not understand? Well, I suppose this is a foul place to talk of eating."

Then, a little later, footsteps came down the corridor, the door was flung open, a pair of armed guards entered and seized the imperturbably grinning American. He was marched out, his ugly cheerful face turned back to Marcia and Hugo:

"See you later, folks. I'll call their bluff for them. You'll be hitting the trail for home before you know where you are."

The door was locked. The footsteps died away. Marcia swallowed twice. Unaccountably she was seeing Susan saying her prayers. Susan kneeling in her pyjamas, her coppery head bent over her folded hands. Susan making her absurd little statement, "Please, God, it's been a good day."

An immeasurable time passed.

"Hugo—why didn't they take us, too? I thought—mass executions——"

Hugo's handsome face was unnaturally drawn and old. His attempt at optimism was pitiful.

"But it's **not** an execution, darling. It is bluff. You'll see——"

The distant volley cut his words off. He was white as he met Marcia's unspoken question.

"Don't be so—frightened. That's just—ordinary hostilities. It's—Listen! Here they come again!"

The door swung open. A dirty grinning guard, with many gestures, talked rapidly in Spanish.

"Speak English, for heaven's sake!" Hugo cried. "What are you going to do to us?"

But the man could not speak English. He thrust a grimy scrap of paper into Hugo's hand and gestured again that the door was wide open. Freedom lay without.

Hugo held the paper up to read it.

"Patch it up, you two. Life's too short to quarrel in. They've sworn to me they'll let you go, so take my advice and hop straight out of the country. These guys think they were being funny, making you spend the night with a condemned prisoner, and they're that dumb they can't tell an Englishman from a good Yankee. I'm glad I dropped a bomb or two into their messy war, and don't worry about me. I was of no more importance in this almighty tangle than you are. But patch it up. I'm happy to be of service to you, but I'm darned if I'll die for a couple of quarrelsome fools.

"JOHN MEAD.

"P.S.—Give my love to the kids."

The paper shook in Hugo's fingers. Marcia was staring at it, fascinated.

"That's funny," she was saying wonderingly. "That's funny."

"What's funny?" shouted Hugo. "That poor devil——"

"No," said Marcia shudderingly. "No, not him." She could not yet visualise what had happened. She was seeing a long road, a long, long, weary road, stretching into infinity, down which she and Hugo were travelling—travelling endlessly.

"It's funny," she said, "that a night like that and a crazy Yankee should show us that our ways lie—for ever together."

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Scotsman who won Corio

We interview family man M.P.

MRS. FANNY BROWNBILL, M.L.A., who helped direct Mr. Dedman's campaign for the Corio seat, was one of the first to congratulate him.

MRS. DEDMAN was busy making tea for some of the many visitors who called to wish her husband success in his political career.

THERE'S NOTHING young James Dedman likes better than a game of cricket in the backyard with his father.

By Our Melbourne Representative

The attention of all Australia was focused on the Corio (Vic.) by-election, and the wife of the new Federal member, cheery, brown-eyed Mrs. J. J. Dedman, almost lost her voice with excitement at the result.

Ever since Mr. Dedman defeated the U.A.P. candidate, Mr. Vinton Smith, the three Dedman children, Mary, Ruth, and James, have been finding it hard to get to school on time in the excitement of watching for the postman with his batches of congratulatory letters

THEIR neat little home in Ormond Street, East Geelong, was the centre of interest in the town on Monday—but Monday is Monday, and after the Saturday's hectic election Mrs. Dedman did the washing as usual.

When the children rushed home for lunch, she had it ready for them as usual. Mary, aged thirteen, is at the Geelong High School, but Ruth, aged ten, and eight-year-old Jimmie attend the State school.

Before getting the children off to school again Mrs. Dedman found time to talk for a few minutes.

She and her husband both hail from the south of Scotland. Though Mr. Dedman has lived here eighteen years, he still speaks with a rich Scottish burr that is very pleasant to hear. His wife's accent is not so noticeable.

Tall and brown-eyed, and with light brown hair, Mrs. Dedman is a happy woman, who spends most of her time looking after her brown-eyed family.

She is proud of her husband for winning the election, but is not surprised.

"It is just an example of perseverance," she said. "This is the fifth time my husband has stood for Parliament. Four times he was beaten, but at last he has won.

Cooked for hostels

"THIS time last year things were very different for him. It was the time of the bushfires. As patrol officer with the Forestry Department for Milgrove district, near Warburton, he was fighting fires for all he was worth.

"Many of our telegrams are from people who fought the fires with him," said Mrs. Dedman.

The Dedmans are a typical, simple, happy family. Both were born in the south of Scotland, but when she was 17 the then Jessie McEwen went to Edinburgh to study for her diploma of Domestic Economy.

"I got it just after the beginning of the war," she said, "so had plenty of opportunity of trying out my knowledge. All through the war I cooked for camps and hostels, but that was not as hard as cooking at home, as the army was not rationed as were the rest of the community.

"After the war I kept house for my brother and sister while they went to Edinburgh University and taught domestic subjects to working girls at night. My sister, who became a Bachelor of Science, is married to Mr. A. Home, a wheat farmer in the Goulburn Valley, and my brother, Mr. Walter McEwen, lives in Melbourne.

"I came to Australia in 1924, and took a job at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne. I met Mr. Dedman again, and in 1926 we were married at the Presbyterian Church, Surrey Hills.

"We lived on a dairy farm at Launching Place for six years.

"I can make butter and do most other jobs around a farmhouse.

"Since this war began I have got my home-nursing and first-aid certificates, and I am studying A.R.P."

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At Early Middle Age

She Enjoys New Strength

"My general health has improved all round since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Mrs. G.W., of Shenton Park W.A. "Before taking these pills I was a nervous wreck, could not sleep or walk far. My head ached and I thought it would never cease. My limbs trembled and I suffered giddiness.

"It was not long after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that the headaches and giddiness began to cease and my nerves became steadier. I am most satisfied with the results."

People of middle age who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills genuinely say that the results obtained are remarkably beneficial for the whole system. These famous pills always help to enrich and increase the blood supply, which invigorates the nerves, organs and body tissue, bringing new strength and driving away aches and pains. Don't fail to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills if you are nervous, run-down or worried. At all chemists and stores, 3/- bottle—the results will gratify you.***

Royal Show will be its own bright self

Carnival swings into big success as country comes to town

The Royal Show must go on . . .

With its usual kaleidoscope of color and excitement, Sydney Royal Show will open at Easter time.

Entries of all kinds are well up to standard and in some cases show an increase on those of last year. From all over Australia exhibitors, performers, and sightseers will throng the Agricultural Showground for ten days and nights.

"WE will miss some of our younger men exhibitors who have gone to the war," said Mr. A. W. Skidmore, Assistant Secretary.

"But we expect any of them who are still in camp to spend their leave at the Showground."

Those of them who cannot see the Show for themselves will receive graphic accounts of it from their women relatives and friends.

For, in the way that women can, feminine war workers will make time to take part in or see the Show in a comprehensive manner.

Many of them will be working to aid war funds, as they will be voluntary helpers in the rooms at the ground lent to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund Appeal and the Red Cross by the Shell Oil and Vacuum Oil companies.

Among the women competitors who are preparing their sleekly groomed horses for the ring events are many who have won prizes for several years.

Mrs. P. L. Grimwood, of Jalengla, Bundanoon, N.S.W., is bringing down another string of ponies.

Mrs. Harold Bartram, of Heidelberg, Victoria, and her schoolgirl daughter, Mary, will be exhibiting again, and from Queensland Miss Gwen Duncan, the champion lady camp drafter in her State, will be competing for the fourth year.

A novelty event this year will be the Girls' Buckjumping Championship of Australia.

The two competitors will be Miss Tad Lewis (U.S.A.) and Miss Vena Carpenter, of Deep Water, North Queensland. The contest will be held each night during the rodeo.

Mrs. L. G. Forrest, of Marrickville, will have a dual interest in the entries for cats and dogs. She will be a judge in the former section, and has entered a quartet of her famous Chow dogs.

Women busy

WHILE the Showground itself has been prepared for its most important engagement of the year, hundreds of women have been preparing their exhibits in their homes.

In its second year, the Women's Handicrafts Section has attracted almost 1000 entries.

These range from wedding cakes to tapestry bags.

An added section this year includes weaving, spinning, gloves, pottery, toy-making, leather work and basketry.

There were six judges needed for the needlework section, two for the handicrafts, two for the cooking, and a special baker judge for the home-made bread.

The supervisor of the Women's Handicrafts Section (Mrs. M. Trainor) will have been present daily with her band of four helpers for three weeks before the Show opens.

Each entry must be carefully checked and numbered, and it takes a week to classify everything for judging.

Outstanding to the onlooker will be a charming model ship made by one woman for the soft toy section.

Its little card states that it is a perfect replica of the Royal Sovereign, a 400-ton battleship built in 1637, and it offers comparison with the 33,000-ton monster ships in our present navy.

Dressed dolls, all kinds of rag and wool rugs, raffia bags, and hand-made gloves will be on exhibition.

Knitting of such delicacy that it seems as if it could not be made by hands will be on exhibit in the 1940 Royal Show, with a host of other things provided by versatile women workers.

Probably there are no more enthusiastic women present at the Show than those whose work is hard and hectic for the duration of the carnival.

Mrs. G. Stewart, for instance, has been demonstrating scone making for twenty-two years.

She cannot calculate the thousands of scones which have passed from her able hands to those of interested spectators.

From £15 to £20 can be made at the Show by an accomplished saleswoman.

In the chocolate industry, many of them are provided with £50 worth of stock each day, for which they have to account.

Mr. C. J. Abigail, president of the Show Exhibitors' Association, who has had seventeen years' experience of Show-time work, paid a high tribute to the type of girl and woman who is employed during the ten hectic days.

"Many of them are married women whose husbands are out of jobs, and the Show represents to them a splendid chance of some extra money for the home," said Mr. Abigail.

BARBARA WALKER BUTLER will be a competitor in the ring events at the Royal Show.

VETERAN of the women exhibitors at the Show is Mrs. I. Whitney, of Coombing Park, Carcoar (N.S.W.). She takes an active part in the management of her stud cattle, and at the 1939 Show she celebrated her 94th birthday, sitting at the ringside in pouring rain. Mrs. Whitney is a familiar figure at leading cattle sales.

So I Needn't Tight-Lace . .

The wasp waist in again! M-m-m-m. Intriguing, yes. And one wants to be in the fashion. But . . .

You *don't* fancy the discomforts of "lacing in the waist" like grandma did.

That's why you're going to hail with joy this newest LIBERTY model. By the cleverest design and the cunningest cut, and a real scientific understanding of the human structure, this Corselette contrives to give the modish modernised hint of the seductive "hour-glass" figure without any constriction or restriction at all. Like all LIBERTY corsets, it is built to give maximum support *with maximum comfort.*

You're going to look rather wonderful in the new frocks if you've got this on underneath.

ASK FOR LIBERTY MODEL No. 5223 A. It is a beautiful Corselette with a side fastening. In nude satin, it has Lastex panels and is lightly boned in front; and its perfect "uplift" brassiere is built in a lovely lace. Obtainable in sizes 32 to 38.

Liberty REGD.

The Fashion-Figure Foundation

Trade Enquiries to: Robert Reid & Co. Ltd., 32 York St., Sydney. LL.-38-40

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"HURRAH for 'DULUX',— — IT'S GIVEN ME A BRAND-NEW KITCHEN!"

Imagine my surprise when Jack arrived home yesterday with a supply of paint brushes and tins of "Dulux." "It's that kitchen of yours," he said—"it needs re-decorating."

After tea we got to work. (I helped, of course, and found painting really fascinating.) Jack soon proved that he could swing a paint brush as well as a golf club.

How that dullness vanished! Colourful, lustrous "Dulux" transformed everything. Chairs, table, cabinets . . . all emerged bright and fresh—and I never realised until then how dull they had been.

Soon it was finished, and we both stood off in admiration. What a difference! So I gave Jack a great big hug for being so clever and thinking of "Dulux"—it's a miracle finish!

Transforming everything it touches with a coat of lovely, gleaming colour, "Dulux" has brought cheer and freshness to countless homes . . . brightening dull corners—giving shabby furniture a new lease of life—making kitchens, bathrooms and bedrooms happy and colourful—with a very little work and at very small cost.

"Dulux" is chemically different—that's why it lasts so much longer and wears so much better.

"Dulux" is easy to use—quick drying—and it's so easy to keep clean.

Use "Dulux"—let its lovely lustre and colour banish dullness and give gaiety, freshness and beauty to your home!

And for modern, artistic wall decoration—use "Dulux" SUPER-MATT. This superlative velvet-finish "Dulux" is unsurpassed for beauty and durability. Its satin-smooth finish is readily cleaned, it resists abrasions and is easily applied by brush. "Dulux" SUPER-MATT is available in 22 lovely colours—specially selected as the newest idea in interior decoration.

FREE BOOKLET FOR YOU!

This handy book outlines very simply the correct way to apply "Dulux" in order to obtain the full benefit of its greater durability and beautiful appearance. . . . Send Coupon to British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 21, Concord, N.S.W.

COUPON Please forward—Post Free—my Free Copy of "Manual on the Application of 'Dulux' Finishes."

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ANGELA goes gay AGAIN . . .

Mrs. Thirkell's story of rural England has light witty touch

Charming Mrs. Thirkell.

Time cannot wither her, nor custom stale — even if her variety in literary offerings is not exactly infinite.

Her latest novel, "Before Lunch," is as delightfully fresh as her first. She still confines herself to staid, "nice" people; neither molten passions nor the "problems" beloved of the post-war generation of novelists occur in her pages to make them boring.

SHE has the most priceless gift of all—a sense of humor, and the ability to get it into her work.

Her story, this time, is again concerned with a small group of people existing with a surface peacefulness in an English rural setting. Entanglements—emotional and social—arise when, first, Mr. Middleton's sister and her two step-children come to live at the White House, and, second, when that unspeakable knight, Sir Ogilvie Hibberd, horrifies the county by buying a spot of land known as Pooker's Piece and announcing brazenly that he intends to build a teashop and garage on it.

The ironing out of the emotional tangles and the settling of the vile Hibberd provide quite enough excuse for Mrs. Thirkell to meander gently and funnily for some three hundred pages, exercising her wit, allowing herself an occasional piece of harmless irony, and, in particular, enjoying herself with her characters.

For she does enjoy the company of the people she creates. You can feel it in her writing. Even when she is laughing at them, it is tolerant, friendly, understanding laughter.

Take Mr. Middleton, for example, that hearty overpowering, maddening gentleman.

Juvenile sixty

HE talks. He talks so much, in fact, that in real life he'd probably send you mad. But, by presenting him, early in the book, through the eyes of his intelligent, affectionate wife, Mrs. Thirkell makes you see him, not as an infuriating egotist, but as a voluble small boy of sixty-odd who has succeeded in achieving professional success, but who has never grown out of a juvenile capacity for enthusiasm, for assuming that everybody is interested in the things in which he is interested, for romantic self-deception.

"How are you this morning, darling?" asks Mrs. Middleton, the sunny morning we are first introduced to her overwhelming husband. "You look very nice and peculiar.

"Mrs. Middleton," the author goes on to explain, "did not exaggerate in calling her husband's appearance peculiar, for . . . he had thrown himself vehemently into the part of a gentleman farmer and, after a severe struggle with his tailor, ordered his clothes accordingly. This morning he was dressed in a blue shirt, a kind of shooting jacket in large checks with pockets capacious enough for a poacher, orange-tawny plus-fours, canvas gaiters, and heavy nailed shoes."

Mrs. Middleton's attitude towards Mr. Middleton is, you feel, Mrs. Thirkell's attitude towards the male sex in general.

She regards men with an affectionate tolerance, not at all deceived by the boundless pomposity with which they go about their affairs, and watching, with a secret, quiet amusement, the unquenchable, boyish ardor the majority of them bring to their amusements.

Mrs. Middleton herself is a pleasant, restful person. "Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had no children, but as Catherine Middleton truly said, once one had got over the mortification it was really a very pleasant life."

Gratifying to all those who like the aristocracy to figure in their fiction will be the news that there are three lords in this story—all slightly eccentric and even a bit Wodehousean.

But, to even things up, the lower orders are well represented. There is, for instance, Mrs. Pucken.

"Sarah Pucken . . . knew her place to an alarming extent.

"It still pained her to think that her husband was one of the lower class, but she fed him very well and allowed him half a crown a week out of his wages for himself.

"Her three elder daughters were all in service in good houses. Two were still at home and showed rebellious signs of wanting to work in chain stores."

In addition to Mrs. P. there are her love-lorn daughter, Lou, and a fine cast of extras, including a monosyllabic farmhand who talks horse language, a cowhand, an aitchless butler, and a postmistress who is extremely elastic in her ideas as to what is permissible in regard to H.M.'s mails.

Liked a good tune

SWINGING back to the other social extreme, Lord and Lady Bond provide a lot of entertainment. His vague but benevolent lordship on the subject of music is a good instance.

"I do so like a good tune," he said. "I used to play a little piece by Chopin myself once. It was quite short. It had three of those things like noughts and crosses at the beginning, and three-quarters written on the lines."

And Lady Bond. She . . . "had been brought up in the best tradition of Edinburgh hats, a tradition which dies hard and still dazzles the rash beholder's eye at afternoon concerts. Mrs. Middleton maintained that she had identified on Lady Bond's Coronation year hat a lobster, two hares' claws, a pineapple, a large bunch of parma violets, and a fox's mask, and though no one believed her, everyone admitted that she had the root of the matter in her."

The humor of "Before Lunch" is of the elusive kind most difficult to quote. One example may serve to illustrate it. Mr. Middleton has just returned from a long walk and has been booming at length about the loveliness of rain and deserted fields and rural scenery. He turns to Lord Bond, who has been following a line of his own, and has not heard this lyrical outburst.

"Bond," he says, "this was a walk that you would have loved. The whole soul of England was abroad on the hills to-day."

"Crowded, eh?" said Lord Bond. "That's the worst of all these cheap excursions by rail and coach on Sundays. Spoils all the walks."

Mrs. Thirkell could hardly have chosen a better moment for the publication of this light delicacy. In a world preoccupied by wars and fears for the future, "Before Lunch" comes as a certain relief—for a few hours, at least, you can escape into a world in which the people, even if a trifle eccentric, are amusing, charming, and definitely worthwhile.

"Before Lunch." By Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton). Our copy from the publishers.

ANGELA THIRKELL, popular English author, whose new novel, "Before Lunch," is witty as usual.

TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT: Soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.

RIGHT: Colinated shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair . . . .

BUT NOT WITH SOAP !

HOW men turn to admire your hair . . . and their whispered "Isn't she a beauty" is also a tribute to your wisdom.

No risks for you with driers and blowers that leave your scalp dry and itchy. No dangerous drying chemicals that would burn out hair roots. No rushing "hither and yon" to keep hair appointments!

You wash your own hair in the privacy of your own bathroom, in your own time, and dry it in Sun and Wind as Nature originally intended. And . . . you don't use "just soap" either, for soaps and powder shampoos can't remove the "oily film" which is constantly forming on your hair, catching dust and dirt, hiding life and lustre and making it dull and unattractive. Besides soap and powder shampoos contain alkali, a harsh chemical that dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle and lifeless!

That is why girls everywhere who value beautiful hair use only Colinated *"foam"* Shampoo.

Yes, every girl who values the full youthful lustre of her hair, delights in washing it herself just as you do . . . to feel the magic, cleansing bubbles 'foam' deep down amongst the hair roots, and then revel in the wonderful "loosened up" feeling of a joyfully refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this wonderful Colinated *"foam"* Shampoo is plenty to give a rich sparkling foam (5 times more foam than alkali-laden soap). Get some Colinated *"foam"* Shampoo from your chemist or store to-day. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonderful beauty-cleansing. Know why it is Australia's most popular shampoo!

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Permanent WAISTBAND

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Hold tight, now, I'm going to sneeze!"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"When I do park in the right place you never seem to be around."

"You're bath is ready Sir!"

GARDENER: And these are all tobacco plants.
DUMB DORA: How long will it be before the cigars are ripe?

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended — even in long standing cases — with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein bunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless — and pleasant to use.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SMITH: The other day my wife said I was a model husband.
Jones: That's nice to hear.
Smith: Yes, I looked it up in the dictionary and it said a model is a small imitation of the real thing.

"WHAT'S the meaning of this insect in my soup, waiter?"
"I'll ask the cashier, sir. She can read fortunes."

BUTLER: Shall I remove the mirrors, sir?
Movie Actor: Yes, Jarvis, take them away. I wish to be alone.

HE: There is going to be trouble at the grocer's.
She: Why?
He: Because the grocer's wife has just got a baby girl, and there has been a notice in the window for weeks, "Boy wanted."

THE road hog was lying unconscious in a hospital bed.
"How's he this morning?" a doctor inquired.
"Oh," replied a nurse, "he keeps putting out his right arm this way."
"Ah," remarked the medico, genially, "he's turning the corner."

"I EXPECT my wife to be just what she is now, twenty years from to-day."
"Why, that's unreasonable."
"Yes, that's what she is now."

I feel 30 now!

INDIGESTION is gone

"My chemist said—
'Take De Witt's Antacid Powder—it's good.'
Three doses improved me wonderfully. I feel 30 now."

Another user, glad to be free of dreadful stomach pains, says:
"I suffered dreadfully with acidity of the stomach and pain after food. I was afraid to eat a good square meal. I lost weight and was a misery to myself. Now I can eat anything and everything, feel fit and well. I think De Witt's Antacid Powder is wonderful, and I hope these few lines will help others who suffer with stomach trouble."
Mrs. L. H., Carlton, N.3., Vic.

Why stay a victim to digestive disorders when here is a remedy that will give you instant relief? Even in severe cases of gastritis or stomach inflammation, De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes the trouble.

Don't despair, even if you have suffered years without obtaining benefit. Start to-day with this modern remedy for all digestive disorders and you will quickly find you can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

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An Editorial

MARCH 16, 1940.

FOOD FOR THE FIGHTERS

HOW well the units of the Empire work together in winning the war!

Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain urges farmers in highly industrialised England to put at least another 2,000,000 acres under crop.

Australia, a primary production country, volunteers: "You need reapers and binders to take off your crops. Your factories are busy turning out munitions. Let us send you this farm machinery."

There could be no greater example of the solidarity of the Empire than this, nor a better demonstration of its versatility.

Germany, in its dream of conquest, has not taken into consideration the strategic significance of England's economic resources. While Europe is snow-bound, Australian crops, that will later feed England's millions, are ripening in the sun.

In some spot of the Empire it is always spring.

Hitler boasts of Germany's secret war weapon. But England, too, can boast of the secret strength of her Dominions. Their weapon is the plough, which in the long run will prove even more potent than the sword.

Australia's traditional role in war has been food and fighters. England cannot be starved while the Dominions grow the food and England holds the seas.

That was the lesson of 1914. To-day we can go one better than that—Australia has grown up. She has her industries as well.

There is more than a touch of symbolism in Australia's offer of ploughs to cultivate English fields. It's an indication of the indivisibility of the Empire in time of war—the all for one and one for all doctrine which no enemy can stand against.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

No paid jobs

HONORARY commissioner overseas for the Australian Comforts Fund, Mr. R. S. Goward, reports that the Hotel Fast, Jerusalem, has been entirely taken over as a club for the A.I.F. on leave.

Mr. Goward did similar work in an honorary capacity for the four years of the Great War.

Mrs. Goward is leaving Sydney shortly for Palestine, and hopes to help her husband in the work. She tells me that she has had a letter from Mrs. George L'Estrange Gee, who has been inundated by inquiries from Australian girls who wish to do war work in Palestine.

Mrs. Gee, with Mrs. A. S. Allen, is in charge of the women's unit, supervising mending and washing for the A.I.F.

However, "only really wealthy girls should even consider coming to Palestine," she says. "There are absolutely no paid jobs open. Hotel accommodation is from 25/- to 30/- per day.

"Boarding - houses, slightly cheaper, are not only full, but have waiting lists."

Jostles the past

MRS. GEE is staying at the modern King David Hotel, Julian's Way. I see by the map of Jerusalem I have before me that it is not far from the Tomb of Herod's wife, and opposite the Y.M.C.A.

How the old jostles the new in Jerusalem! A few street names at random—Mount of Olives Road . . . Street of the Prophets . . . Baldwin Road. The Deputy District Commissioner's offices are not far from Hezekiah's Pool, while the American colony is next door to the Tombs of the Kings.

Camel trek

TALKING to a group of Diggers at Ingleburn, discussing their final leave, one of them told me he lived at Liverpool. "I can walk home," he said, "but Jack here," indicating his mate, "lives in the Northern Territory. He will travel the last 100 miles by camel.

"Talk about the far-flung Empire! Jack's got to cross half of it to get home."

Heard at camp

FIRST DIGGER: I hear the sergeant fell into the practice trench and broke his leg.

Second Digger: Shut up, fathead. It doesn't happen till to-morrow.

Mascot's mail

LINKY, beloved Alsatian mascot of the 2nd 10th Battalion, gets his mail at Diggers' concession rates.

During his illness with distemper in a Sydney dog hospital, Alsatian Linky received about 1000 local calls in three days.

But when his home folk in South Australia wish most to write they have to pay the usual twopence because he is in "civvies."

Winnie the war winner

"But, sergeant, you didn't expect me to wear a hat just like every other girl's."

When he gets back to camp he will be treated like a soldier again. His letters addressed:

Linky,
C/o Signaller "Morrie" Forster,
Ingleburn,

will travel under concession rates.

Mr. Casey pleases

NEW YORK papers comment on the resemblance of Mr. Casey to Anthony Eden (what, again?), and say that his clothes are "sartorially super-de-luxe."

Our Mr. Casey
(Ambassadorial)
Columnists racy
Call super-sartorial.
Elegant Casey
Divinely pictorial
Cannot escape his
Edenesque aureole.

These women know secrets of Balkans

By Air Mail from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE

FOUR women in Europe know the secrets of Balkan diplomacy, the moves and countermoves that may have a dramatic effect on the winning of the war. They are the wives of the delegates to the recent Balkans Conference at Belgrade, which virtually decided which way the Balkans would move if war came.

They share one task and have one common quality: they are the unofficial confidantes and advisers of men who may decide the fate of Europe and their loyalty is above question.

None is exceptionally young, none really old, each in her own way is good-looking.

Best known is diminutive, blonde Madame Cincar-Markovich, wife of Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister.

Her English is perfect, for her mother is Scottish, though her father is an aristocrat of the Island of Corfu, where she romantically met her husband when he was exiled there as a member of the Serbian Government during the last war.

Madame Cvetkovich, wife of Yugoslavia's Prime Minister, who entertained the delegates, had to beg time off from a Red Cross training course she is taking.

Serious minded

IN her middle forties, the Premier's wife is dignified and serious-minded, and known as one of the best-educated women in her circle.

Youngest of the delegates' wives, Madame Esme Gasencu, accompanied her husband from Rumania. Like him, she is a journalist, and conducts the women's page on his paper, "Timpul" (the Times).

Madame Gasencu is a striking, statuesque blonde, and wears her hair in a braided coronet, characteristic of a distinctive group of Rumanian peasant women.

She spends much of her time in the summer swimming and yachting. Her house is the scene of many friendly gatherings, for both she and her husband are known as "good mixers."

Senior in the group of interesting women is Madame Lela Metaxas, wife of the Greek Premier. A short, matronly mother of two married daughters, she devotes much of her time, especially lately, to the organisation of canteens for school children.

She travels little—a trip to a Greek spa every year with her husband is the usual extent of her jaunts—and though she dresses well most of her clothes are bought at an Athenian fashion house.

Her infinite tact and sympathetic kindness are a great asset to her husband.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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One of the famous war correspondents of the Lower clan prepares a really "hot" message for his paper.

Why Napoleon lost the Charge of the Light Brigade

Highlights from diaries of Famous War Correspondents

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist, Illustrated by WEP

War correspondents have a pretty easy time these days. "Cushy" jobs, so to speak.

Not like when I was a war correspondent. Them wuz the days—when, if a war correspondent couldn't find a war, he started one.

ONE gets some queer assignments when in the war zone, and I got so expert at learning the plans of the enemy that the military authorities used to appeal to me for help quite frequently.

"Send for 'Lasher' Lower!" would be the cry.

Dangerous work, of course, but where there is peril there you will find Lion-hearted Lennie.

I've had the nib shot off my pen and typewriters blown from beneath my fingers. But these trifles didn't worry me.

My first job in the Zulu War was to find out how many Zulus were opposed to us.

I spent days counting Zulus. Sometimes I found that I'd counted the same one twice, which meant that I'd have to start all over again.

Getting the news was one thing but sending it away was the hardest part. After I'd spent several days in the enemy lines disguised as a Zulu I had to wait until nightfall to swim the crocodile-infested Zambesi river to get to the post office.

On one occasion a crocodile followed me all the way to the post office and bit the leg off a man behind the stamp counter.

One learns to regard these things as being all in the day's work. I explained this to the General, who decorated me on the field.

"Lasher," he said, "I don't know how you do it. You're a wonder!"

"All in the day's work," I replied. "I won't wear this medal now, if you don't mind. It makes me look too conspicuous. I'll just put it away with the others."

Strangely enough, my grandfather was a war correspondent at Waterloo. I've often heard him speak about it.

The Duke of Wellington said to one of his aides, "Who is that splendid, strapping, intelligent, daring, handsome young chap over there?"

"That's Lower, sir," replied the aide. "He's one of those newspaper reporters. Queen Victoria said that we were to take special care of him, but he's so reckless, sir. He's had five horses shot from under him and he fought his way through the last engagement with his bare fists."

That's my grandfather's story, anyhow.

History modernised

HE got mixed up in the Charge of the Light Brigade. He was down in the valley taking a few notes for his newspaper. He'd already charged down by himself. He was wondering whether to push on or camp till nightfall when suddenly "into the Valley of Death rode the six hundred."

"Go back! Go back!" shouted my grandfather.

They couldn't hear him above the thunder of hoofs and the roar of cannon.

On they came, their sabres flashing, and as my grandfather punched his way out of the mess of screaming horses and groaning men he said, "Well, this ought to make the front page."

He struggled to where Napoleon stood on the opposite hill.

"You here again?" said Napoleon.

"Yes," said my grandfather in fluent French. "What do you think of it?"

"It is magnificent, but it is not war," replied Napoleon.

"Mind if I put you down as saying that? It ought to go over big. It'll be a historic wisecrack like 'My kingdom for a horse' and 'I see no signals, Hardy.' "

"Well, all right," said Napoleon. "Send me a copy of the paper when it's published. Better make it two copies. Josephine would like one."

At this moment my grandfather had his horse shot from under him, and although Napoleon offered to lend him his bicycle he preferred to walk.

The minstrels were the first war correspondents. The trouble was that, having no newspapers, they had to sing everything.

The minstrel would get out his wild harp, which he usually kept slung behind him, and start off.

"Oh, the night was wet and cold,
And the knights were wet and bold,
When they sallied from the castle to the foe,
Vo-de-o-dodo!
But despite the storms and blizzards
They smote them in the gizzards,
Singing 'Vodee odee dodee dodee do.' "

They had to work hard, those boys, and even if they did well they got a haunch of venison or a beaker of nut-brown ale, which was pretty poor pay, even in those times.

I trust that the present generation of correspondents will uphold the traditions set by myself and former comrades.

Somewhere on the Western Front men are seated in a dug-out or perhaps a shell-hole, haggard, tense, weary; covered with mud and snow and one of them is probably saying at this very moment, "If only Lower were here."

"Who is he?" some beardless stripling will ask.

"Hast never heard on Lower, choom! Lasher Lower, the dashin' 'ero of a thousand battles? Blimey!"

"Did ee say battles or bottles?"

"Booth, laad. Do thee notice as 'ow this war be 'anging fire, so to speak? 'Tis the absence of the Lower."

That's the sort of reputation I've got.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

ARIANS are always ready to do battle. Avoid clashes with them!

ACTIVE! Courageous! Rash! Battlesome! All these titles, and many more, can be applied to Arians, whose births fall between March 21 and April 21.

And as their ruling star is Mars, the God of War, it can readily be seen why a martial aspect is inherent in the expression of their character.

Such an inheritance can become a blessing or a curse, according to the individual reactions. Arians who persist in living selfishly, argumentatively, recklessly, and foolishly in order to get the ultimate degree of excitement and fun out of life are likely to run into plenty of trouble.

Those who develop forethought, tact, self-control and selflessness, will probably go a long way along the roads that lead to their ambitious goals.

Their energy, enthusiasm, originality, and love of action and excitement lead them along paths of endeavor which less courageous or reckless persons would hesitate to follow. Their driving ambitions, coupled with their amazing energy and optimism, make them forces to be reckoned with.

At the same time these traits also make them rather difficult to get on with at times, unless extreme tact and tolerance are exercised.

Arian-born children who are trained along cautious, controlled ways of expression are likely to find happiness and prosperity.

Those who are untrained and uncontrolled tend to overreach themselves all the time, and are almost continually in hot water.

Still, if a difficult task has to be attempted, and Arians can be interested, they can be relied on to attempt even the impossible, and somehow or other force it to a more or less successful issue. There is an element in their character which hates failure, and refuses to give way.

People born under this sign make good friends. They are quick-witted as well as quick to resent abuse, imposition, or even regulation. As a result they are always ready to do battle, and the wise associate will avoid clashing with them.

However, the true Arian is well aware of his own faults, and willing to acknowledge them and bow to superior judgment. That is, occasionally. Still, too much must not be expected of Arians, for they are "born" leaders and originators, and cannot express themselves well otherwise.

ROBERT PIGUET'S evening gown in smouldering-black Ottoman silk with a sliver of jet sequins. The slim-fitting heart-shaped bodice emphasises the sweeping fullness of the skirt.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get busy. March 21 can prove quite a big day for many Arians, especially if they are prepared for action and know how to go after or make the most of an opportunity. March 30 can be almost as good. Start important matters on both dates.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): March 18 and 19 just fair for you. Also March 22 and 23.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Many Geminians are having a tough time just now and should continue to be cautious, especially on March 16 and 17.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): All outstanding matters must be cleared up (or given a good start) now. Get busy on March 18 and 19. Use them for making changes or seeking advancement.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Your good times are just ahead. Meanwhile be patient and concentrate on plans for future advancement. Be confident, energetic and optimistic on March 20, but reserve really important action or changes for March 21. Use every minute of that day.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Continue to live quietly, for trouble can catch up with unwary Virgoans this week. Take precautions to avoid losses, arguments, opposition, partings and changes on March 16, 17, 22 and 23.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Very important changes or other matters should not be attended to this week; neither should really urgent ones be held over. Utilise March 16 and 17 if forced into action.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your stars are shining in your favor. Go after the things you want, make important changes, decisions, promotions, and begin new enterprises now. Your chances of success are good, especially on March 17 (night), 18 and 19.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22). Your stars break even at this time. Firstly they tend to bring you worries, upsets and delays, especially on March 16 and 17, with March 22 and 23 also poor. But on March 20 (fair) and 21 (best), they can reward diligent and capable Sagittarians.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Get important matters finalised now. A period of delays and routine is ahead, with no really good days for taking the initiative. Just do your best and muddle through.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Just fair on March 16 and 17.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Waste no time on March 17 (evening), 18 or 19, for your stars can help you considerably then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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The Movie World

March 16, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD | First Page

Jeanette has busy day

AFTER YEAR APART STAR SINGING TEAM COMPARES NOTES ON SET OF "NEW MOON"

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood.

THE first day of production on a new picture is always exciting.

But I have never seen anyone so feverishly busy and happy as Jeanette MacDonald on the first day of "New Moon."

This is Jeanette's first film for nearly a year. And Jeanette had a lot of matters to attend to.

First there was the happy business of meeting and greeting all the old folks again—especially Nelson Eddy with whom she hasn't been on working terms for over a year, not since "Sweethearts."

Nelson and Jeanette at eight o'clock in the morning were talking fast—and plenty.

And what do you think they were discussing? Not their new roles, or old ones, but future concert plans.

Jeanette, what you could see of her behind her voluminous skirts and the baskets of flowers which crowded her dressing-room on the set, was beaming.

"How do you like it?" she asked, indicating the room. "This is its initiation."

The portable dressing-room was brand new, a gift to the star from the studio. That was another excitement for her.

Extremely modern, it was ivory-white on the outside and Jeanette's favorite color scheme, old-rose and Dubarry-blue, for the interior.

Soft blue carpeted the floor. A divan, across one side, was hand-blocked linen combining the rose and blue with a soft tone of yellow. Mirrors, cupboards, make-up table, running water, the tiny house on wheels was more than complete.

At the moment the flowers were capturing her attention. One large bouquet, from producer Robert Z. Leonard, bore a card which read, "May this 'New Moon' be a full one for you." There were countless others from husband Gene Raymond, leading man Nelson Eddy, and friends and associates on the lot.

But the show must go on, and at 8.30 a.m. sharp Woody van Dyke called "roll 'em," for the initial shot of the film.

The scene was an interesting one. Jeanette, on shipboard, was much upset over noises heard during the night and was seeking an audience with the vessel's captain to register a complaint. How Jeanette managed to gracefully enter a narrow door without tripping over a skirt big enough to serve as a tent I couldn't understand.

"Oh, I've been practising for days," she laughed when I mentioned it to her later. "Adrian made me some practice skirts and during the day, about the house, I'd wear one going in and out of all the doors I could find. Remember, this is the first costume picture I've made since 'Maytime.'"

● Jeanette MacDonald photographed signing her new two-year contract, with the president of MGM, Nicholas M. Schenk. AT TOP: On the set, Jeanette helps Eddy to christen a model ship used in "New Moon." AT RIGHT: Jeanette, in sumptuous period gown for her role, inspects new photos in her dressing-room.

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WILD WEST DRAMAS ARE STILL THRILLING

LATEST RECRUIT FOR HORSE OPERA IS SCREEN'S EX-LOUNGE LIZARD, SUAVE CESAR ROMERO

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

ALL the world loves a Western . . . or, if not quite all, at least a large part of it.

The reason? Mostly it is the swift action, the outdoor life that city people secretly hanker for. They love to see the horses and the cattle, and the superb prairie scenery.

The picturesquely-garbed heroes delight and amuse even sophisticates—they are so fantastically brave and good. And the happy endings, where good always triumphs . . . while certainly not realistic, are charmingly naive . . . with the hero coming through his incredible adventures unscathed.

From the earliest days of the films, Westerns have been amazingly popular. Still to-day they hold fourth place in public favor.

But yesterday's popular heroes, William S. Hart and Tom Mix, are replaced to-day by William Boyd, Gene Autry, George O'Brien, and Charles Starrett.

THESE are the real, honest-to-goodness cowboys of the screen. Many have portrayed the same character in films for years, so that they are actually identified in the minds of the public with the parts they portray.

William Boyd's huge fan mail is generally addressed simply to "Hopalong Cassidy," Hollywood.

But Westerns have changed a lot since the early days of the films.

In those far-off times, if you saw one you had seen the whole lot. There was only one plot—you remember it? Something with the hero leaping from trains on to his galloping horse, or even jumping right over the train; yes, everything was possible in those fantastic days.

Whooping Indians circled round the little wooden hut, which the villain shortly after set alight; the hero, silhouetted against the skyline, galloped off to rescue the heroine from the clutches of the villain.

Westerns of recent years are more realistic. Indians wear real correct tribal dress instead of feathered bonnets. And in the last year there have been produced several "epic" Western pictures which combine all the old riding and shooting action with broad historical themes and dramatic characterisations.

As a result, the Western prairies have been invaded by the glamor boys of the screen. Actors who for years have played sophisticated or romantic roles are growing their hair long, wearing brightly-checked shirts and wide hats, and singing "Home, Home on the Range."

One who will probably acquire a permanent Western habit is John Wayne. The success that this tall, bronzed New Yorker achieved in "Stage Coach" has brought him the leading role in "First Rebel."

MOST surprising recruit for Western films is Cesar Romero. This former film villain and "lounge lizard" has abandoned sophisticated roles for good. He will be from now on the screen's "Cisco Kid."

Romero is a comparative newcomer to Westerns. But Leo Carrillo has been playing the Mexican bandit in gun-shooting action dramas so long that he carries his role on in private life.

He now rides to work every morning on horseback, wearing Mexican costume.

Practically every big star tried his hand at the Westerns last year.

Tyrone Power let his hair grow shaggy as the outlaw "Jesse James."

James Cagney left the sidewalks of the big cities for the wide-open prairies in "The Oklahoma Kid."

Errol Flynn follows up "Dodge City" with another Western epic, "Virginia City."

Joel McCrea, star of "Union Pacific" and "Wells Fargo," is now the hero of "North-West Mounted Police."

Even singing Nelson Eddy competed with Bill Boyd when he played in "Song of the Plains," fought Victor McLaglen, held up a stage-coach, and was chased by sheriff and posse.

Eddy's future lies with the operetta. But James Stewart may yet find himself the Western hero of to-morrow. Jimmy's most recent success was as the deputy-sheriff of "Destry Rides Again."

Gary Cooper, who first made his name as a Western star, left outdoor roles alone last year. But even he has yielded to the popular trend and is at present making "The Westerner" for Paramount.

The Western impact has begun a new and wider cycle of popularity. But the old, what one might call the "genuine," type is still as popular as ever.

Youngsters still rise in their seats with excitement as Hopalong pounds along on his magnificent white horse, or as Gene Autry overcomes the villain in a quick-shooting tussle.

The popularity of the Western films has had a curious influence on the industry. Recent Californian legislation imposes six months' gaol and a fine of 5000 dollars for "falling" a horse. It is said that the "Charge of the Light Brigade" precipitated this protection for animal actors.

The new Hays laws also limit gunplay considerably, and forbid showing a person being shot in the same scene as the gun is shown. The villain is restricted, too—he can no longer lay as much as a finger on the heroine.

● The team made famous in "Stage Coach": John Wayne and Claire Trevor, who play the leading roles in RKO's "First Rebel," epic Western based on revolt in Alleghany.

● This picturesque figure is Leo Carrillo, who has long been identified on the Western screen as the comic Mexican bandit.

● Off-screen shot of George O'Brien, popular RKO Western star, with leading lady Marjorie Reynolds. His next is "Legion of the Lawless."

This studio will be a real "home from home"

ALMOST Utopian is the dressing-room scheme planned for lucky Universal stars.

Smug individual bungalows in a neat row are being town-planned in Universal studio grounds.

Each star is to have his or her own residence, complete with private gardens and spacious sun porch.

Universal stars Marlene Dietrich, Bing Crosby, Charles Boyer, W. C. Fields, Deanna Durbin and Mae West have already been invited to name their preferences in architecture, furnishings—and flowers.

There'll even be letter-boxes on gateposts for fan mail!

May scoffs at moderns

SEVENTY - FIVE - YEAR - OLD screen humorist, May Robson, thinks young people to-day are "sissies."

You can't blame her!

May worked in six pictures last year. As soon as she finished "Four Wives" she took a few days off to visit her grandson in Long Island, and is now back in Hollywood again, working with Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox on "Irene."

Warner Brothers have already signed her for the title role in "Tugboat Annie," first made by her friend, Marie Dressler.

None of her roles in the past year has been easy. Excluding fittings, rehearsals, and tests, each has meant an average of six 12-hours-a-day weeks.

But May doesn't feel in the least tired, she isn't complaining about overwork, and she isn't demanding a six-weeks' vacation, like some stars she knows.

"I can't understand these young players," reflects May, "who imagine themselves into a state of exhaustion because they have gone from one picture to another until they have made all of three or four or five in a row.

"Mind you, I'm not speaking of artists like Bette Davis, who really needed a vacation after doing the number and the kind of roles she played last year. Flesh and blood and nerves will stand only so much of that kind of work.

"But there is precious little of that kind of work being done to-day.

"Still, maybe, it's my own fault that I'm not sympathetic with some of the other young ones. I'm probably just a bit envious. I don't know how to rest, and I'm not much of a one for leisure. I never had time to learn how in my younger days, and it's too late to try to learn now.

May's record

"IT'S my ambition to keep working right up to the last 'curtain call.' I suppose there's a bit of ego in that. Since I made my stage debut in 1883 I never have missed a season, or even part of one, and I'd sort of hate to spoil that record now."

May can remember every important event in those fifty-seven years of entertaining.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-two is memorable — it was then she began her screen career with "The Angel of Broadway."

Since then she has appeared in over forty pictures.

May admits she couldn't have put up such a remarkable record without the benefit of a strong constitution. She has never been seriously ill in her life.

The secret of her good health and long life?

"I have been too busy to have time to worry," confides May, "and I have always eaten everything that has been put before me."

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E102K.—I CAN'T FORGET YOU! Who could, when you wear the two loveliest colors that ever strolled hand in hand? Glorious gold all wool fleece suiting fully lined tailored jacket, artfully accented by Artichoke Green sunray pleated skirt of fine suiting weight pure wool. Natural color photograph. XSSW to W. **45/-**

E33K.—YOU STOLE MY HEART! Mischievous young idea with breath-taking hug-me-tight little waist and big stitched belt. Stitched collar. Unrolled pleats for a "ballet-skirt" flared hemline. Fine quality all wool coating, fully lined. Wine, Monaco Blue. Natural color photograph. XSSW to W. .. **49/11**

E90K.—CAN'T HELP LOVING YOU! New sort of sweater that's lost its innocence—grown soft and cuddlesome, sophisticated and pampered, stop-out-at-nightish! Cuddleputf pure Merino wool (brushed) cardigan in Artichoke, Chartreuse and White. Natural color photograph of imported model copy. XSSW to W **12/11**

E126K.— YOU ADORABLE FLIRT! First you're seen with a little blue dress, out with a wine coat! You've a navy or so on your string! You love summer, but just **adore** winter. Felt picture hat in Monaco Blue with Wine grosgrain ribbon, a big bow at the back, and new-as-a-cable laced brim! As illustrated from natural color photograph. Medium and average head fittings **16/11**

(Right) E14K.—THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT.—Scintillatingly beautiful in jewel bright plaid taffeta, with wraith-like waist of black French velvet, new baby bolero, skirt a sea of swishing British taffeta. A natural color photograph. In assorted plaids. XSSW to W **39/11**

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3 **OUTWITTING CUMMINGS,** Milland manages a moment alone with Sonja to declare his love.

4 **BUT SONJA,** actually the doctor's daughter, is most eager to conceal identity of father Maurice Moscovitch.

1 **ON TRAIL** of missing pacifist doctor, English reporter Ray Milland meets American rival, Robert Cummings.

2 **FRIENDLY ENMITY** grows on arrival in remote Alpine village where they meet Sonja Henie.

5 **LEARNING TRUTH,** Milland and Cummings promise to help Sonja hide father from foreign assassins, whom their story has brought to the village.

Producer of this film made . . .

Last-minute change for Sonja's fans

"EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT" GIVES SKATING STAR TWO LAVISH ICE NUMBERS INSTEAD OF ONE OF ORIGINAL PLAN.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

THE most carefully-laid plans of producers are subject to last-minute change at the first hint of fan disapproval.

Sonja Henie's latest film, "Everything Happens at Night," is an instance of the power the public has over studio policy.

Last year producer Darryl Zanuck declared his intention of building Sonja into a great dramatic actress. In future he would star her in non-skating films.

"Everything Happens at Night" was the first film in the new campaign.

But just before it went into production Zanuck announced that he had decided to put one skating sequence in the film.

Then fans suddenly woke up to the fact that the producer was really serious about his new plans for Sonja.

They wrote indignant letters to the studio, demanding that their favorite be put back on the ice. So Zanuck unhesitatingly added a second lavish ice sequence.

Sonja's popularity on skates can be judged by the sensational success of her present tour with her ice ballet.

Immediately she completed "Everything Happens at Night" she began collecting ice talent for her troupe, arranging the ballets and sets, even had a hand in the business part of it—the booking of the theatres, the financial arrangements.

And not since she first came to the States—just four years ago—has she received such an enthusiastic reception.

She appeared for six days at Broadway's famous Madison Square Garden Theatre. People were queued for hours before booking actually opened for her first night. After the first day it was impossible to get a ticket for any of her other five performances.

Commented one paper: "Biggest ticket scramble in town is for Sonja Henie's ice carnival. Tango number with Stewart Reburn is calling the team out for six encores nightly."

Sonja gave 64 performances and toured 13 towns last year. She is following a similar itinerary this year. On her previous tour the money taken at box-offices totalled half a million pounds. She herself received £80,000 of that.

This year, judging by attendances, it will be an even more profitable tour.

In her five films prior to "Everything Happens at Night," Sonja has had only three different leading men, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, and Richard Greene.

But in "Everything Happens at Night" she has Robert Cummings, from Universal (leading man in Deanna Durbin's film, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"), and Ray Milland, handsome young English-born Paramount player.

Yes, Sonja has two romances in this film. And that set the studio a problem. Both actors play sympathetic roles in the film—one a lively young American reporter, the other an equally smart and likeable English newspaper man.

The studio couldn't decide how to end the film. Which one was to get the girl? How would the public prefer it?

Finally director Irving Cummings ordered three final sequences to be filmed, one in which Robert Cummings was the lucky man, the second with Ray Milland triumphant, the third to keep you guessing.

The film with its three different endings was shown in various theatres throughout America.

Takes personal interest

SONJA always takes a personal interest in whatever film she undertakes.

She suggested a rhumba routine for one of her ice numbers in this film.

She spent hours with dance director Nick Castle at Hollywood night clubs. They just sat with eyes glued on the dancing feet of the town's rhumba champions, and came away with fresh ideas for the picture.

Meanwhile Sonja is skating across America, her popularity undimmed after four spectacular and successful years.

She no longer talks of returning to Norway to live. She cabled her brother Leif to cross from Oslo and make his home with her in Hollywood.

At present they are living with her mother in a Beverly Hills residence that once belonged to Jean Harlow. But she intends to build a home of her own very soon — with plenty of gardens, trees, perhaps not with the traditional film star swimming pool, but at least ample space for her own private ice-rink.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ HITLER, BEAST OF BERLIN

(Week's Best Release)

Roland Drew, Steffi Duna. (Producers.)

THIS film, rushed into production on the outbreak of war, must not be confused with previous war films.

"Hitler, Beast of Berlin" tells a fictional story, claimed to be based on fact, of plotting and persecution inside Germany itself.

Its hero, Roland Drew, is a member of the democratic party which prints and distributes anti-Nazi pamphlets in Berlin. He is arrested, and taken to concentration camp.

The film's concentration camp scenes vividly portray the brutality of Nazi "reformatory" methods against its prisoners.

But "Hitler, Beast of Berlin" ends on a note of hope with Drew's escape to Switzerland.

The film was made for the deliberate purpose of inciting popular feeling against the Nazi regime. It actually does not add anything to the stark revelations already stressed by newspapers and newsreels. But its suspenseful story and its convincing acting lend special force to its condemnation of German rule.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ THIS MAN IN PARIS

Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson. (Paramount-British.)

THIS sequel to "This Man is News" is a bright, amusing, and thoroughly entertaining comedy thriller.

The story sends to Paris nonchalant crime reporter Barry K. Barnes and high-spirited wife Valerie Hobson. Here they set about locating a gang of counterfeiters. In Paris, too, is Alastair Sim, Scottish editor in charge of the Continental edition of Barnes' paper. Despite a real bond of affection between them, Sim and Barnes are always at loggerheads.

Exciting action in the film includes a grim fight in the gang's underground headquarters. The dialogue is packed with neat wisecracks.

As in "This Man is News," Alastair Sim "steals" the picture with his delightful portrayal of the harassed news editor. But Barnes, with his impudent charm, and Valerie Hobson, who grows prettier with each new role, make an excellent team.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ REMEMBER?

Robert Taylor, Greer Garson. (MGM.)

GREER GARSON, who was such a sensation last year in "Goodbye Mr. Chips," makes her second appearance here—in a most unworthy film.

It is a pity that the studio did not wait to find a story suited to Greer's graciousness and charm. For "Remember" is a throw-back to those crazy comedies which fell out of fashion two years ago.

Greer's role could have been taken by any silly little blonde. In fact, the only compensation for putting her in the story is its modernity. She wears some lovely clothes.

As to that fantastic plot. Greer is engaged to Lew Ayres. She meets his best friend, Robert Taylor. She and Taylor elope together. When their marriage is beginning to fail, Lew produces a new drug—which makes people forget everything. He gives it to Robert and to Greer—and the story starts over again. The comedy twist at the end is in poor taste.

"Remember" is one of those films which it would be kinder to forget.—Liberty; showing.

> **Our Film Gradings**
>
> ★★★ Excellent
> ★★ Above average
> ★ Average
> No stars — below average.

★ DIAMONDS ARE DANGEROUS

Isa Miranda, George Brent. (Paramount.)

A MILD and slow-moving adventure story of intrigue and diamond smuggling in South Africa.

Paramount's Italian importation, Isa Miranda, makes her second Hollywood appearance in this film. She plays the accomplice of international gem thief John Loder. Love for a British aviator, George Brent, brings about her reform. Then, posing as man and wife, they put the thieves off the scent. Brent and Miranda set out to capture a new gang of diamond thieves.

Miranda is not required to do much but look beautiful. She does this effectively. Brent is pleasant and natural.

Some scenes of diamond-gathering in the mines are an interesting feature.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE FLYING DEUCES.

Laurel and Hardy. (RKO.)

THE funniest comedy the team of Laurel and Hardy have made in recent years.

Laurel is still getting into trouble, and weeping at odd moments. Hardy is still outrageously patient. But the film is packed with new and amusing situations.

From a slow beginning the story develops into a riotous satire on the Foreign Legion. Laurel and Hardy join the Legion to forget Hardy's unfortunate love for Jean Parker. They don't care for the place, casually walk out, but are hauled back to be shot at sunrise.

Laurel's comment as he turns in: "I hope it's a cloudy day to-morrow."

Worthy of special mention: Jean Parker looking surprisingly pretty, Hardy singing tunefully "Harvest Moon" and joining with Laurel in a dance, right in the barracks.—Plaza; showing.

★ GREEN HELL

Joan Bennett, Doug. Fairbanks. (Universal.)

WILDLY improbable—and pretty slow-moving—melodrama of love and adventure somewhere in the Amazon jungle.

Picturesque setting includes Inca ruins and temples, giant forest trees, and a natty little residence that even runs to bowls of flowers.

Doug. Fairbanks, with a band of six healthy men, sets out to find treasure buried in the jungle.

The party potters around blasting various temples until luscious brunette Joan Bennett appears on the scene, and jealousy rears its ugly head among the hitherto happy little band.

Eventually, of course, savage head-hunters appear, and the film in its last ten minutes goes into action.

Joan Bennett does not forget to pack a comprehensive white wardrobe, which includes exotic jewellery, and high-heeled shoes.

George Sanders gets the only real chance to act in the film. As a handsome Englishman with an eye for the ladies, he is very good indeed.—State; showing.

★ SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THERE is a lot of excitement in this adventure of Victorian London—although the great detective, Sherlock Holmes, makes long speeches about obvious clues.

Plot unfolds a double duel between Holmes and the sinister Professor Moriarty. The professor stages one macabre mystery to distract Holmes' attention—a crime involving beautiful Ida Lupino and a lot of South American atmosphere. In the meantime, the professor gets on with his real plot—"the crime of the century."

Basil Rathbone is effective as Holmes, if a trifle too elegant. George Zucco makes a grim professor; and old Nigel Bruce is an amusingly befuddled Dr. Watson.—Mayfair; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★ **The Real Glory.** Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, in exciting adventure drama.—Regent, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Another Thin Man.** William Powell, Myrna Loy, in amusing murder mystery.—St. James, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Four Wives.** Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, in pleasant domestic drama.—Century, 3rd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

"SHOW BOAT" is coming to the screen once again. It was filmed in the silent days, and more recently with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones.

Now Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy will revive the lovely tuneful melodies, and Frank Morgan will play the lovable role of Captain Andy.

❖ ❖ ❖

GEORGE RAFT is renewing his efforts to get that divorce he has wanted for so long. He and his wife have been separated for 14 years, but Mrs. Raft is reluctant to free him.

He and Norma Shearer are friendlier than ever. Theirs is the most discussed romance in Hollywood.

❖ ❖ ❖

FANNIE BRICE won't play the Dictator's wife in Charlie Chaplin's picture, after all. She had signed up with him, but the role has been cut down so much that she refuses to do it.

❖ ❖ ❖

GINGER ROGERS is quite a Garbo when it comes to keeping her romances secret. But news gets about that Howard Hughes dined at her home twice last week.

❖ ❖ ❖

MARIE WILSON is telling friends that she and Director Nick Grinde will be married some time this month.

❖ ❖ ❖

JIMMY STEWART is in disgrace with his studio for having risked his life by flying in uncertain weather. While his plane was grounded, MGM was frantically trying to get confirmation of his safety.

On his trip, Jimmy kept in touch by long distance telephone with Olivia de Havilland every time he could get to a telephone.

❖ ❖ ❖

GEORGE BRENT and Ann Sheridan drop into all sorts of out-of-the-way places to have their dinner. Their romance begins to look serious.

❖ ❖ ❖

AFTER two years in America, Richard Greene is finally going to achieve his ambition to see New York—and with all expenses paid by the studio. Dick landed in New York when he first arrived in the States, but he was met at the dock by a studio car, whisked to the airport, and deposited on a Hollywood-bound plane before he had time to realise just what was happening.

Now the studio has promised to send him to the big town for the opening of his next picture.

❖ ❖ ❖

DEANNA DURBIN loves her starches and sugars, but studio's orders are to cut them out for the present. She must lose five pounds for her next picture.

❖ ❖ ❖

GRETA GARBO'S mother, visiting in Hollywood, is a typical tourist and movie fan. She watches out for the stars, and occasionally gets up enough courage to ask for an autograph.

She approached John Garfield one evening and asked for his signature. John obliged readily, and then asked if she would get him her daughter's autograph.

❖ ❖ ❖

EXCITED and proud is the expectant father, Johnnie (Tarzan) Weissmuller. He is telephoning everybody he knows to tell them the grand news.

❖ ❖ ❖

A NEW team that ought to please fans is Carole Lombard and French Charles Boyer. They will appear together in "Neon Lights."

❖ ❖ ❖

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was the highest-paid movie star for 1939. She paid income tax on a salary of £75,500.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Errol Flynn created a minor sensation by getting on the same aeroplane bound for New York. They had just finished working in "Virginia City" and went east for a holiday.

But the truth is that they were on the same plane purely by coincidence. While they are on friendly terms, they wrangled throughout the filming of the picture.

Miriam has been seeing a great deal of her ex-husband, Anatole Litvak.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

THE LION'S ROAR

How they keep on coming from M-G-M!

★ ★ ★

Right on the heels of such outstanding current successes as *"The Wizard of Oz," "Babes in Arms," "Ninotchka"* and *"Another Thin Man,"* comes the first big musical delight of 1940 . . .

★ ★ ★

M-G-M's picturisation of that triumphantly successful show "BALALAIKA," starring Australia's favorite star, NELSON EDDY, with the screen's most sensational star surprise in years: ILONA MASSEY.

★ ★ ★

Here is *drama* as thrilling and exciting as a cavalry charge; here is *romance* wild as gypsy music; here are *songs* as stirring as any you've ever heard before.

★ ★ ★

And for the *comedy* there are Charlie Ruggles and Frank Morgan. As a matter of fact, "BALALAIKA" has an incomparable cast. Besides Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey, Charlie Ruggles and Frank Morgan, there are Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith, Joyce Compton, Dalies Frantz, Walter Woolf King and many, *many* others!

★ ★ ★

You'll love such music, sung by Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey, as *"At the Balalaika," "Tanya," "The Volga Boat Song," "Ride, Cossack, Ride," "The Magic of Your Love," "Scheherezade"* and *"Come This Holy Night of Christmas."*

★ ★ ★

To put it briefly, "BALALAIKA," with Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey, is a *sheer delight* to the ear and to the eye, and it's definitely included in this *M-G-M* pass-word.

★ ★ ★

Yours for the *best* in entertainment,

LEO of M-G-M.

"Sunscorch?... Not for me, I use Hinds"

Before exposure apply Hinds Cream liberally. Its extra creaminess soaks deeply in, saturating the tissues and protecting them against drying wind and sun. Use Hinds morning and night to keep the skin soft, smooth and inviting. Hinds acts quicker, lasts longer, and is an ideal base for powder.

1/- and 2/- everywhere. The 2/- bottle contains four times the quantity of the smaller size. HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD., Agents.

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HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

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Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back on return of empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a *Guaranteed* Remedy **Cystex** for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

2.15 and 8 p.m. **TIVOLI** 2.15 and 8 p.m.

The Greatest Show the Tivoli has Staged!

"SPICE OF LIFE" VARIETY REVUE

A Galaxy of International Stars!

LEA SONIA, EDWIN STYLES, FIVE CLEAVERES, BUD CARLELL & ROSA, EMILY VAN LOSEN, JACKSON & BLACKWELL, MING & TOY, and Australia's Own Star, GEORGE WALLACE, ALEXANDER & MOSE, ERIC BUSH & MAURICE BARLING, GRACY EMMERSON, Tivoli's Famous Ballerina. Plans: Paling's, Nicholson's, & Tivoli. M6835, M6836, M6837.

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Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.***

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

KEITH McKENNY and his mother, both champion bowlers, practise the game on the lawn at home.

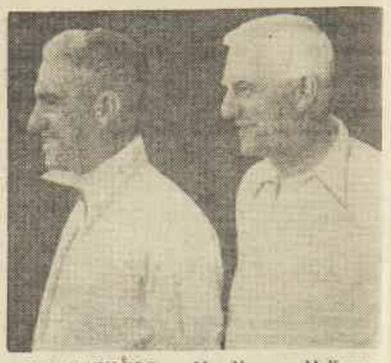
Mother and son are bowling champions

Unique record proves that bowls runs in the family

By our Adelaide representative.

World record makers are Mrs. Harry McKenny and Mr. Keith McKenny, of South Australia. Mother and son, they are both State bowls singles champions in the same year.

Within a week of Mrs. McKenny's winning the women's singles title, her son carried off the men's championship. Bowling experts have searched back records and cannot find any performance to equal this "mother and son" record.



ALL BOWLERS. Mr. Norman McKenny (son) and Mr. Harry McKenny (husband).

VERY modest are these two champions about their skill. But they are very proud of each other.

"Well done, mum," said over-six-footer auburn-haired Keith McKenny with fervor the day he heard about the success of his mother, on whom he is able to look down, although she is quite above the average height for a woman herself.

In return, this grey-eyed mother just beams with pride at her tall son.

Mrs. McKenny was State championship runner-up in 1938, and in 1937 she was runner-up with Mrs. Howard Mildren in the South Australian pairs championship.

She has been club champion for several years. A lovely rose bowl in her sitting-room gives away the fact that in pennant matches last year she "skipped" to victory her rink no fewer than 14 times out of 18.

Her son is not only a bowls champion. He has played A grade cricket and also plays football and swims. He is married.

Husband taught her

BOWLING champion Mrs. McKenny says that the McKennys are a bowling family.

Her husband plays A grade bowls for Walkerville Club, and her other son, Norman, although he is too busy in the daytime to play, enjoys electric light bowls.

"I simply had to take up the game six years ago in self-defence. It was always bowls, bowls, bowls at every meal.

"That's all they would talk about. And even at the dinner table they would play, with crumbs for a kitty and the sugar basin for a bowl," Mrs. McKenny said laughingly.

"Also the doctor said she would do well to get out a lot into the open air," said her husband.

The upshot of it all was that they all took her in hand and gave her lessons. Husband and two tall sons took it in turns to go out with her to the lawn in their pretty garden and show her all the intricacies of driving and correct delivery and all the mysteries of Francis Drake's fascinating game.

"I owe my success to my husband and sons. They taught me all I know about bowls," went on Mrs. McKenny.

Mrs. McKenny joined a club down near Glenelg. She could not belong to her sons' or husband's clubs because they do not have women members.

About two years ago she decided that Glenelg was too far from home, so with some other members she banded together and formed the City Women's Club, of which she is now champion and also president.

"I consider bowls is quite the best game of all for women who are not so young. They get happy outings, and gentle exercise," said Mrs. McKenny.

She always plays matches in the all-white costume which is regulation for women bowlers all over Australia. She wears crisp white uncrushable linen and usually a frock rather than a skirt and blouse, because she thinks it is more comfortable at the waist.

On her head she wears a pull-on stitched hat of linen or felt in the winter.

"Although I don't mind telling you that on championship day I had to take my hat off and put on an eye shade. It was windy and my hat just wouldn't behave."

When she goes to matches she carries her bowls in a neat little case which was one of her trophies. The bowls themselves were given to her as a present by her son, and are of minimum weight.

"Were you nervous in the championships?" she was asked.

"No," she said, "not when I settled down.

"But I believe my husband was very funny. He came to watch me play, and they say he sat with his thumbs in his waistcoat and tensely played every bowl with me.

"I think the reason for my calm temperament is that I don't make any change in my diet or usual rest or anything before a big match."

Soon after war was declared women bowlers formed a circle for knitting for soldiers. The convener of the circle buys and distributes wool and all the women bowlers take it home to knit.

At every match and practice game click-clack go their knitting needles as they sit around the green or in the clubhouse waiting for their turn to play.

Ample stocks of Gifts available for Sunlight Soap Users

NOW is your chance to stock up new Glasscloths at no cost whatever! Save 24 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops and secure a fine Pure Irish Linen Glasscloth. Splendid wearing and drying quality in a smooth, serviceable weave that will not lint or fluff. Size 23 in. x 32 in., with red, blue, green or gold side stripes.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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Quality Table Cutlery

1009—"MONARCH" CABINET. Polished Oak Case, fitted with Baker's Stainless Steel Knives and Silver-plate. Contents: 6 each Table and Dessert Knives; 6 each Soup, Dessert, Large Tea and Small Tea Spoons; 2 each Table and Sauce Spoons; 6 each Table and Dessert Forks; 1 Sugar Tong; 1 Pair Stainless Steel Carvers and 1 Steel. In A1 Quality Knives and Silver-plate, £16/2/6. In B. Quality, £14/11/6.

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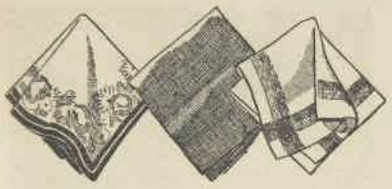

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Dainty hankies for purse or pocket

Pure Irish linen, coloured woven borders on white grounds. **6d.** each, or **5/6** doz. Brightly coloured Irish linen hemmed hankies. Pastel tones, also navy, red, brown, **6½d.** Printed white lawn hankies, **9½d.**

Ground Floor.

"KITTEN FLUFF"

Soft Angora-finish felt sports hat

Lightweight English marle felt in colours including blue, green, brown, beige; with contrast trim. **7/11.**

A splendid complement to cosy sports woollens. In navy, moss, ambergold, grey, white. Just **16/11.**

Third Floor.

LENTEN FOODS

Hard-to-get imported delicacies

"Scroll" brand Sockeye Salmon. 8 oz. tin, **1/4½.**
"Seakist" peeled Shrimps for savouries. Tin, **1/3.**
"Maori Chief" N. Zealand f'water whitebait, **1/9.**
South African Rock Lobster fillets. 8oz. tin, **1/4½.**

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Watch your weight daily

Health-O-Meter weighing machine, perfect construction, guaranteed accurate. Rotating dial; inlaid rubber mat; capacity 18 stone. White, green, ivory. 45/-

Lower Ground Floor — Country Carriage extra.

Five inspired styles for Autumn

For the good earth under your steady tread. For the mornings dew-spangled and awake with bird cries. These light, strong shoes are a challenge to the open road . . . all-weather suede or calf. Fully leather lined. Price is **15/9**

"Exeter", suede calf ghillie, black, brown or navy. ½'s 2-7, at 15/9
"Berkshire", black, brown or burgundy suede, halfs 2 to 7, at 15/9
"Warwick", black, brown or navy calf monk, ½'s 2 to 7, at 15/9
"Devon", brown, green or navy calf-trimmed suede, 2 to 7, 15/9
"Ashton", brown or navy calf, Kromhyd soles, ½'s 2 to 7, at 15/9

Footwear, Third Floor. Mail or 'Phone Orders.

Your Slender figure will be

LASTEX

Controlled . . .

Firmly woven elastic corselette to taper your waist and with dainty lace brassiere top for an uplift bosom. Cut low at the back for evening. Sizes from 32 to 36 ins. Special Price, only **6/11**

Corsets — Fourth Floor.

French Gauntlets

The most supple of leather—with Peccary markings. Ever-useful slip-on style, Oatmeal. Pr., 8/11.

Gloves — Ground Floor.

Make this hood and jacket at a cost of 11/-

Shadow Jacket and Hood from America

It's no trouble at all to knit yourself this smart little jacket and hood, and how proud you'll be to say "I made it myself." Make it from 11 ozs. of Paton & Baldwin's Lacette wool at 1/- oz. This model is in grey and cyclamen.

Exclusive pattern is free. Ground Floor.

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Beautiful Enchantress pattern by International Silver Co., who recommend regular use of Silvo for your silverware

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Women Also Serve

Will go abroad with A.I.F. as Army Masseuses

THREE South Australian girls who have just been chosen to go abroad as masseuses with the A.I.F. are Roma Pengilly, Honor Wilson and Mary Colebatch.

Honor Wilson is the only one of the three who has been abroad before.

"Massage does not mean just rubbing, as some people think. It is really only a small part of physiotherapy, which includes remedial exercises and electricity work," said this capable girl, who includes champion tennis playing among her activities.

Mary Colebatch, aged only 23, is the youngest of the girls.

After doing her massage course in Adelaide, she went to Melbourne and worked in infantile paralysis clinics.

Roma Pengilly was on the staff of the Adelaide Hospital for seven years. Three years ago she went to Broken Hill to take charge of the massage department of the hospital there.

Three charming girls, they will look most attractive in their uniforms of navy-blue with cherry A.A.M.C. shoulder-straps and ties and pale blue blouses.

❖ ❖ ❖

PACKING A LARGE PARCEL at the Red Cross Depot, Brisbane. Mrs. S. A. Clatworthy sews a tag on the Red Cross quilt, Mrs. Edgar Walker helps her; Miss Margaret McLean reads the address directions, and Mrs. J. McGowan wraps up shirts and pyjamas.

Home town interest in recruits

"HELP us to help the boys," is the slogan adopted by the Hamilton (Victoria) mothers of local recruits in the 2nd A.I.F.

Determined that there shall be no lonely soldiers among the local lads, these women have formed the 2nd A.I.F. Friendship Club, and work only for the Hamilton recruits.

The club, though new, has already a membership of 60. Members meet once a month for committee meetings, but each week some form of entertainment is planned—a card party, community singing day, or a street stall.

Street collections are also organised by Mrs. O. W. Prewett, the energetic secretary. In one street alone in a couple of hours, money-boxes rattled in over £6.

Helping to arrange overseas hospitality for troops

TO ensure hospitality in England for 2nd A.I.F. men, members of the Younger Set of the Victoria League in Brisbane are forwarding lists of names to London.

Miss Weatherlake —Tornquist.

Under the supervision of the chairman, Miss Joyce Weatherlake, members have collected names of nurses and R.A.A.F. men to be sent overseas.

The girls also are assisting the parent branch to run the White Elephant stall at the Government House Fete on April 20 to aid the Comforts Fund and the Red Cross.

To raise funds, they are arranging a number of entertainments, including weekly tennis tournaments, swimming and bridge parties.

New Zealand war workers found "Siegfried Line"

AUSTRALIA had a "Siegfried Line" recently, when a tent support rope at Ingleburn Camp was given the name by the members of the sewing bee of the New Zealand Auxiliary War Unit.

In charge of Mrs. Donald Ferguson, three carloads of women spent the day at Ingleburn sewing, darning and patching, and another party will go again soon.

As each garment was finished it was hung outside the tent on the "Siegfried Line."

The unit members have moved into new rooms at 14 Martin Place, which have been lent by the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, and a sewing bee is held every Thursday afternoon.

Each Friday, 47 unit members help at the Anzac Canteen, Hyde Park, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Serves refreshments at soldiers' club rooms

MRS. A. SIMMONS, of Brisbane, wife of a returned soldier, finds much pleasure in the war work she is doing as honorary secretary of the R.S.S.I.L.A. ladies' city welfare section. Her main duty is to see that the club room in the City Hall for soldiers is looked after by other voluntary workers and to be on duty herself when required.

She considers that the work she does is easy, because everyone likes to entertain soldiers, and the soldiers like to be entertained.

Country men find it most useful and pleasant to drop in to the club rooms, where they find friendship and companionship. Already the visitors' book has a long list of names.

Light refreshments are served at a minimum cost, and this work is well organised by Mrs. Simmons and her committee.

Sandwiches for swimmers . . . war funds benefit

SWIMMERS AT THE OLYMPIC POOL appreciate the Red Cross kiosk run by Mrs. N. Allen (left) and Mrs. J. R. Bennett.

SANDWICHES, cool drinks, ice-creams and sweets are being sold under the direction of Mrs. N. Allen and Mrs. J. R. Bennett at a Red Cross kiosk at the Olympic Pool in Adelaide.

The kiosk, which has only just been started, is proving very successful. In the first nine days the Red Cross workers took £71.

The Adelaide City Council has allowed the Red Cross the use of the kiosk rent free.

As soon as this offer was received, the Red Cross asked Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Bennett if they would take charge. They were the conveners during the last war of the Red Cross tea-rooms, which made £5000 for the funds.

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Bennett collected many of the members of the last war committee together again to help them.

They have also a number of young well-known Adelaide girls who go among the crowds selling ice-creams and cigarettes.

Helpers work in shifts of four hours. The kiosk is open from 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. every day in the week.

The executive committee comprises Mesdames A. Goode, K. Douglas, G. Brown, M. Fowler, and G. Henderson, in addition to Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Bennett.

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 20 pounds in 5 weeks. I decided to try it.

"I lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced bust 6 inches; waist 7 inches; Hips 9 inches. Now wear a dress 3 sizes smaller.

"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches, and tired feeling have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Prateen (full address on request).

Mrs. M. A. Prateen

BEFORE — *Mrs. Prateen, before taking BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment.*

AFTER — *Mrs. Prateen, after losing 29 lbs. in 6 weeks with BonKora. Looks younger.*

Eat Big Meals. Fat Goes Quick.

Get rid of your fat. Take BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment. It has taken off 15 to 70 pounds for people who had tried other methods in vain.

BonKora takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple speed. No exercise. Just take BonKora and EAT THE MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

No Thyroid in BonKora. In fact, this treatment builds health while reducing fat.

Don't be fat any longer. Get a bottle of BonKora, the new, safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment, from your chemist to-day. Take 2 teaspoonful of BonKora in a glass of orange juice 3 times daily and then—reduce the dose as your excess fat disappears.

BONKORA and ORANGE JUICE

By taking 2 teaspoonful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE 3 times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON
World Agencies, Crichton House,
32 Pitt St., Sydney.
I enclose 2d in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.
Name .....
Address .....
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. WW 16/3/40

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Real Life Stories

Prospector gave his life for his mate

Carried him miles in last grim search for water

I WAS making a trip across country from Cloncurry to Winton, riding and leading a pack-horse.

When about a hundred miles south-east of Cloncurry I saw a boundary-fence gate ahead. As I drew nearer I became puzzled by something which appeared to be hanging or leaning over the gate.

Kicking my horses along I decided that it was a man with a load on his back and shoulders.

The horses now became restive, and no urging on my part would induce them to go nearer. I rode some distance away and tied the horses in a clump of boree.

Going quickly back I found a man sprawled across the top bar, with another man hanging over his shoulders. Both were dead. That explained the fear and nervousness shown by the horses.

The pitiful story was plain for anyone to read. The water supply having given out, and failing to find more, they had soon become quite knocked up.

One must have been so weak that his mate somehow got him up pick-a-back fashion, and then made a final effort to get somewhere—anywhere where water might be found.

At last, coming to the gate, tottering and gasping, he just fell across it and was then unable to straighten up or throw his burden off.

I could imagine the under man choking and gasping for breath—crushed by the weight on his shoulders—and then, life flickering out. Probably the other was already dead.

Police learned later that the men had been prospecting out from what is now known as Mt. Isa, but had left for McKinly some time prior to the tragedy.

I shan't forget it, ever—such grim determination and heroism . . . A pal giving his last breath in an endeavor to save his mate.

£1/1/- to W. Barker, Greenwich Rd., Greenwich, N.S.W.

"TWO MEN were sprawled across the gate, one on the other's shoulders."

Short and Snappy

ASKED FOR IT

A FEW days before the beginning of the midwinter holidays at boarding-school, the headmaster addressed those of us who were finishing our school careers. He stressed the dangers that would beset us in the outside world, and gave us some wholesome advice as to how such dangers should be met and overcome. When he had finished his address he asked, "Now, would any of you like to ask me any questions?"

There was no response for a minute or so; then a big country youth stood up and said, "Yes, sir; will there be any football practice this afternoon?"

10/6 to J. F. Heallion, Mareeba Rd., Ashgrove W3, Brisbane.

NOT APPRECIATED

I WAS staying with a friend who had a general store and post office in the country. One morning I was in the room at the back of the shop singing while I dusted the room.

I paused in my song, and distinctly heard a male voice drawl: "Cripes, don't they put some tripe over the air these days."

2/6 to K. Dudfield, Cowper St., Charing Cross, N.S.W.

DID AS TOLD

WHEN the new office boy came round to collect the orders for the lunches, the Chief gave him sixpence to get a pair of shoe-laces, adding as an afterthought, "Get two pairs if they are threepence."

The lad returned with one pair of shoe-laces and two big pears.

2/6 to Miss N. Lee, Kia-Ora, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

HOLIDAYING in Adelaide some years ago, we arrived a little late at a cathedral service. Thankfully we slipped quietly into the very back pew. Almost immediately an irate dignitary bore down upon us and said: "Don't you know that this pew is reserved for the Governor and his friends?"

2/6 to Mrs. Shadlow, Faraday Ave., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Expert help

AWAY back in 1900 I was spending a holiday with grannie in a rather isolated cottage outside Perry Barr, Birmingham. Sparks from our chimney set alight to the thatched roof.

When the alarm was given there descended upon us a horde of Chinese with long pigtails and violently-colored robes; dark and fearsome creatures in turbans and brocaded coats; monstrously bearded men in huge fur hats; men in pink, yellow, red, blue. All were yelling and shouting in a medley of tongues. Aided by equipment as diverse as their own "get up," they put the fire out rapidly. We learned later that in a large meadow in Perry Barr, nearby, a world competition of firefighters was about to be inaugurated when someone saw our blazing house.

2/6 to Mrs. Agnes Soden, Upper Ferntree Gully, Vic.

Didn't mean it

MY father and mother lived on the border of Queensland, near Moree, N.S.W. There was a Chinese cook employed, who had been in India trapping elephants, and was very pleased when mother chatted to him about the way these huge beasts were caught and killed.

One hot evening mother was sitting on the verandah. My two young sisters had gone out with their nurse. It was shearing time, and everyone was away at the sheds (including my father), and the maids were bathing in the river. Mother saw the Chinese cook come out from the kitchen swinging a huge carving-knife in his hand, and coming directly towards her, smiling.

Poor mother thought her last hour had come. The Chinese smiled at her, and, turning the ivory handle of the knife to her, said, "This belongee to elephant, missis."

2/6 to Beryl Nugent Doyle, 3 Barcom Ave., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Crowd went wild

WE were in a cinema in Valencia two months before the outbreak of the Spanish civil war. Rioting had been frequent, so we were on the lookout for excitement, but everything ran smoothly until half-time.

The crowd began murmuring angrily, then clapping in unison—two slow and three quick claps. They became wilder and wilder. In the semi-darkness people were scrambling about, shouting, jumping onto their chairs, striking matches, and lighting scraps of paper for flares.

Suddenly the lights went on and almost instantaneously peace was restored. We were told that the interval had been too short. It was just the people's way of expressing their disapproval.

2/6 to Miss Catherine Carmichael, Merrigang St., Bowral, N.S.W.

Pinned by tree

AS my two brothers, sister and I were returning from school one cold wet afternoon, we decided to warm ourselves near a burning tree inside a fence by the roadside.

We heard it crack and then saw it start to fall. We ran in the opposite direction.

Looking back we could see our youngest brother just getting through the fence, right in line with the falling tree.

A large limb about seven inches in diameter buried one of his legs in the ground, and another struck him on top of the head. The branches had to be cut away before he could be released an hour and a half after the accident.

2/6 to M. Gilbert, Farm 1862, Lakeview, via Griffith, N.S.W.

Lost in gold mine

ON his monthly tour of inspection of some old workings in a gold mine in West Africa, my brother lost his way. As he might have taken only one wrong turning he was afraid to go back, and ended up in a place in which it was impossible to crawl back.

All the old timber literally crumbled at a touch, but he kept going until he came to the bottom of a 300-foot laddering.

He knew he had to climb it, but he sat down and shivered with dread for half an hour before going up.

He died a thousand times on that climb, and on reaching the top was so weak, not from weariness but relief from anxiety, that he was walking about like a tired old man for hours afterwards.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Lennon, Coorabel, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Found own purse

OUR house in Adelaide was surrounded by fruit trees, and was naturally a hunting ground for all the youngsters in the neighborhood.

One evening I had made up my mind to go to the pictures, but on coming out to fasten the back premises I heard a loud crying out in the garden. Laying down my handbag on a table near the door, I went out to investigate, but could see no one.

On my way to the pictures I was jostled in the main street by a small group of lads, so I stepped back and allowed them to cross first.

I had reached the centre of the road when I stepped on something. On picking it up, I discovered it to be my own purse. I counted the money and found it to be intact.

Then I noticed the lads who had been ahead of me returning and intently searching the ground. They had evidently been in my garden when I had laid down my handbag, and were on their way to the pictures with the proceeds.

2/6 to Mrs. C. M. Shaw, Hoadle St., Abbotsford, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 2.

DOES your child just pick at her food? Is she in the habit of "snivelling"? Does she look thin, pale? Then start her on Horlicks right away. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes dullness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with the Horlicks mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6, big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin of Horlicks, 2/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

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Snows have a new Autumn collection of ideas—

Inspirational and completely useful

Things to Knit

and the most exciting wools to do them with.

These exclusive patterns free with Snows wool.

4/4½ *Left*

Complete cost to make Slinkie, using Paton & Baldwin's crepe wool, at 10½d. skein. Instructions free with wool.

10/- *Right*

Cost to make Twin set. Long sleeve jumper and sleeveless hand-embroidered cardigan. 12 skeins P. & B. 3-ply super Scotch fingering, 10d. sk. Directions free.

12/6 *Above*

Complete cost to make this attractive suit. Takes 15 skeins Paton & Baldwin's 3-ply super fingering, 10½d. skein. Instructions free.

Bring your knitting problems to our Knitting Instructress, Wool Dept., Ground Flr.

★

Save time! Have your wool wound on our new Electric Wool Winder. Cost 1d. customer.

★

Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd., Pitt & Liverpool Streets. M 4403

Betty's "racey" narratives

No luck at Flemington, I hope Randwick treats me better

By BETTY GEE

The Victorian carnival is over and we are homeward bound, most of us poorer if wiser. Randwick might make amends for the blow I suffered at Flemington.

Fancy Mildura winning the Newmarket Handicap at 40 to 1. The nearest Maisie and I got to it was dining at the Australia with one of the lucky-bags who had backed it at 66 to 1 the night before.

WE asked him why he did this rash thing and he confessed that he knew nothing about race form, and did not realise that the horse had been trained for long races, and not the Newmarket. But what laid him on to it was seeing the poster for the Mildura Cup races shortly to be held. "In every hotel it confronted me, so I asked the first bookie what price Mildura, and there you have it."

Maisie agrees that after that sort of a tip it is plain stupidity to study form. So do I, but I refused her invitation to go hotel visiting in search of a tip for the Australian Cup.

So now we turn our faces to the Sydney carnival which begins with the Warwick Farm meeting at Randwick this Saturday.

The cracks will be getting into racing shape by now, for the following week the real classics begin at Randwick with the Doncaster Handicap and the St. Leger. That's March 23, and Monday, March 25, sees the running of the Sydney Cup.

Melbourne race form gives us the tip that Historian has excellent prospects for the Doncaster. And if I had to take a double now on what I've heard in Melbourne it would be Historian and Maikai.

Historian won the Brunswick Stakes at Flemington on March 2 like a little champion.

He is owned by a lucky man, Darcy Eccles, who won the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups with The Trump. He has had scores of other good horses. I like to hitch my waggon to lucky owners. They land the money.

Mr. Eccles has long been one of Australia's biggest punting owners, who every little while delivers a painful blow at the Melbourne bookies. It is general gossip that when The Trump won six races, finishing up with the two Cups, he took £65,000 out of the betting ring.

There is nothing he would like better than to have a smack at the Sydney ring.

Historian is the means to that end.

Running seconds

MAIKAI is the horse who kept running second to Rivette in the last Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. But when she went into well-earned retirement he came out and won the Williamstown Cup and the Eclipse Stakes last November.

I was introduced to his trainer, Frank Godby, in Melbourne, and he told me that definitely Maikai would go to Sydney for the Sydney Cup. So you see I am not recommending the double quite in the dark.

I have already begun rustling round for likely winners for the opening of hostilities at Randwick on Saturday.

I have a tip for Gilt Veil in the Liverpool Handicap, and I'm told it will start at long odds, and to say nothing about it to anybody, so Maisie doesn't know this one.

For the Cup it is Katanga. His owner, Mrs. C. H. Hicks, is having him got ready for it, because she would dearly love to win a Cup at Randwick.

Broke in Melbourne, Betty expects better luck at Randwick during the Easter Carnival.

Mrs. Hicks is a lucky owner, and I like her colors, such a pale blue jacket with white Maltese cross and red cap.

There is a Fairfield Handicap for fillies only, and Dark Elegance is in it, and the handicapper can't give her more than 9.5 in it, so I'm told she's a "sitter."

I was sorry to see she was beaten at Rosehill last Saturday week. Fancy running such a lovely filly with 10.1 and a bad barrier draw, but I understand she was not hurt by it.

But if she had been mine I would have insisted on only running her in ballroom company after having won five races at her last five starts.

Panabli is my tip for the Farm Novice Handicap, and I'm told that he is one out of the box and to keep following him, because he is going to turn out a really first-class colt before long.

I suppose the cast-iron horse, High Caste, will be saddled up for the Chipping Norton Stakes if he gets off the train from Melbourne in time.

Rationing doesn't worry him—he lives on grass

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

THE institution of rationing in wartime Britain does not worry 67-year-old James R. B. Branson, of Battersea, London. In fact, it doesn't bother him at all.

For Branson, for the past three years, has eaten nothing but grass—from his lawn or the local bowling green—and raw vegetables.

"The diet has rejuvenated me wonderfully," said Branson, who in spite of his age looked and declared he felt very fit.

"I could bicycle 90 miles a day without any trouble.

His haystacks

"IN winter I keep my grass in boxes and eat it dried. They are my haystacks. Grass is the finest form of natural food.

"At first I had to get accustomed to the unusual feeling of it in my mouth. But now I get along splendidly.

"The only trouble about rationing is that I am fond of sugar and used to flavor my grass.

"But I have been experimenting with vegetables, and I find I can use chopped-up beetroot and apples and pears to flavor it instead."

Cooking, in the opinion of Branson, takes all the goodness out of vegetables.

"I never eat anything cooked," he said.

"Occasionally in the evening I have a little cheese, but if I want to have a real meal I add a few rolled oats to my vegetables.

"I have an excellent supper consisting of a cut-up leek mixed with grass. You want the grass cut up fine. Then each little piece of grass is like a tiny test tube full of valuable salts."

Her Hands grew softer and whiter as she Slept!

"My hands were red and chapped and I had just about given up heart" says Mrs. Drew of Bondi Road, Bondi. "I'd tried all sorts of hand lotions, even home made mixtures, but they all made my hands feel too sticky. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion, and it felt so nice on my hands — not the least bit sticky. I rubbed it into my hands just before going to bed and left it on all night. You should see the difference it made after just a few applications! My hands are beautifully soft and white now."

Your hands need daily protection!

Just think of the things you do every day that take the beauty out of your hands. There's washing up — hot water and soda — soaps, housework, chapping winds and sun. No *wonder* your hands need daily *protection!*

Keep *your* hands smooth, soft and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion —every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. It's rich and concentrated. *You actually need less of this creamy lotion.*

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Pond's Hand Lotion contains special softening and whitening ingredients that go to work the minute it's applied. Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you will be surprised how white and soft your hands will be. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists and 1/9 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

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"Michael the Builder."— Archbishop Kelly, who died on Friday, aged 90 years, will go down in Catholic history as "Michael the Builder." During his episcopate the building of St. Mary's Basilica was completed, and £10,000,000 spent in church buildings. Few men are paid the tribute of a memorial in their own lifetime, but several years ago a bronze statue of the Archbishop was erected in his honor at the entrance to St. Mary's. With practical simplicity, the Archbishop erected his own tomb in the St. Mary's crypt five years ago.

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Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet included) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores every-here. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Faint Heart and Fair Lady

Continued from Page 5

IN his spare time, he drove his nice new Whizzer Minor and went on practising on his saxophone. He was composing the music of a love song, a thing to which Omar or Solomon might have set the words. Owing to the handkerchief in the trumpet, it was a muted love song, but the intention was there.

One afternoon when Joan sat beneath his hands in the witching light of the daylight lamp, she murmured, sweetly:

"I'm getting most frightfully jealous, Tommy!"

"Oh, dash it, no," he said, screwing her hair up painfully into a curler. "Why, I mean?"

"Well, considering every girl in town runs after you. Why, they simply queue up in here, to be able to sit and look at you."

"Oh, do they really?" he said. "I thought they came to have their hair done. Really, I thought I did it rather well."

He screwed up some more hair, and she said, "Ow!"

"I say," he cried, "I'm frightfully sorry. Am I as bad as all that? But they don't come to look at me. I mean, it's silly, because I don't like them. If I could only do wigs instead of girls' . . ."

"Oh!" she cried, tossing her head, and immediately repenting, as a lock became nearly wrenched out by the roots, "If you don't like doing my hair, I won't come any more. Perhaps I've been a bit vain about it. I think I'll just let it grow."

"Oh, dear, please don't." He thought she was serious, and he dropped his hands to his sides and stood staring at her.

"Don't you think you'd better get a move on?" she snapped. "You won't get finished in time to take the Merryweather girl to the Ritz; or is it Blanche Doubleday now?"

"You're teasing me," he said, picking up some hair and beginning to create those angels' wings which had got him the job. "You know I don't take them out to dinner."

"What do you take them to, then?"

"I don't take them anywhere," he said.

"Tommy," she answered, "I just don't believe you. I used to think we were friends, and all you do is to tell me lies. Well, that finishes it. I've had enough trouble already about coming here, and all because I thought you liked doing my hair and I wanted to be helpful. Never again; it makes life too difficult."

"How do you mean: difficult?" he asked, going round to the other side and starting on the other wing.

"Oh, nothing; only Gerry. He's so infernally jealous. He's waiting out there for me now, pacing up and down. When I told him it was only platonic, he just didn't believe me. I shall have an awful time when this is over."

"Who's Gerry?" he managed to ask, then stuttered: "I say, I'm sorry. Not my business. Sorry I spoke."

"Gerry Mathers? Oh, he wants me to marry him. He's in the Guards. That's why I'm always coming up to Town, you see."

"Oh," faltered Tommy, dismally, "is it?" He spoke no more, brooding on the hopelessness of his passion.

But when he had finished and she rose to go he took pains to accompany her outside, which was more than, in spite of Mr. Samms' admonitions, he did for most of his titled clients. He followed her respectfully to the lounge, which looked like an upholsterer's showroom, and smelt of lotus and musk.

A very big man, in plus-fours, uncoiled himself from a divan, where he had been reading a picture paper, and came to meet Joan. He came forward on the balls of his feet, something like a boxer coming forward to shake hands before a bout.

"Oh, hullo, Gerry!" said Joan, "frightfully tired-making business for you. Come along."

Then she turned, and seemed to discover with some astonishment that Tommy was behind her.

"Oh, this is Tommy," she said, vaguely.

"Grrr!" said Gerry, with a vague nod of politeness, and a distinct glare of hatred.

"Gluck!" said Tommy. "Oh, well . . . yes!"

Gerry turned, hooked a very possessive hand, the size of a shoulder of mutton, inside Joan's arm, and guided her into Bond Street. Tommy, after a hiatus, discovered himself once again waving hair.

"WELL, I do think you might answer a question when a girl speaks to you," said his client, pouting.

"Sorry," he said, returning to earth. She was a golden-haired thing, the second daughter of an Earl, and he had created for her a style something like a ducal coronet. She was grateful, for it had enabled her to accept the hand and heart of a manufacturer of soya oil; and the Earl's family coffers were sadly in need of oil. "Sorry; did you say something?"

"I only asked who she was. I've seen her about, of course, but I'm awful at names."

"Who?" asked Tommy.

"Who?" cried the girl. "He asks who! My dear man, take pity on an also-ran. Who is the pearl of great price? Who's the lass who's just gone out, the filly who's won the Mayfair Stakes, the one and only that makes you neglect us all, so that we throw ourselves away on millionaires and airmen?"

"Sorry," stammered Tommy. "I don't quite follow. Sorry to be so stupid."

"Oh! You have got it badly. In words of one syllable, who's the girl you're in love with?"

"I?" cried Tommy. "I'm not in love with anyone."

"Phew!" the girl whistled shrilly. "If that isn't a good one. All right, Mr. Oyster, I'll pay you out!" Then she became pleading: "I do think you might tell me her name. Be a sport. Betty Entwhistle bet me a fiver I couldn't find out, and I do need the dough."

"Find out what?" asked Tommy, quite puzzled.

"Oh, come off it. The girl you were doing before me. What's her name?"

"Oh, Joan Protheroe. Do you mean her?"

"Joan Protheroe," repeated the girl, memorising the name. "I say, you're a sport. Are you actually engaged?"

"What? To Joan? Good Lord, no. She's got a horrible great fellow in the Guards, called Gerry, going about with her. I've just seen him. He's enormous: I expect he's frightfully brave, too. You can't blame her, can you, though it was a bit of a shock when I saw him, because I was sort of hoping; but, I mean, a fellow in the Guards; I mean, a soldier and all that. Oh, dear. I say, I'm sorry. I didn't meant to tell you all that."

He blushed. The girl had her mouth open, drinking the story in. What a marvellous, wizard tale! All the girls she knew were tearing their hair so as to have it re-set by Tommy, and all the time the fellow was the victim of unrequited passion.

"Marvellous!" she breathed. "I say, how terrible for you. So you don't take her out any longer?"

"I never have," he confessed.

She slewed round in her chair and stared at him.

"Oh, come off it!" she cried. "You've been pulling my leg!"

"Honestly, no. You see; I never dared ask her."

"You poor goo!" said the girl. "You're more than a goof, you're a mutt. In fact, I'm not sure you aren't bats. Go and seize her and take her away from this bayonet-wielder. Take her to the Casino de Bruxelles and lay your heart at her feet. Moreover, do it to-night!"

"You mean that?" Tommy felt immensely cheered. "Do you think she'd come?"

"She'd come so quick she'd forget to mascara her eyes!"

"It's awfully good of you: I mean to advise me like this," said Tommy gratefully.

"It's the best advice you'll ever get. I wouldn't spill it, only I'm hooked already, and, anyhow, you've won me a fiver. Go to it, boy!"

"I believe I will," said Tommy.

To cut a long story short, he did ring her up. He was feeling very tired, after the strain of conversation with his clients and the emotional reversals of the day, so that it needed a great deal of intricate play with buttons A and B before he finally got through to her.

"Hullo!" said Joan's exasperated voice. "If you're trying to be funny with this bell, do it on someone else, because I'm busy; but if you've anything to say, it's the top button. You push it hard with your thumb."

"Oh, thanks ever so," said Tommy, obeying orders. "I say, Joan, it's Tommy."

"I might have known it," said Joan, resignedly. "Well, what do you want?"

Tommy swallowed very hard. This was a far, far harder thing than he had ever done. He swallowed again, and pressed his right fist into his bottom waistcoat button.

"Look here," he said, all in a rush. "Will you come to dinner with me to-night, eight o'clock, at the Casino de Bruxelles?"

Then he drew a long breath. Come what might, the deed was done.

"I'd love to," said Joan.

"What!" said Tommy, and his knees became granite in one extraordinary congealment. "You mean, you'll come?"

Please turn to Page 35

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Faint Heart and Fair Lady

Continued from Page 34

"THAT was what you said, wasn't it?" asked Joan.

"Yes, rather!" said Tommy. "Quarter to eight."

"All right, half past seven," said Joan, and rang off.

Tommy tottered home to his flat and mixed himself a very strong whisky and soda. He took the saxophone from its case, polished it lovingly, and stowed the duster away in its trumpet. Then, distant as the bells o'er Dee, came the sweet crooning of his love song.

He was there on time, dithering from one foot to another. Unhappily, he noticed a round dozen of his clients enter the dining-room. Then all waved to him and cried: "Hullo, Tommy. Best of luck!" He had not the slightest idea what they meant, or of the perfidy of the Earl's daughter, who had sold the secret of a good evening's entertainment at ten shillings a time. That girl would do anything for money. Noblesse obliged her to. It paid no other dividends.

Then Joan came, at about eight-thirty, and his secret fear was dispelled. There was no Guardsman with her. She was alone. From angels' wings to satin shoes, she was all his—for the evening at any rate. He escorted her to a chosen table near the band. He had some dim idea that it would drown both the noise of his proposal and the music of her laughter.

There he stuck. He was tongue-tied. It was a set dinner, so he could not even discuss the menu. He drank her in with his eyes and, when she returned his gaze, looked down hastily at his soup, pheasant, or whatever the waiter had put before him. The thing was not being the success he had hoped for.

Joan essayed a little light conversation, but found it very one-sided. At last, over the ice-cream she said:

"I know it is a good inner, but you might say something."

All he could think of in reply was: "That chap playing the saxophone doesn't look a bit well."

"What? Who? What are you talking about?"

"I SAY, he's really going to be ill," said Tommy, who welcomed the distraction with all his heart.

Indeed, at that moment, the professional saxophonist, who suffered from a weak heart and had been warned by his doctor to take up a stringed instrument, fell sideways off his chair with a clatter.

There was much excitement. People stood up and waved napkins. Two chuckers-out removed the body. Everybody chattered. Joan knocked over her coffee cup; and the band leader, in the hearing of Tommy, tore his hair and wailed: "The cabaret starts in five minutes and there isn't a soul in the place who can play the thing. Heaven's mercy! What shall I do? Can't anybody play a saxophone?"

Moved by what fear of having to propose, by what sympathy for the distressed band leader, or by what longing to play a saxophone with no duster in its trumpet will never be known, Tommy rose to his feet and said: "I say, I can. Jolly well!"

The dance band leader picked up the fallen instrument and held it out, as one who offers a sword of honor to a victorious general.

"For Mike's sake," he said, "play it then!"

Two seconds later, Tommy was moistening his lips, tickling the keys and cuddling the infernal machine between his legs. He had quite forgotten Joan. She was beyond him; but here was something he really could do. Without a moment's delay, the band leader waved his bow. His disaster must be obliterated. Crash! And they were off into a rhumba.

Joan gaped. There she was, sitting alone, basely deserted by her cavalier. It was really a bit too thick. She stared at him, but he was lost in harmony and rhythm. She choked and turned from the gruesome sight to find the faithful Gerry at her side.

"I say," he said, "what about it; what?"

Please turn to Page 36

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Faint Heart and Fair Lady

Continued from Page 35

So she got up and danced with him, sat with him, watched the cabaret with him, and listened to Tommy playing a saxophone solo, all unaware that it was a love lyric, dedicated to herself. Finally, Gerry helped her into her cloak and she went home. It was no use waiting for Tommy. Even though the band had played the National Anthem, he was talking to a man, and looked like doing so till the Maison Sara opened its doors.

Of Joan's distress, Tommy was blissfully unaware. For the first time for many months, he had really enjoyed himself. When it was over, he intended to seek Joan out, tell her what a wonderful evening he had had, and ask, casually, if she had liked the solo.

But, when it was over, a man came to speak to him, and he forgot about Joan. The man was a very elegant man, with a small, trim moustache and an eyeglass, and he spoke with a distinct Oxford accent.

He perched himself astride a chair, disposed an elbow somewhere on its back, and said:

"I say, ah, that—ah—solo you played. Lovely melody; might almost call it haunting, y'know. I've been trying to place the composah. Stupid of me, ought to know it, of course." He shook his head in dismay at his own fallibity and smiled engagingly.

"D-d'you mean my solo?" asked Tommy. "Oh, I made it up myself."

"Did you reahlly?" The beautiful man produced a monocle and Tommy felt sorry he had been so forthcoming. A monocle almost made him wilt. It had such a compelling air. He could do anything a monocle commanded.

"My card," said the monocle's owner, producing it.

"Oh, ah!" said Tommy, taking it and twisting it to pieces.

"B.B.C.," explained the man. "I should like to try you out for broadcasting, if you'd agree. Wonderful technique, if I may say so; and originality, too, of course, originality."

Tommy, before he knew what had happened, had made an appointment at Portland Place for the following afternoon. Once made, he had to keep it, for the terror of that monocle was upon him. It might easily haunt him if he disobeyed it.

From the purely fortuitous circumstance that the professional saxophonist had died at the moment that Tommy and the man with the monocle happened to be within crooning distance, there arose a new life for Tommy. The portals of Broadcasting House received him, and he was put in a little room all by himself, where he was allowed to play his beloved instrument to his heart's content, and with no duster.

There, no one minded how much noise he made. Indeed, they seemed to like it. They paid him for doing it. The only condition they made was that when they shone a red light he should start a new tune rather than be in the middle of one. And they paid him to do it!

The fact that he was paid to enjoy himself gave him an enormous kick. The idea crept into his mind that, perhaps, he mattered a bit after all. Perhaps he wasn't such a fool as he had always thought. If no one else thought well of him, these kindly people evidently did, and the feeling of well-being thus engendered helped him through the day at the Maison Sara, where he still labored.

Gazing down into the pencilled features below him, he lost his desire to placate their owners. Why should he, who was paid to play his saxophone without interruption, submit to interruption while he created coiffures? No reason at all, he argued. So, when they spoke to him, they were not encouraged.

"Mister Ibbetson!" crooned the Earl's daughter, "I think it was just witching the way you grabbed that saxe at the Bruxelles. And, boy, can't you play? I'll tell the world!"

"D'you mind keeping quiet," said Tommy, "I'm trying to think about your hair."

She pouted: "You've got the needle! Did she give you the bird? Can't say I wonder, really. It was a bit thick, when you come to think of it."

"Must you talk?" said Tommy.

"Yes, my lord, I must. I was made that way. I heard you on the wireless, last night, playing 'Bermondsey Blues.' Gee, how you make a girl thrill!"

"Shut up!" said Tommy.

"Ain't it just too bad?" sighed the Earl's daughter.

And it was. Because, whatever the rest of the female population thought, Joan was definitely estranged. She had cancelled her weekly appointment at the Maison Sara. Tommy found that out, and it gave him a jolt below the waistcoat, as if the lift had gone down before his stomach had got clear of the gates. At first, he thought there must be some mistake, and he consoled himself by playing to her in his little studio.

"Surely," he thought, "she will know how I love her. Music is the universal language of love." He played as if he would turn his soul inside out. The B.B.C. raised his fee, but all Joan did was to switch off when he was announced. She hated him. She had never been so insulted in her life. After the way she had practically run after him; having unnecessary waves and mud packs so as to see him. Getting herself talked about for his sake. Then, finally, going out to dinner with him, expecting a proposal before she got home again—and he had leapt away from her into the band!

Joan hated him. She hated him so much that she accepted Gerald, the Guardsman, and had the news published in all the papers to make sure he saw it.

But Tommy never read the papers and, since he had discovered that he could earn a silent living, never allowed anyone to talk to him. He remained innocent of this last perfidy, and nursed his broken heart alone.

His silence made him a new reputation. It was said that success had made him proud as Lucifer. He was quite unapproachable; had, in fact, a terrific opinion of himself. This story reached Joan, and made things no better. She conquered her dislike of her soldier's moustache, and allowed him to kiss her twice a day, instead of once as formerly. She even consented to think about the wedding day.

But once again Fate, which favors the faint-hearted, stepped in. The B.B.C. had a big idea, and they sent the man with the monocle to announce it. He waited till the last sweet notes died away, then softly entered Tommy's studio.

"Dear fellow," he said. "Something I want to ask you. Extra turn I want you to put on. Usual rates, of course."

"You want me to play more often?" said Tommy, anxious to get it right.

"Yes. Want you to televise."

"Want me to what?" Tommy's waistcoat felt horribly loose.

"Want you to go to Ally Pally and play in front of the camera."

"No audience!" said Tommy, firmly.

"My dear fellow! No, of course not. Be a few of the staff, of course: camera men, lighting men and what not. But I promise they shan't look."

"They'll listen," said Tommy, miserably. "Can't I do it in here?"

But the man was firm. It was Alexandra Palace or nowhere. And, just as Tommy was about to say nowhere, he fixed his monocle in his eye, and that was the end of Tommy's protest. That night he was led by the hand to a place where bright lights played on him, where they dangled a microphone at him on a fishing rod, for all the world as if he were a trout, and where men moved about as he played.

Tommy hated it. He sat in a chair and gulped, in the full glare of thousands of candle-power. He could see nothing but the glare, but he felt strange beings move about him, and there was a thing like a prehistoric monster which poked its snout at him. It was terrifying, and he would have fled had not the man with the monocle suddenly appeared from nowhere and frozen him into submission.

So he sat there, and with a look of utter misery on his face played a Highland Lament. From Brighton to Essex, from Regent's Park to Kew, it tore at people's heartstrings with all the pathos of a man utterly deserted and left to be picked to pieces by little snakes. Vision and sound, it was Tragedy.

Now, it so happened that Sir Francis Protheroe had just bought a television machine and was so eager to watch it work that not even Joan's heartrending plea that it was that dreadful man could stop him twiddling the knobs. So, willy-nilly, Joan both heard and saw Tommy's grief, and she was touched. Never had she imagined a soul so shaken, and, being a sensitive, conscientious girl, she took it all to herself.

"My sainted god-uncles!" she cried. "What have I done?"

The moment the turn was over she flew to the telephone and, dialling Alexandra Palace, demanded Tommy.

"Hullo," said Tommy, his mouth dry, his feet big in his boots.

"Darling!" said Joan. "I'm so sorry. I'd no idea you felt like that. I could kick myself. What a pig I've been."

"Who's that?" asked Tommy, not recognising the voice.

"Pet! It's Joan: your Joan. Don't say you won't speak to me. You will, won't you?"

"Will what?" asked Tommy, still half-conscious.

"Oh, marry me, if I've got to say it!" cried Joan, fearful that he would go away and commit suicide if she dallied longer.

"You haven't got to say anything. Yes, rather! You mean us—we—get married. I say, what a topping idea. You do mean it; really? I say, that's wonderful. I'll get the car out; be down there in no time. You're not kidding?"

"Darling!" said Joan, and then the line went dead in the exasperating way lines have.

He did come and they held hands and looked at each other in the moonlight, just like any ordinary lovers. But it was quite half an hour before Tommy, gulping twice, did the bravest deed of his life. He said:

"I say—would you mind frightfully if I kissed you?"

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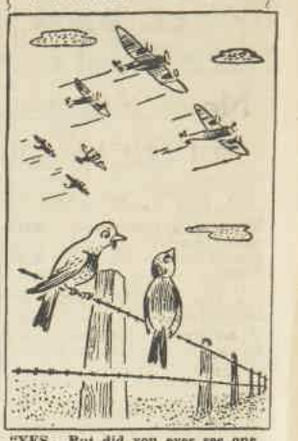
Animal Antics



"YES. But did you ever see one perched on a barbed-wire fence?"

WHENEVER THERE'S AN ACCIDENT

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Can you make an alibi that gets by?

New 2GB session will test out tall-tale-tellers

If your fiance called unexpectedly and found you embracing a strange man, could you produce an alibi which would satisfy him?

If your husband told you he was working late, and he came home at 12.20 a.m. with a blonde hair on his shoulder and powder marks on the lapel of his coat, could he produce an alibi which you would accept?

IF YOU TOLD your fiancee you had gone on a fishing trip and she made a surprise visit to find you like this, what sort of an alibi could you make on the spur of the moment?

THAT is the idea of the latest 2GB "Alibi" Jackpots, which will be broadcast on national relay over stations in New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria and Tasmania on Wednesday, March 13.

Programmed as "Alibi" Jackpots, with Jack Davey in charge of the presentation, this new session will confront competitors with an outline of most embarrassing situations in which they will be called on to produce immediate alibis to extricate themselves from their hypothetical trouble.

For instance, a competitor called to the microphone might be faced with this:

"You are the husband of a very discerning wife. At five minutes to eight she asks you to take her best jug and go to the corner shop for some milk. You do not arrive home until 11.30 p.m.—and then with no milk. An explanation is demanded, and you say—'Well, my dear, it was like this'."

At that point the competitor would be left to manufacture his alibi.

The competitor concerned might overwork his imagination with this alibi:

"Well, my dear, it was like this. I knew it was your best jug, and I knew how much you valued it. When I dropped it in the street and broke it I knew you would be terribly upset, and sooner than have you worried I determined to see if I could replace it.

"I knew that a friend of mine who lives at Killara had a jug just like it. I tried to phone him — but his phone was out of order; I didn't have enough money in my pocket to take a taxi and so I had to go into town and take a train to his home. He was visiting a friend, and by the time I had located him and taken him back home it was pretty late. I got the jug from him and he and his wife agreed to drive me home. By that time, of course, the milk shops were closed. That is why I have just arrived and why I was driven to the door in a car from which, as you well know, you heard the voice of a lady."

Gallant effort

HIS wife might not have accepted his alibi, but he would have earned the 10/- prize which goes to the successful competitor.

In each broadcast, six competitors will be invited to the 2GB studio. Listeners throughout Australia will be invited to submit problems with accompanying alibis, and 5/- will be paid for all such problems used.

If the competitor at the microphone provides an alibi acceptable to the judges, he will receive 10/-; but if he or she fails, then an additional 5/- will be paid to the listener sending the problem, and 5/- will be jackpotted to the same numbered question the following week.

Here is another problem which would call for a cast-iron alibi.

Your employer asks you to telephone his wife at 5.45 p.m. to tell her that he has an important conference, and will not be home to dinner.

You are going to a party; you change into evening dress at the office, and then go to an hotel for a dinner appointment.

Waiting at your table for your friend, you are surprised when your boss walks in, obviously looking for someone. He seats himself at your table—and at that moment his wife also enters the dining-room.

Could you find an alibi for yourself and for him?

The popularity of the 2GB Jackpots, particularly the comedy sessions, has become an outstanding feature of broadcasting in New South Wales, and listener surveys taken over recent months suggest that they are attracting some of the biggest audiences on the air.

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OCCUPATION : Salesman.

SYMPTOMS : Chronic indigestion. No appetite. No energy. Frequent headaches and biliousness. Can't concentrate on his job. Irritable with customers.

DIAGNOSIS : Underlying trouble—constipation. Irregular bowel action causing digestive disorder—clogging the system with poisonous waste-matter—undermining general health.

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Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 13.—Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, March 14.—June Marsden — "Special Astrology Playlets" for boys and girls.

FRIDAY, March 15.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, March 16.—"Swinging Round the World."

SUNDAY, March 17.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Special Amusing Feature —"I Still Likes Me."

MONDAY, March 18. — The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, March 19.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

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"ALIBI" JACKPOTS

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Every WEDNESDAY NIGHT at 9.40 p.m.

Compered by JACK DAVEY

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Heavens! I thought my sheet was white ... *until I saw it against your snowy coat!*

washes whiter because it washes cleaner

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MARJORIE LAWRENCE

Grand Opera must be streamlined to endure

By air mail from our New York Office

The humorous remark of Australian opera star, Marjorie Lawrence, that "housie housie" would have to be employed to keep opera going in New York has drawn a reply from Henry Gideon, noted opera authority. He agrees with Marjorie.

"GRAND OPERA must be streamlined if it is to endure," he said.

"The younger generation will never be attracted to the stilted, artificial, awkward form in which it is now staged.

"First of all grand opera must be shortened. Three hours was all right for the time when the operatic classics were written.

"Life was slower, we moved more slowly, lived more leisurely. Now the tempo is all speeded up, and 99 per cent. of all Americans are fugitives from boredom.

"The action of the movies, the radio, the automobile, is responsible for this. Every one of the operas presented to-day suggests the horse-and-buggy vintage of life. Will the coming generation stay hitched for it?

Bing and swing

"TO the young American hearable, enjoyable music is Benny Goodman, Bing Crosby, Connie Boswell, Bonnie Baker, and a host of others I could mention.

"To him or her chamber music, symphonies, operatorios, a capella choir are all banned under the same anathema, 'opera.'

"Modern lighting, modern posturing, modern tempo, modern color, natural acting, no exaggeration, no mugging, these could all help streamline opera, and make it enjoyable to the coming generation, and more enjoyable to the present generation as well.

"My advice, if young people are to enjoy grand opera, is to take a leaf from the book of the movie producer and streamline it. Tabloid it on the radio in homoeopathic doses. Outline the plot so he knows what's going on, dramatise the chief singers, briefly, casting for form and beauty. Don't present it as 'education.' If you must ballyhoo it, ballyhoo it as entertainment and see that it is entertainment and not ordeal."

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AUTUMN FASHIONS

On your head

● GAGE adds sophistication to a forward-jutting moss felt model with quaint feather crown and wings in self tonings.

● FOR SPORTS WEAR Condor shows an open-crowned felt in huntsman-green trimmed with matching grosgrain ribbon and jersey snood.

● ERMINE AND FELT are cleverly leagued in a soaring Russian toque that perches precariously over one eye. By Condor.

● TIP-TILTED PILL-BOX in black seal felt, designed by Condor, and balanced at the back with heavy satin loops.

● TINY COCKTAIL CAP in black felt completely overshadowed by a huge ostrich pompon sitting perkily a-top the crown.

● SUZY makes a beguiling confection of purple-grape wool filet mounted on a grosgrain head-band. Snooded, of course.

● BLACK RUCKED CREPE HAT with high-tapered crown, rolled-down brim, and dramatic chiffon wimple fluttering down the back.

● CONDOR strikes a note of luxury with mink and aquamarine velvet. The crown and snood in gathered velvet with circle of fur.

● SIRENISH SATIN TOQUE garnished with huge satin loops and a chenille-dotted veil swathed nun-like under the chin.

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FIFTH AVENUE FASHIONS . . .

Rushed from New York

● THESE PICTURES present something entirely new to Australia. They represent windows of world-famous fashion houses in New York, where they were photographed in natural colors exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly. Above is a Bonwit Teller window showing luxury lingerie in a futuristic setting.

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LUXURY STORE OF FIFTH AVENUE, B. ALTMAN AND CO. These period costumes, inspired by the American Museum of Natural History, are sponsored for the formal evenings of 1940. The brilliant plaids and stripes, the billowing skirts, low, square necklines, and demure sleeves—all reminiscent of a bygone age—provide a striking contrast to the modernistic background.

RUSSEKS, FIFTH AVENUE, designed this romantic window. The lovely lady looks as though she might have stepped out of the romantic past. The huge white satin skirt, propped out with a crinoline, the tiny bodice and off-the-shoulder neckline are all in Victorian tradition. To achieve a touch of drama a rich, red velvet cloak with fur-lined hood is draped negligently over the chair.

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You'll be wearing these . . .

CLASSIC TAILLEURS

● Matita's nonchalant old-rose jacket with cunning tab revers and tiny waist combines with a navy box-pleated skirt. Navy and white cravat and boutonniere enhance its casual chic.

● Lightweight wool suit by Matita. The sunray-pleated skirt is in deep rose, offset by a brisk jacket of reseda-green with rose buttonholes.

● Schiaparelli's olive-green sportive tailleur in military trend. The slim skirt has an inverted box pleat in which is set a huge pocket. (Right).

A LEVER PRODUCT

S.488.X7

● For the chilliest days, Dorville sponsors this duck-egg blue and brown checked tweed, with coat, skirt, and weskit impeccably man-tailored.

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DANCE FROCKS *will be romantic*

• Reflecting the brave face of a new season; inspired by a feeling of youthful courage; designed to distract attention from the grim horror of Europe at war, the evening wear collections are glamorous, alluring, utterly feminine in line, color, and intricate detail.

By Airmail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE,
in London

THE new silhouette is young, supple and well balanced. Waistlines are incredibly tiny and accent is on hips, with exaggerated trimmings to give the desired roundness.

Shown at the collections were glamorous gowns for the women of non-belligerent countries; gowns that continue to scintillate in all their brilliance. But for the women of France and England simple little dinner frocks accompanied by long tailored jackets are first favorites.

Robert Piguet does a black crepe dinner dress with a tailored bodice, and back fullness from the knees. A matching reversible jacket has pale blue satin lining on which amusing sayings and names are embroidered.

Featured at some of the showings are check taffeta dinner dresses with wide skirts shooting from low hiplines.

Piguet sponsors a dinner frock of red-and-white check taffeta with flaring skirt and back fullness draped high to reveal the legs as far as the calves.

Voluminous skirts still prevail — light and vaporous. Bruyere sponsors black lace over a sheath-like foundation of pale blue satin. The dress is composed of panels widening from shoulder to hem, each outlined with black silk piping.

Lace is the keynote of Paquin's glamorous evening collection.

TYPICAL of this season's formal dance gown—a full-skirted and strapless model in white net with heart-shaped bodice and skirt trim in wide, black silk braid. AT LEFT: For house-parties or the theatre, simple little frock of dull black crepe with pleated skirt, and gold touches at neck and pockets.

LONDON loves the simplicity of this slinky black dinner skirt in lightweight woollen with an abbreviated bolero to match, and a dainty Val. lace blouse.

Val. lace garnishes the skirt of summer organdie; fine Chantilly lace is mounted on soft tulle; coin-spot net is used over tulle, full skirted with low decolletage.

Worth does a silver lace evening dress, combining an easy, unexaggerated silhouette with a graceful line. It shows the skirt fullness from very low hipline, new low decolletage, and emphasised waistline.

The piquant hood finishing in a shoulder cape is detachable.

In heavier materials rich satin gains supple width from below moulded hiplines. Piguet shows a white satin with high bustline, emphasised waist, and low hip-yoke, from where the skirt flares softly away. The back is pushed up to make a peplum, and from here colored panels in blue and pink form the back of the dress.

Sequins back again

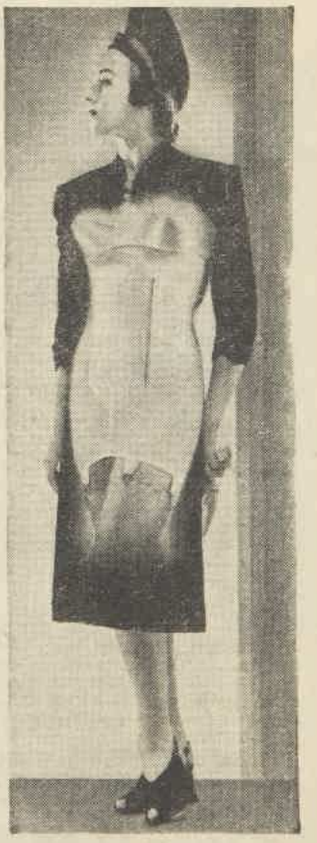
LELONG does a yellow jersey frock with draped front and straight skirt gathered on to a low hipline. Belt and basque are of gold sequins worked in a scroll design.

Navy-blue, navy and white, and navy and red are all popular for evening dresses in organza, taffeta, and printed silks.

Lucien Lelong's collection included a heavenly navy-and-white organza with high front neck and low back, hem, peplum and jabot all finished with a fold of crisp white organdie.

From the same house comes the ingenious idea of making evening dress and coat all in one. In keeping with the prevailing mode for economy of time and material the navy taffeta cape which accompanies a dinner dress with taffeta shirt top and blue woollen skirt ties around the waist, making a full-length taffeta coat. Gold mesh loose pockets on the skirt pull through slots in the cloak, and the scarf of the cape finishes in an enormous bow at the waist.

THIS AUTUMN WAISTS MUST BE TINY



Be glorified by Gossard in a "Buzum-Hi" Girdle . . .

The hourglass silhouette for Autumn . . . full skirts, high shoulders, tiny waists. Your waist must be ever so tiny! Gossard's "*Buzum-Hi*" girdle extends three inches above the waist to give you a reed-like middle. It's of satin elastic and fine open-weave two-way stretch elastic. The "Flair" bra is of rayon satin elastic and lace.

★ ★ ★

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty

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a DELICATE STOMACH

needs a mild antacid

It does no good to treat a delicate stomach too drastically. A tablespoonful or so of Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is the very best corrective of digestive disturbances—pain after meals, heartburn, flatulence and biliousness. And the mild laxative effect of Dinneford's is never anything but an added help. Get Dinneford's to-day. *Insist* on Dinneford's.

DINNEFORD'S pure fluid MAGNESIA

Also obtainable in TABLET form

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Unsightly hair may now be removed permanently in the privacy of your home by using the wonderful ELECTROLYSIS outfit. No discomfort. No chemicals. Contains own electricity. Refills obtainable cheaply at any torch counter. This safe, simple, easy method never fails. Import restrictions may cause rise in price, which at present is only £1. POST FREE with full directions. SEND NOW. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

F. MAHER 17W O'CONNELL ST., SYDNEY.

Last-Minute FASHIONS

Airmailed from London
By MARY ST. CLAIRE.

SKETCHED BY PETROV.

● In defiance of war clouds over Europe, Molyneux has made his new season's collection more glamorous than ever, but in sympathy with current events has used military, navy and air force themes with devastating results.

● AT HIS RECENT SHOW, Molyneux popularised this coat with sharp-cornered shoulders and saddle pockets to diminish the waistline. (1)

● THICK WOOL JERSEY SUIT with loose, boxy jacket. Done in pale blue, enlivened with bright blue stitching and scarf. (2)

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6. Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

● A YOUTHFUL suit with raspberry wool jacket and swing skirt; chalk-blue buttons. (3)

● SOFT NATTIER-BLUE STRAW with concertina crown and flowers in rosy-pink shades. (4)

● PARIS sponsors the three-story hat of taffeta, with trim of grosgrain and guinea hen quill. (5)

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?

Better to learn early than late the value of Gibbs Dentifrice. Its fragrant antiseptic foam penetrates to every corner of the mouth . . . sweeps away every decay-causing particle . . . leaves your teeth polished to gleaming whiteness—your mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical, too—lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

YOU CAN *FEEL* YOUR TEETH ARE CLEANER WHEN YOU USE . . .

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Small Tins 1/-. Large Tins 1/6

Large Refills . . 1/3

Write your name on your own tin!

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

37.SD.25

All's well *with the* Breast-fed Baby

THE most valuable service a mother can render her baby is to ensure that he will be fed from the breast. Upon this may depend his future health and happiness.

Maternal milk is the one perfect food for baby. It is naturally constituted to suit his delicate digestion and to provide every nutritive element required to ensure healthy growth and development.

Doctors and nurses testify to the remarkable value of 'Ovaltine' to expectant and nursing mothers. Taken before and after baby comes, 'Ovaltine' promotes a rich and ample supply of breast-milk.

In addition, 'Ovaltine' is supremely rich in the nourishment which the mother needs to maintain her strength and vitality during the nursing period. But, it must be 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

'OVALTINE'

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Fashion PATTERNS

F1857.—Lingerie set with lace trim, and dainty shirring. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: for nightgown: 4⅝yds.; for slip, 3¼yds., for pantees, 1⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 2/6. Individual patterns, 1/- each.

F1858.—Military style, with attractive pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1859.—Frock and bolero, with interesting skirt treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds. for frock, and 1¼yds. for bolero, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1860.—Afternoon frock, with back interest. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1861.—Trim suit with contrasting jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1¼yds. for skirt, and 1⅞yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1862.—Sophisticated evening gown with little jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1⅝yds. for bolero, 4½yds. for skirt, and ½yd. for waistband, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1863.—Snooded hat. 21 to 22½ head. Requires: ⅞yd. for crown, and 1⅛yds. for trimming. Pattern, 1/-.

Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Special Concession Pattern

THREE ultra-attractive new coats. Sizes 32, 34 and 36-inch busts.

No. 1: Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 4¼yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

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Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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Bronchial COUGH

Just a Few Sips—and Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture *(triple acting)* — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long . . . One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

SWEATERS *go glamorous*

PARIS started this craze of wearing gay and glittering sweaters after dark, and now the whole fashion world adores it. They will add a perversely feminine note to your most sophisticated frocks.

● The sweater theme is captured in a dazzling blouse of elastic-quilted gold lame. With it a circular white jersey skirt and exotic lame turban.

● An effectively tailored little cardigan in shimmering starlight-blue and silver thread. Bumble bees in gold and silver are appliqued on the wide revers and the cardigan is buttoned with gold metal grapes to match the hair clips.

● Coin-size paillettes of deepest sapphire-blue add spice to the neckline and sleeves of this silk chenille sweater in matching sapphire-blue.

● A simple black boucle jacket - cum - blouse cheered with sparkling gold sequin embroidery and gold zipper down the front. Neath it a tailored frock of dull black crepe.

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles appearing in our Fashion Portfolio. Prices from 3/6.

"Action Back"—A Nu-Back Corsetry Principle which gives complete freedom of movement when bending, stooping and kneeling. This unique expansion idea enables the garment to lengthen and shorten as you bend and stretch, minimises shoulder-strap and suspender pull, and prevents Nu-Back corsetry from "riding up" (see dotted lines on illustration). Nu-Back corsetry moulds and controls figure-faults and ensures comfort and complete freedom and gives a fashion-correct figure. Obtainable in all leading corset departments.

Demonstrations and Personal Fittings, at McCATHIES Ltd. Pitt St. by Mrs. ISLA STUART. *NuBack Corsetry Expert*

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will not "ride up"

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Cuticura Soap is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap combining in one big tablet the soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest most beautifying soap base ever devised.

The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

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For Marking Clothes & Linen

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FILMY CHARM *for evenings*

● Grecian drapery in hibiscus-red chiffon. The moulded hip-line releases fulness in the skirt, and the draped bodice is climaxed with cape. (Above).

● Palest orchid chiffon with the new long-torso line accentuated with crystal beads to match the tiny lavishly embroidered bolero. (Above right).

● Danceable frock in black silk chiffon garnished with lace to match the gloves and chignon. Two pale pink roses highlight the bodice. (Right).

● Fichus are favored with diaphanous gowns. Here a fragile affair of black lace with a flounce of black tulle echoes the pattern of the elaborate gown.

● Waltz dream in black shadow lace over mauve organza. Fashion importance goes to the deep oval neckline and the shaped inset cummerbund of black velvet. (Right).

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He'll remember you at your loveliest

when the Berlei beneath does nice things for your figure

Under your tailored things

SKINTEX

Suits and shirtmaker frocks need clean-cut figure lines, so here's a foundation with a few bones just where they're needed . . . . across the front. A slide-fastening Step-in with "*Skintex*" *boneless boning* at back. Sleeks your figure marvellously.

lovely lines for afternoon

PRINCESS YOUTH

Give yourself a princess figure with this "*Princess Youth*" *Controlette*. Its lace and satin bra-top lifts your bosom in lovely curves. Three-way pull at the back nips in your waist, flattens your tummy, and whittles down your hips.

When you go Golfing

PLAY GIRL PANTIE

You don't want to hamper your swing, of course, but you do want something to keep everything under control. This "*Play Girl*" *Pantie* of mesh elastic smooths you back and front, the suspenders can be whipped off when you go without stockings.

Elegance by Night

Soft lights . . . sweet music . . . and you looking divine in a glamorous frock over a "*Skintex*" *Controlette* that definitely controls without bones . . . lets you sway easily to the orchestra's rhythm. What's more, "Skintex" won't creep up at the back . . . *no more furtive yanking down!*

Take years off your figure with a

Berlei

the Foundation of Beauty

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AFTERNOON FROCKS . . .

In a new and luxurious mood

● Dorville designs a dress in Cezanne-green draped for bustle effect and collared with starched linen. The skirt is pleated all the way round.

● Off to a cocktail party. The lass on the left wears simple black crepe with grosgrain waist inset and the new cuffed hemline. Lavish gold jewellery adds glamor. Her friend wears a flowered brocade frock in rich rayon and silk fabric. With it Maggy Rouff's delicious hat.

● Black silk crepe, dramatically draped and captured into a tiny waist with a cummerbund of black velvet. A great puff of silver fox on a jersey skull cap forms engaging headgear.

DRESSY FROCKS WILL BE IMPORTANT

Airmailed from London by Mary St. Claire

THIS season day frocks are taking a new note of elegance and drama. Cunning draperies and intricate swathes are vastly important. The difficult, exaggerated bustline has disappeared, and in its place comes a modified version, just as chic and much kinder to the figure. Fabrics are the big news—they range from luxury materials like the check silk and rayon one featured above to heavy hanging jersey and heavy dull-surfaced crepes.

It isn't use that takes the shine off the kettle...

. . . IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

Harsh cleaning has made many a good kettle unfit to be seen. And harsh scouring methods are the *hardest* because they leave a scratched surface that holds more and more dirt each time. Smooth cleaning, with Vim, keeps the surface bright and new and easily cleaned. Vim grains are soap-coated—they clean and polish with one quick, light rub. Use Vim and be proud of your kitchen-ware!

A LEVER PRODUCT

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

7.61.27

"Everything's Changed SINCE I GOT MY SPEEDWELL"

NOT so long ago I could have cried, I was so bored—and lonely, too. Simply DREADED week-ends and I began to look the way I felt.

But everything's changed since I bought a Speedwell, for NOW I look forward to every week-end and the glorious times to be had awheel.

Speedwell cycles are built to perfection; they're smart, easy to pedal, and utterly reliable. They're CYCLE FASHION LEADERS!

See your local Speedwell agent or send the coupon today.

● *Ladies' Speedwell Models are available in a lovely range of colours. Ride away for 10/- deposit, then 3/3 weekly. Everlasting Guarantee.*

Please send me a Speedwell Catalogue without obligation.

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Pitt & Bathurst Streets, Sydney

BRANCHES AT PARRAMATTA NEWCASTLE WOLLONGONG INVERELL LISMORE AND GOULBURN

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THIS IS NO ISOLATED CASE

Given up as incurable . . . . hopelessly crippled with rheumatism . . . . now strong and healthy and a well-known football player.

Mrs. J. P. . . . * writes:—"*My son was given up as incurable, described as a hopeless cripple. Now he is the picture of health, and a well-known football player.*"

Her son, himself, adds:—"*I have recommended De Witt's Pills for years for the benefit I have received after being given up as incurable.*"

* Name and address on application

De Witt's Pills are effective because they act directly on the weak, ailing kidneys.

When kidneys become weak and sluggish poisons and impurities accumulate in the system. Then rheumatism starts. To end the pain you must strengthen the kidneys, enabling them to cleanse the system of poisons and impurities.

Within 24 hours after you have taken the first dose of De Witt's Pills you will have positive proof they are restoring the kidneys to healthy activity. Freed from pain you will realise why thousands of former rheumatic sufferers bless the day they heard of De Witt's Pills.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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NEW AMAZING QUICK!

ODO-RO-NO Cream

CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY

Stops perspiration instantly.
Dries quickly—vanishes completely.
Use before or after shaving.
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
Ends perspiration odour.
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.
GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY
from all good Chemists and Stores.
1/- and 2/-

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

Secretly or Voluntarily. For 45 years we have been the means of bringing happiness to homes in misery through drink. Not costly. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.

Dept. B., EUCRASY CO.
297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

The little black dress . . .

An indispensable addition to winter wardrobes

• TOP LEFT: A youthful little cocktail style that makes fashion news when you turn your back. Made in stiff black taffeta with "long torso line" bodice, buttoned primly down the back and enhanced by back fullness in the skirt. A turned up hat planked on the back of the head completes the outfit.

* * *

• ABOVE CENTRE: Simple style with the new "fabric contrast" theme, beloved in Paris. The willowy little frock in dull black crepe with broad corselette waistband and sleeves in shiny black velvet. With it a flower-massed, snooded toque and a circlet of matching flowers at the neckline.

* * *

• TOP RIGHT: Rich black jersey for this important style with deep V-yoke to match up with the extended bodice line. From slender hips the skirt is gathered to unexpected fullness. For added dash, a tiny black velvet boater with chenille snood and two huge pink roses.

When you are driven frantic by itching, burning, prickling scalp—when you feel you'd like to tear your hair out—when ugly dandruff flakes and fallen hairs disfigure your shoulders, and weak crackly hairs come out in your comb . . . that's *"Perm-ized Scalp!"*

Harsh chemicals and burning, dragging, "perming" machines, harden the hair fibres—make them split and lose their lustre. Hot air driers parch the scalp, dry out the natural oils, destroy the softness of the hair.

Act now to waken up your scalp—stop the itching — cleanse out the dandruff — re-strengthen the poor suffocated hair-cells and re-nourish.

Get *Crystolis-Rapid* a specialist's successful, stimulating tonic treatment. Start to-night! Crystolis is a clean, dainty liquid *you can apply every night — without mussing up the waves!* Its special action penetrates deep down into the hair roots, cleansing out tight, choked-up pores—destroying the hidden hair-wrecking dandruff germ—and revitalising hair richness.

Decide not to suffer even one more day from the discomfort and spoiling look of *"perm-ized" scalp.* Get CRYSTOLIS-*Rapid* from your chemist, TO-DAY.

"I am a hairdresser and, coming in contact with scalp troubles of all descriptions, I have much pleasure in saying that in every case I have recommended CRYSTOLIS—results have been satisfactory."
—R. E. GOLDSWORTHY.

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Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 6

LOMBARD said: "Not a bad idea. We're pretty safe here; no one can get at us without our seeing him a long time beforehand."

Vera said: "We'll stay here."

Blore said: "Have to pass the night somewhere. We'll have to go back to the house then."

Vera shuddered. "I can't bear it. I can't go through another night!"

Philip said: "You'll be safe enough, locked in your room."

Vera murmured: "I suppose so." She stretched out her hands, murmuring: "It's lovely to feel the sun again."

She thought: How odd. I'm almost happy. And yet I suppose I'm actually in danger. Somehow, now, nothing seems to matter—not in daylight. I feel full of power. I feel that I can't die.

Blore was looking at his wristwatch. He said: "It's two o'clock. What about lunch?"

Vera said obstinately: "I'm not going back to the house. I'm going to stay here, in the open."

"Oh, come now, Miss Claythorne. Got to keep your strength up, you know."

Vera said: "If I even see a tinned tongue I shall be sick! I don't want any food. People go days on end with nothing, sometimes, when they're on a diet."

Blore said: "Well, I need my meals regularly . . . What about you, Mr. Lombard?"

Philip said: "You know, I don't relish the idea of tinned tongue particularly. I'll stay here with Miss Claythorne."

Blore hesitated.

Vera said: "I shall be quite all right. I don't think he'll shoot me as soon as your back is turned, if that's what you're afraid of."

Blore said: "It's all right if you say so. But we agreed we ought not to separate."

Philip Lombard said: "You're the one who wants to go into the lion's den, Blore. I'll come with you, if you like."

"No, you won't," said Blore. "You'll stay here."

Philip laughed. "So you're still afraid of me? Why, I could shoot you both this very minute if I liked."

Blore said: "Yes, but that wouldn't be according to plan. It's one at a time, and it's got to be done in a certain way."

"Well," said Philip, "you seem to know all about it."

"Of course," said Blore, "it's a bit jumpy, going up to the house alone."

Philip said softly: "And therefore, will I lend you my revolver? Answer: No, I will not! Not quite so simple as that, thank you."

Blore shrugged his shoulders and began to make his way up the steep slope to the house.

Lombard said softly: "Feeding time at the zoo. The animals are very regular in their habits."

Vera said anxiously: "Isn't it very risky—what he's doing?"

"In the sense you mean, no, I don't think it is! Armstrong's not armed, you know, and, anyway, Blore is twice a match for him in physique, and he's very much on his guard. And, anyway, it's a sheer impossibility that Armstrong can be in the house. I know he's not there."

"But what other solution is there?"

Philip said softly :"There's Blore."

"Oh, do you really think——"

"LISTEN, my girl. You heard Blore's story. You've got to admit that if it's true I can't possibly have had anything to do with Armstrong's disappearance. His story clears me. But it doesn't clear him. We've only his word for it that he heard footsteps and saw a man going downstairs and out at the front door. The whole thing may be a lie. He may have got rid of Armstrong a couple of hours before that."

"How?"

Lombard shrugged his shoulders. "That, we don't know. But if you ask me, we've only one danger to fear—and that danger is Blore! What do we know about the man? Less than nothing! All this ex-policeman story may be bunkum! He may be anybody—a mad millionaire, a crazy businessman, an escaped inmate of Broadmoor. One thing's certain: He could have done every one of these crimes."

Vera had gone rather white. She said, in a slightly breathless voice: "And supposing he gets—us?"

Lombard said softly, putting the revolver in his pocket: "I'm going to take very good care he doesn't." Then he looked at her curiously. "Touching faith in me, haven't you, Vera? Quite sure I wouldn't shoot you?"

Vera said: "One has got to trust someone. As a matter of fact, I think you're wrong about Blore. I still think it's Armstrong." She turned to him suddenly. "Don't you feel, all the time, that there's someone? Someone watching and waiting?"

Lombard said slowly: "That's just nerves."

Vera said eagerly: "Then you have felt it?" She shivered. She bent a little closer. "Tell me. You don't think——" She broke off, went on: "I read a story, once, about two judges that came to a small American town—from the Supreme Court. They administered justice—absolute justice. Because they didn't come from this world at all."

Lombard raised his eyebrows. He said: "Heavenly visitants, eh? No, I don't believe in the supernatural. This business is human enough."

Vera said in a low voice: "Sometimes I'm not sure——"

Lombard looked at her. He said: "That's conscience." After a moment's silence, he said very quietly: "So you did drown that kid after all?"

Vera said vehemently: "I didn't! I didn't! You've no right to say that!"

He laughed easily. "Oh, yes, you did, my good girl! I don't know why. Can't imagine. There was a man in it, probably. Was that it?"

A sudden feeling of lassitude, of intense weariness spread over Vera's limbs. She said, in a dull voice: "Yes, there was a man in it."

Lombard said softly: "Thanks. That's what I wanted to know."

Vera sat up suddenly. She exclaimed: "What was that? It wasn't an earthquake?"

Lombard said: "No, no. Queer, though—a thud shook the ground. And I thought—Did you hear a sort of cry? I did."

They stared up at the house.

Lombard said: "It came from there. We'd better go up and see."

"No, no, I'm not going."

"Please yourself. I am."

Vera said desperately: "All right. I'll come with you."

THEY walked up the slope to the house. The terrace was peaceful and innocuous-looking in the sunshine. They hesitated there a minute; then, instead of entering by the front door, they made a cautious circuit of the house.

They found Blore. He was spread-eagled on the stone terrace on the east side, his head crushed and mangled by a great block of white marble.

Philip looked up. He said: "Whose is that window just above?"

Vera said in a low, shuddering voice: "It's mine—and that's the clock from my mantelpiece. I remember now. It was—shaped like a bear." She repeated, and her voice shook and quavered: "It was shaped like a bear."

Philip grasped her shoulder. He said, and his voice was urgent and grim: "This settles it. Armstrong is in hiding somewhere in that house. I'm going to get him."

But Vera clung to him. She cried: "Don't be a fool! It's us now! We're next! He wants us to look for him! He's counting on it!"

Philip Lombard stopped. He said thoughtfully: "There's something in that."

Vera cried: "At any rate, you do admit now I was right."

He nodded. "Yes, you win! It's Armstrong, all right. But where the devil did he hide himself? We went over the place with a fine-tooth comb."

Vera said urgently: "If you didn't find him last night, you won't find him now. That's common sense."

Lombard said reluctantly: "Yes, but——"

"He must have prepared a secret place beforehand, naturally; of course, it's just what he would do. You know, like a priest's hole in old manor houses."

"This isn't an old house of that kind."

"He could have had one made."

Philip Lombard shook his head.

Please turn to Page 52

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Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 51

HE said: "We measured the place that first morning. I'll swear there's no place unaccounted for."

Vera said: "There must be."

Lombard said: "I'd like to see——"

Vera cried: "Yes, you'd like to see! And he knows that! He's in there, waiting for you!"

Lombard said, half bringing out the revolver from his pocket: "I've got this, you know."

"You said Blore was all right—that he was more than a match for Armstrong. So he was physically, and he was on the lookout, too. But what you don't seem to realise is that Armstrong is mad. And a madman has all the advantages on his side. He's twice as cunning as anyone sane can be."

Lombard put back the revolver in his pocket. He said: "Come on, then."

. . . . . .

Lombard said at last: "What are we going to do when night comes?"

Vera didn't answer.

He went on accusingly: "You haven't thought of that?"

She said helplessly: "What can we do? Oh, I'm frightened!"

Philip Lombard said thoughtfully: "It's fine weather. There will be a moon. We must find a place—up by the top cliffs perhaps. We can sit there and wait for morning. We mustn't go to sleep.

"We must watch the whole time. And if anyone comes up towards us, I shall shoot!" He paused: "You'll be cold, perhaps, in that thin dress?"

Vera said, with a raucous laugh: "Cold? I should be colder if I were dead!"

Philip Lombard said quietly: "Yes, that's true."

Vera moved restlessly. She said: "I shall go mad if I sit here any longer. Let's move about."

"All right."

They paced slowly up and down along the line of the rocks overlooking the sea. The sun was dropping towards the west. The light was golden and mellow. It enveloped them in a golden glow.

Vera said, with a sudden nervous little giggle: "Pity we can't have a bathe."

Philip was looking down towards the sea. He said abruptly: "What's that, there? You see—by that big rock? . . . No, a little farther to the right."

Vera stared. She said: "It looks like somebody's clothes!"

"A bather, eh?" Lombard laughed. "Queer. I suppose it's only seaweed."

Vera said: "Let's go and look."

"IT is clothes," said Lombard as they drew nearer. "A bundle of them. That's a boot. Come on; let's scramble along here."

They scrambled over the rocks.

Vera stopped suddenly. She said: "It's not clothes; it's a man!"

The man was wedged between two rocks, flung there by the tide earlier in the day.

Lombard and Vera reached it in a last scramble. They bent down.

Lombard said: "Good heavens, it's Armstrong!"

Aeons passed, worlds spun and whirled. Time was motionless. It stood still; it passed through a thousand ages.

No, it was only a minute or so.

Two people were standing looking down on a dead man. Slowly, very slowly, Vera Claythorne and Philip Lombard lifted their heads and looked into each other's eyes.

Lombard laughed. He said: "So that's it, is it, Vera?"

Vera said: "There's no one on the island—no one at all, except us two." Her voice was a whisper—nothing more.

Lombard said: "Precisely. So we know where we are, don't we?"

Vera said: "How was it worked—that trick with the marble bear?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "A conjuring trick, my dear—a very good one."

Their eyes met again.

Vera thought: Why did I never see his face properly before? A wolf—that's what it is — a wolf's face. Those horrible teeth——

Lombard said, and his voice was a snarl, dangerous, menacing: "This is the end, you understand! We've come to the truth now! And it's the end!"

Vera said quietly: "I understand."

She stared out to sea. General Macarthur had stared out to sea—when—— Only yesterday? Or was it the day before? He, too, had said: "This is the end."

He had said it with acceptance—almost with welcome. But, to Vera, the words, the thought, brought rebellion. No, it should not be the end.

She looked down at the dead man. She said: "Poor Doctor Armstrong."

Please turn to Page 54

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—March is marching rapidly—pardon the pun—but, talking of March, you will recall how soothsayers told Julius Caesar to "beware the Ides of March," meaning by the "Ides"

Storms that occurred at that time of year—a special meeting of the Senate—the fifteenth of March—a secret society—a religious festival.

2.—Maybe you like to use mace in your cooking, or maybe you don't, but, anyway, did you know that mace is a spice made from

Cloves and aniseed—cloves, aniseed and nutmeg—cloves—nutmeg—nutmeg and aniseed.

3.—We all know Browning's poem about the Pied Piper who had to get rid of the rats, so we've doubtless all found out that "pied" means

Crafty — spotted — simple—piping—parti-colored—honest.

4.—Is there a telephone service between Australia and New Guinea?

Yes—no.

5.—Rottenstone doesn't sound as though it would be of much use, but the fact remains that it is used extensively in

Sharpening knives—polishing metal — building rockeries — cleaning doorsteps.

6.—When thinking of the First Lord of the British Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, don't forget that he comes of the family of that famous figure in British history

Admiral Rodney—the Duke of Wellington—Robert Clive—the Duke of Marlborough—Sir Richard Grenville—the Duke of Buckingham.

7.—You may want a household pet, but if anyone tries to talk you into getting a bandog, remember that this is

A sort of gridiron—a cartridge case — a sash of rushes — a chained dog.

8.—You know quite well that Admiral Byrd is in the throes of polar exploration, so don't let this trick you. He is in the

Arctic—Antarctic.

9.—The music of that very popular song, "The Lost Chord," was composed by

Schumann — Victor Herbert —Schubert — Edward Elgar — Arthur Sullivan.

10.—The sun doesn't look so tremendous shining up there in the sky, but how does its size compare with the earth? It is

Bigger—smaller—much the same size.

Answers on Page 54

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying on the estate of wealthy
COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter. They are discussing with
DOT RICH: The Colonel's daughter, and
JEFF: Her sweetheart, the story of the pirate ghost,
OL' JEAN: Who is supposed to haunt the place where once a pirate band hid their treasure, when a little negro boy rushes in and says he saw the "ghost carrying a big sword." Mandrake resolves to investigate and goes with Dot and Lothar to the bayou. They are about to return, unaware that they are being watched from the bushes near the channel, when a storm overtakes them. NOW READ ON:

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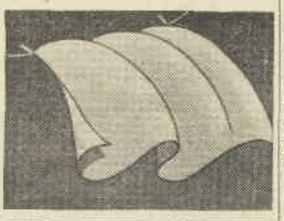
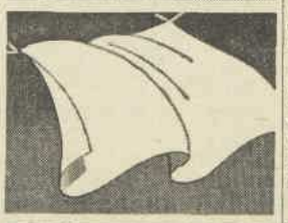


To preserve their sparkling fresh WHITENESS



Give them the last rinse in BLUE *water*

Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 52

LOMBARD sneered. He said: "What's this? Womanly pity?"

Vera said: "Why not? Haven't you any pity?"

He said: "I've no pity for you. Don't expect it!"

Vera looked down again at the body. She said: "We must move him. Carry him up to the house."

"To join the other victims, I suppose? All neat and tidy. As far as I'm concerned, he can stay where he is."

Vera said: "At any rate, let's get him out of the reach of the sea."

Lombard laughed. "If you like."

He bent, tugging at the body. Vera leaned against him, helping him. She pulled and tugged with all her might.

Lombard panted: "Not such an easy job."

They managed it, however, drawing the body clear of high-water mark.

Lombard said, as he straightened up: "Satisfied?"

Vera said: "Quite."

Her tone warned him. He spun round. Even as he clapped his hand to his pocket, he knew that he would find it empty.

She had moved a yard or two away and was facing him, revolver in hand.

Lombard said: "So that's the reason for your womanly solicitude. You wanted to pick my pocket."

She nodded. She held the revolver steadily and unwaveringly. Death was very near to Philip Lombard now. It had never, he knew, been nearer. Nevertheless, he was not beaten yet.

He said authoritatively: "Give that revolver to me."

Vera laughed.

Lombard said: "Come on, hand it over."

His quick brain was working. Which way, which method—talk her over—lull her into security—or a swift dash? All his life Lombard had taken the risky way. He took it now.

He spoke slowly, argumentatively: "Now, look here, my dear girl; you just listen——"

And then he sprang. Quick as a panther—as any other feline creature. Automatically, Vera pressed the trigger. Lombard's leaping body stayed poised in midspring, then crashed heavily to the ground.

VERA came warily forward, the revolver ready in her hand. But there was no need of caution. Philip Lombard was dead—shot through the heart.

Relief possessed Vera—enormous, exquisite relief. At last it was over. There was no more fear, no more steeling of her nerves. She was alone on the island. Alone with nine dead bodies.

But what did that matter? She was alive. She sat there, exquisitely happy, exquisitely at peace. No more fear.

The sun was setting when Vera moved at last. Sheer reaction had kept her immobile. There had been no room in her for anything but the glorious sense of safety. She realised now that she was hungry and sleepy. Principally sleepy. She wanted to throw herself on her bed and sleep, and sleep, and sleep.

To-morrow, perhaps, they would come and rescue her, but she didn't really mind. Not now that she was alone. Oh, blessed, blessed peace.

She got to her feet and glanced up at the house. Nothing to be afraid of any longer. No terrors waiting for her! Just an ordinary well-built modern house. And yet, a little earlier in the day, she had not been able to look at it without shivering. Fear — what a strange thing fear was.

Well, it was over now. She had conquered; had triumphed over the most deadly peril. By her own quick-wittedness and adroitness she had turned the tables on her would-be destroyer.

She began to walk up towards the house. The sun was setting, the sky to the west was streaked with red and orange. It was beautiful and peaceful.

Vera thought: The whole thing might be a dream.

How tired she was—terribly tired. Her limbs ached, her eyelids were dropping. Not to be afraid any more. To sleep. Sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep. To sleep safely, since she was alone on the island. One little nigger boy left all alone. She smiled to herself.

She went in at the front door. The house, too, felt strangely peaceful. Vera thought: Ordinarily one wouldn't care to sleep where there's a dead body in practically every bedroom.

Should she go to the kitchen and get herself something to eat? She hesitated a moment, then decided against it. She was really too tired.

She paused by the dining-room door. There were still three little china figures in the middle of the table.

Vera laughed.

She said: "*You're* behind the times, my dears."

She picked up two of them and tossed them through the window. She heard them crash on the stone of the terrace.

The third little figure she picked up and held in her hand. She said: "You can come with me. We've won, my dear! We've won!"

The hall was dim in the dying light. Vera, the little nigger clasped in her hand, began to mount the stairs. Slowly, because her legs were suddenly very tired.

"One little nigger boy left all alone ——" How did it end? Oh, yes! "He got married and then there were none."

Married. Funny how she suddenly got the feeling again that Hugo was in the house. Very strong. Yes, Hugo was upstairs, waiting for her.

Vera said to herself: Don't be a fool. You're so tired that you're imagining the most fantastic things.

Slowly up the stairs. At the top of them something fell from her hand, making hardly any noise on the soft pile carpet. She did not notice that she had dropped the revolver. She was only conscious of clasping a little china figure.

How very quiet the house was. And yet it didn't seem like an empty house.

Hugo, upstairs, waiting for her.

"One little nigger boy left all alone." What was the last line again? Something about being married—or was it something else?

She had come now to the door of her room. Hugo was waiting for her inside; she was quite sure of it.

She opened the door. She gave a gasp.

What was that—hanging from the hook in the ceiling? A rope with a noose all ready? And a chair to stand upon—a chair that could be kicked away? That was what Hugo wanted.

And of course that was the last line of the rhyme. "He went and hanged himself and then there were none."

The little china figure fell from her hand. It rolled unheeded, and broke against the fender.

Like an automaton Vera moved forward. This was the end; here where the cold wet hand — Cyril's hand, of course—had touched her throat.

"You can go to the rock, Cyril."

That was what murder was — as easy as that! But afterwards you went on remembering.

She climbed up on the chair, her eyes staring in front of her like a sleep-walker's. She adjusted the noose round her neck. Hugo was there to see that she did what she had to do. She kicked away the chair.

SIR THOMAS LEGGE, Assistant-Commissioner at Scotland Yard, said irritably: "But the whole thing's incredible!"

Inspector Maine said respectfully: "I know, sir."

The A.C. went on: "Ten people dead on an island, and not a living soul on it. It doesn't make sense!"

Inspector Maine replied stolidly: "Nevertheless, it happened, sir."

Sir Thomas Legge said: "Confound it all, Maine; somebody must have killed 'em."

"That's just our problem, sir."

"Nothing helpful in the doctor's report?"

"No, sir. Wargrave and Lombard were shot; the first through the head, the second through the heart. Miss Brent and Marston died of cyanide poisoning. Mrs. Rogers died of an overdose of chloral. Rogers' head was split open. Blore's head was crushed in. Armstrong died of drowning. Macarthur's skull was fractured by a blow on the back of the head, and Vera Claythorne was hanged."

To be concluded

The answer is—

1.—The fifteenth of March.
2.—Nutmeg.
3.—Parti-colored.
4.—No.
5.—Polishing metal.
6.—The Duke of Marlborough. (Who was John Churchill.)
7.—A chained dog. (Particularly a mastiff or bloodhound.)
8.—Antarctic.
9.—Arthur Sullivan.
10.—Bigger.

Questions on Page 52.

"NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT HIS WEIGHT"

says Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"Of course I know it's worrying if baby's weight increases at an unsatisfactory rate—especially at the weaning stage. But there's a simple remedy for *that*. Just put him on a diet of Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk and see the difference. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion. Incidentally, its economical price is another argument in its favour."

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THE HOMEMAKER

March 16, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

SIMPLICITY is stressed for holiday time. Witness the charm of this pastel linen suit. ☆ *TOP RIGHT: A light, youthful make-up, and a charming hair-do, and she's ready to face a day of merry-making.*

FACING EASTER HOLIDAYS

EASTER is nearly here again—and before you know it you'll have winter to cope with. Here's our recipe for a grand holiday.

By JANETTE

EARLY vacationers are already storming the city. "Going places" is contagious at the moment.

To look smart and becoming in your fresh new clothes is "catching," too, and it's a good idea to succumb to it—for your own morale. Take this tip: No matter how rushed you are over the holidays, take off an hour a day for two or three days for beautifying yourself.

First, analyse your skin. Discover why you individually are so often a victim to the sudden "bumpy" blemish that mars your complexion. Or why your nose and chin shine in spite of frequent repowderings.

Or those of you with skin dry as a shell should combat that condition through corrective care.

Your holiday make-up should be light and young-looking. Use lots of astringent, the faintest smear of foundation cream, and the lightest dusting of powder—or, better still, if your skin can take it, no powder at all.

Reject eye-shadow firmly—your appeal must be tender and dewy—not sirenish. You can afford to be generous with your lipstick—the clearest and gayest red you have, and match it up with your nail lacquer.

Granted that you look fresh as a daisy when you start out for the day, but that's not enough. The point is to preserve as much of that charm at the day's end as you had at the day's beginning.

Shoes come first: soundly-made, medium-heel, well-fitted shoes to give your spine plenty of help and your feet real protection. Totter on thin spikes and you'll look and be a wreck in no time.

Be comfortably shod at all times. That's one recipe for a happy day.

Enjoy and be enjoyable. But to stay that way, you'll need this antidote to weariness; when you're tired, sit down to relax. Sit outdoors in the shade if possible. Don't talk. Close your eyes and let go. Get back your second wind.

Twenty minutes before lunch and tea, excuse yourself from your companions. Take ten minutes for relaxing; ten minutes for removing old make-up and replacing it with becoming touches.

Close your eyes, put your feet up if you can. Again completely let go. Ten minutes of a "willed" ease such as this will make you gayer at lunch and will give you a much better appetite.

One more tip for reviving your drooping spirit: if your handbag is large enough, have in it a change of stockings. Lightly treat your feet to that purse-size eau-de-Cologne you always carry. Then slip into fresh hose. You'll be amazed at your rise in vitality.

No harm either in a word to holiday-time replenishing the "inner-woman."

Beauty speaks for itself when it pleads that you eat as carefully when out for the day as you do ordinarily when at home. A day's over-indulgence in the multitudinous equivalents of pastries and hamburgers may be a grief.

A leisurely strengthening breakfast before starting on your day, a light luncheon in pleasant surroundings and a merry tea. That's a food routine that will do well by your face and figure.

The Bette 'Cross-Swathe

"More of everything. More brightness for sport; softness for street; sparkle for cocktail hour; glamour for formal occasions. More elegance all the time." . . . *Fashion Summary.*

What could be more glamorously elegant and sparkling than this "Cross-Swathe" coiffure . . . Daring, yet tasteful; exotic, yet dignified . . . The fascinating swathing and ringlet-ends are tomorrow's own—created by NORMAN FLOHM, Sydney's gifted hair stylist—and he tells how all such elaborate "hair-do's" can be kept in place, easily, firmly.

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Yes, to **keep** the full beauty of a fashionably-moded head, both socialites and screen stars now *"damp-set"* with Velmol. Whether **your** style is a simple coiffure or a luxurious extravaganza—give yourself the thrill of a lasting salon smartness, by using Velmol to *"damp-set"* it—and to **keep** it always "just right"!

No more need for bunching under "invisible" nets . . . if you will spend just 2/- for a bottle of VELMOL — today — from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. Take the advice of leading hair stylists!

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

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The crowning touch of . . .

FROSTING CAKES

IT'S little tricks that make all the difference between a good cook and an average one—between an unappetising dish and one that simply makes one's mouth water.

The most delicious cake loses half its charm if it is badly iced. Whereas a simple sponge or fruit cake can, if perfectly frosted, become a culinary masterpiece.

FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS make this delicious Lady Baltimore cake (left) covered with snow-white icing. Given below are the recipes for this and for the Coffee Layer cake with fluffy Mocha frosting (right).

THIS week our cookery expert tells you those little tricks that are necessary to make festive frostings.

CAKE FROSTINGS

Frosting a lovely cake adds charm and flavor, and the knack of doing it beautifully is a very simple one to learn. It takes only an acquaintance with the three types of frostings to learn how to make and use them all.

Butter frostings are uncooked and are easy and quick to make. They are made by creaming butter, adding sifted icing sugar and some liquid such as milk, cream, fruit juice, or sherry to make a soft, creamy mixture that will spread. Frostings containing butter remain moist for days. These frostings may be used for decorating with an icing-pipe and bag.

Creamy, cooked frostings such as fudge or caramel frostings are cooked mixtures of sugar and liquid, with some flavoring added. These require careful attention while boiling to the correct temperature. For the proper creamy, soft consistency cook these mixtures to the exact stage or temperature specified in the recipe.

Fluffy frostings such as boiled frosting or seven-minute frosting are made of a sugar syrup mixture and egg-whites.

Boiled frosting is made by beating the cooked sugar syrup into beaten egg-white.

Seven-minute frosting is a simplified, boiled frosting made by beating the sugar, water, and egg-mixture all together in a double boiler and beating with a rotary egg-whisk until it will stand up in peaks.

These frostings are popular. They are soft and smooth, and when properly made crust very lightly on top so that they are not sticky. They do not keep so well as butter frostings, so are not suitable to store.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE

One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 3¼ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, whites 6 eggs.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually while beating constantly. Sift flour and baking powder 3 times and add alternately with milk, to first mixture, then add vanilla and lastly the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Place in three buttered and floured 7in. square cake tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 25 minutes. When cold, cover and fill with seven-minute frosting as follows:

Divide frosting, placing one-third in basin, and add to it one tablespoonful each of chopped cherries, raisins, walnuts, and crystallised pineapple. Mix well together and spread between the layers. Cover top and sides of cake with remainder of frosting and decorate with cherries and nuts.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Two egg-whites unbeaten, 1½ cups crystal sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 1½ teaspoons maize syrup or 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine egg-whites, water, maize syrup or cream of tartar in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg-beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg-beater and cook 7 minutes or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread.

Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9in. layer cakes or about 2 dozen cup cakes.

MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

Use recipe for seven-minute frosting, folding in 1 cup quartered marshmallows before spreading on cake.

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FLUFFY MOCHA FROSTING

Four cups sifted icing sugar, 1/3rd cup butter, 3½ tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, 1/3rd cup strong coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter, sift sugar, cocoa and salt together. Add part of the sugar mixture gradually to butter, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar mixture alternately with the coffee until of right consistency to spread. Beat until quite smooth. Add vanilla spread on tops and sides of two 9in. layer cakes or 3 dozen cup cakes. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

MAPLE SYRUP FROSTING

Half a cup maple syrup, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 cups sifted icing sugar, pinch of salt.

Cook syrup slowly 3 minutes. Cool. Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add remaining sugar alternately with syrup until right consistency to spread.

Beat after each addition until smooth. Add salt.

Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of 8 x 4 x 3-inch cake or 2 dozen cup cakes.

COFFEE LAYER CAKE

With Fluffy Mocha Frosting

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 extra dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Beat butter, add flour, and beat together until white. Separate eggs. Beat whites stiffly. Add yolks and sugar and beat until stiff and frothy. Pour eggs and sugar into butter and flour one tablespoon at a time and mix well together. Sift baking powder with extra dessertspoon flour and add to mixture, stirring evenly through.

Put half mixture into a 6in. sandwich tin. Add coffee essence to other half and place in other tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 minutes. When cold, fill and cover with fluffy Mocha frosting.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Three ounces cream cheese, 2 to 3 tablespoons milk, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate melted, pinch salt.

Soften cream cheese with milk, add sugar 1 cup at a time, beating well after each addition. Add melted chocolate and salt and beat until smooth.

Note: This frosting when tightly covered may be kept in refrigerator several days. It keeps soft and moist and is useful for cakes that are stored.

FUDGE FROSTING

Three cups sugar, 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, dash of salt, 3 tablespoons maize syrup, 3 squares unsweetened chocolate.

Add chocolate to milk and place over low heat to melt chocolate. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt, and maize syrup, stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue boiling, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232deg. F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla, cool to lukewarm. Beat until right consistency to spread. If necessary place over hot water to keep soft while spreading. Chopped walnuts may be used to garnish frosting.

QUICK DATE CAKE

One-third cup soft butter, 1 1/3rd cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½lb. dates.

Stone the dates and cut in pieces.

Put ingredients in a bowl and beat all together for 3 minutes, using a wooden cake spoon. Bake in buttered and floured cake pan 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven.

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STEAK is always a popular favorite. On this page you will find a delectable prize-winning recipe for steak and walnuts.

Winners in our . . .

BEST RECIPE COMPETITION

● Readers from all States win cash prizes this week in our best recipe competition. First Prize of £1 goes for a delicious tart of pineapple and meringue.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TART—delicious served hot or cold. The recipe is published on this page.

IF you have not yet entered for this fascinating competition, send in your entry now.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, stating ingredients first, and then the method. Add your name and address, and send your entry to this office.

A cash prize of £1 is given for the best recipe each week, and every other recipe published receives a consolation prize of 2/6.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TART

One cup grated pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup breadcrumbs, yolks of 2 eggs.

Boil all together and cook a few minutes. Line sandwich tin with champagne pastry, put in mixture and bake. Beat whites of 2 eggs with 2 tablespoons sugar and put roughly on top, brown in oven, and serve with cream.

Champagne Pastry: 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, beat in well. Add sifted flour and baking powder. Spread with a knife in sandwich tin.

This makes a delicious summer tart.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Cornish, 71 Crown St., West Tamworth, N.S.W.

VIENNESE COFFEE CUP

One pint strong coffee, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup milk, 2 cups chopped ice, 2 eggs, 6 teaspoons thick, sweet cream, 1qt. aerated water, almond essence.

Put milk in double boiler and heat. Put a drop or two of almond essence with the coffee and add to milk—do not boil. Beat eggs and sugar together, add thick cream. Add to the coffee and milk and cook till done. Remove from fire, beat well, and leave to cool. Just before serving add whipped cream, aerated water, and ice. Pour into tall glasses and put a spoonful of whipped cream—flavored with grand marnier or curacoa—on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Janet Gately, Dingee, Vic.

HORSERADISH BISCUITS

Six ounces butter, 8oz. flour, 4oz. grated cheese, 2 eggs, a little milk, 1 gill thick cream, 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon salt.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub butter into flour. Add cheese, work into a stiff dough with whisked eggs and milk. Roll out dough, stamp into circles, prick tops and bake in oven till crisp.

When cool, sandwich two circles together with a mixture of horseradish and cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Holmes, 87 Barkly St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH SWEET CORN

Four or five eggs, 1 tin sweet corn, ½ cup milk, pinch salt, pepper, 1 large tomato, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon butter, sprig of mint.

Heat pan, and when hot add butter, fry the onion, then tomato (sliced finely). Beat the eggs in a basin, add the milk, salt, pepper, and mint. Put the mixture in the pan, add the sweet corn, and stir until it is cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. Bracker, Dawson St., Taroom, Qld.

MANGO CHUTNEY

Twelve pounds green mangoes, 2 lb. sugar, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. dates, ½lb. garlic or ½lb. onions, 8 small chillies, 4oz. green ginger, 2 oz. salt, 2 bottles vinegar.

Remove skins and stones from mangoes and boil mangoes in vinegar until quite soft, then add all the other ingredients, and boil for 30 minutes. Bottle while hot, but do not cover until chutney is cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joan Bruce, Walmsley St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

PEACH CAKES

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, castor sugar, cake filling or jam, icing sugar and water, cochineal, pieces of angelica or mint leaves to look like stem and leaves.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg and beat well, then add 3 tablespoons milk. Stir in flour. Cook in gem scone irons half filled with mixture. Bake about 15 minutes. Stick two together with filling and ice with thin icing sugar and water. Dip one side lightly in cochineal and roll in castor sugar; put piece of angelica or strips of mint leaves in for stem.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Preston, 12 Lacey St., Perth.

STEAK AND WALNUTS

One pound steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 6 pickled walnuts, 1 tablespoon walnut vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, sliced, fried or grilled tomatoes, creamed potatoes, and green peas.

Cut steak in 2in. squares and dip in seasoned flour. Heat butter, fry steak until brown both sides and lift on to plate. Sprinkle remaining flour in pan and stir until brown. Add water and stir until mixture boils. Replace steak in gravy and simmer slowly until steak is tender.

When cooking is complete, cut pickled walnuts in halves, add with walnut vinegar to steak. Serve meat on hot dish, pour gravy over, arrange walnuts around steak and serve with the sliced grilled or fried tomatoes. Arrange the creamed potatoes in circles on steak and fill with the cooked green peas. Sprinkle with parsley and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Ellison, Deeran St., Narrabri West, N.S.W.

BANANA FINGERS

Bananas, 8oz. dripping, 10oz. flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, salt.

Make shortcrust by dividing dripping into three parts. Rub one-third into flour, mix with as little water as possible, roll out, spread with one-third of dripping. Fold in three, roll out again, and spread with last of dripping. Roll out thinly and cut in strips about four inches long. Have banana cut in halves and quartered, place on pastry and sprinkle sugar over banana, roll up and bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

COCKTAIL JAM

One dozen small peaches, 1 doz. small apricots, 1 doz. small black plums, 1 lemon, 2 oranges, 6 passionfruit, 3lb. sugar.

Wash all fruit and peel peaches; cut up small. Thinly slice lemon and oranges and put in a large bowl. Add passionfruit and cover contents with 1lb. of sugar and leave all night. In the morning boil for two hours, then add the 2lb. of sugar and boil another ½ hour. Bottle while hot. When cold it has a delicious flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Reynolds, c/o 21 Crawford Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

INDIAN SARDINES

One tin sardines, 1 shallot, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon flour, stock or water, cooked rice or macaroni.

Fry the shallot, finely cut, in the oil from the sardines until yellow. Drain off the oil, add the curry powder and the flour to the shallot. Fry for 2 or 3 minutes. Add about ½ cup stock or water and boil for a few minutes. Have ready some cooked rice or macaroni and make a flat round mould of it in a dish. Place the sardines on this, tails to the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. Pour the sauce over the sardines, and heat in the oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

How to make the true

VIENNA CHEESE PRETZELS

1 *Whisk two eggs lightly till they fluff right up. Add 2 tablespoons of milk and ½ teaspoon of salt.*

2 *Mix ¾ cup of shredded Kraft Cheddar with 1 cup of self-raising flour, and sift gradually into egg mixture to make a very stiff dough.*

3 *Roll out thinly and cut into strips 4 inches long by ½ inch wide. Sprinkle thickly with salt and twist strips into curly shapes. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown.*

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Knit this Jumper

. . . with long or short sleeves

• It's such a youthful design with its close-fitting little collar, tailored lines, and unusual ribbed pattern. Make it in one of the new autumn shades.

THE smart new ribbed design is most effective and very easy to knit. Make this jumper now to wear with your winter suit.

Materials: 7oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool, shade 7639 (blue), 2oz. extra required for long sleeves, 1 No. 11 bone crochet hook.

Knitting Needles: 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 Vlyella needles.

Measurements: To fit 34-36-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 18½ inches. Short sleeve seam, 4½ inches. Long sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch; 9 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; m, make; tog., together.

Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 106 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ inches (28 rows).

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern:—

1st Row: * K 1, p 2, m 1, k 2 tog., p 2 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd and 4th Rows: * P 1, k 2, p 2, k 2 * repeat * to * to last st., p 1.

3rd Row: * K 1, p 2, k 2 tog., m 1, p 2 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

These 4 rows form the pattern. Continue in pattern for 2 inches.

Then increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row until 120 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 120 sts. until work measures 11½ inches from cast on, ending on wrong side of work.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 12 rows (94 sts.).

Continue in pattern on 94 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.

Cast off.

FRONT

Cast on 112 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ inches, working twice into last st. on last row. Work as for back until work measures 11½ inches. (There will be 127 sts. at end of side shaping.)

Shape Armholes: Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 13 rows (94 sts.).

Continue on 94 sts. until armholes measure 2¾ inches, ending on wrong side of work.

Divide for neck. Pattern 47 sts., turn, leave remaining sts. on spare needle.

Cast on 5 sts., work in pattern on 52 sts. until armhole measures 5½ inches, keeping 5 cast on sts. in g.-st., ending on right side of work.

Next Row: Cast off 13 sts., work to end.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 10 rows.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts., work pattern to last 2 sts., take 2 tog.

Next Row: Work in pattern.

Next Row: * Cast off 7 sts., work to end. Work back. * Repeat * to * once. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre to sts. left unworked and work in pattern until armholes measure 5½ inches, ending on wrong side of work.

Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts. Continue to match other half.

SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 78 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ inches (14 rows).

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Continue until work measures 4½ inches from cast on.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 2 rows (60 sts.).

Continue on 60 sts. until work measures 4 inches from cast off sts.

Next Row: * K 2 tog. * repeat * to * to end.

Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Cast on 56 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. (30 rows), increasing 1 st. at end of last row (57 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 77 sts. are on needle.

Continue in pattern on 77 sts. until work measures 18½ inches.

Shape top as for short sleeves.

COLLAR

Cast on 71 sts. on No. 9 needles.

Work in pattern increasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until 85 sts. are on needle, working twice into last st. on last row (86 sts.).

Cast on 36 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Continue in k 1, p 1 rib for 7 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

Sew the ribbed pieces along the side edges of collar, gathering the extra fullness at lower edge to make rounded corners.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Sew down edge of underwrap.

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes, gathering in extra fullness at top of sleeve.

Sew collar to neck edge.

Make 5 crochet buttons as follows: With No. 11 crochet hook make 3 chain, work single crochet into each st. Continue until circle is the size of a sixpence. Break yarn, leaving long end. With needle run round edge and draw up tightly.

Sew buttons on left front. Thread through holes of pattern on right front.

Press seams.

A JUMPER for wearing with your winter suit. Instructions for making on this page.

Re-knitting used wool

KNITTING wool that has already been knitted and is crinkled can be straightened out by rewinding it into a skein by passing it round the back of two chairs. Then hold the skein taut in front of the spout of a boiling kettle, and move it backwards and forwards through the steam until the kinks have disappeared.

Another method is to wind the yarn round an aluminium hot-water bottle, fill it with boiling water, and leave till cool. When the wool is removed, the kinks will have disappeared.

Cleanse false teeth by this easy method

A new method keeps false teeth stainless: put them with 'Steradent' powder into a tumbler of water, as directed on the tin. This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes by its own harmless, active energy. Leave your teeth in 'Steradent' overnight; or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.

Steradent
REGD. TRADE MARK
cleans and sterilizes false teeth
Reckitt (Over Seas) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

Simple Way to Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frozol-Ice, says grateful user. Only a few drops of Frozol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get for 1/6 at any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frozol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.***

The Modern Miss

takes Beecham's Pills

Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

'Worth a Guinea a Box.'

Youth IN YOUR LIPS PUTS DESIRE IN HIS HEART

The most wondrous thing about Michel is the way it restores youth to your lips. It replaces dryness and chapping with a soft persuasiveness which transforms your whole face. Love lives upon allure—and lips that know Michel allure with a power that is swift and strong. Little wonder that women skilled in love have learned to trust Michel. Even its fragrance is subtle, beckoning and unforgettable. . . . It is a staunch and faithful friend, too—despite rain and shine, it keeps lips lovely for hours longer. Which of the Michel shades is yours—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet or Raspberry? *Price 2/- each, obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

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MY NAME .....

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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Seek medical advice for a . . .

Painful Skin Infection

What My Patients Ask Me

• BY A DOCTOR •

PATIENT: I would like your advice about my small boy, doctor. He has a boil in his ear and it is very painful. What do you think would have caused it? He has been swimming a lot in the baths during the hot weather. Would that have anything to do with it?

DOCTOR: He has my sympathy. Boils can be extremely painful, as anyone who has suffered from them knows only too well. They seem to be prevalent lately. It is strange how they appear in a kind of "epidemic" from time to time.

Actually a boil commences as a local inflammation of the skin around the root of a hair, or a sweat gland, and from such a small beginning it grows to form an abscess cavity.

As it progresses, the root of the infected hair, or the sweat gland involved, dies, and the slough that is formed round it is cast off as a "core."

The usual progress of events is that the boil commences as a small red pimple, and becomes more and more painful, while the skin round about becomes inflamed.

Eventually the pus collects in one place, the boil "comes to a head" (causing much pain during the process) and then bursts and discharges the pus. It continues discharging till the core comes away.

Often a scar is left if the boil has been particularly large and troublesome.

The discharging pus contaminates the surrounding skin very easily, and if a plaster or dressing soiled by the pus comes into contact with the surrounding skin another boil or a crop of boils is likely to result.

For this reason soft, home-made poultices are not recommended in the treatment of boils. A favorite old-fashioned remedy is to put a bread poultice on the boil to "draw" it, but the result will be only a softened skin and probably a succession of secondary boils around the site of the first.

The safest thing to do when a boil appears is to take it along to the doctor, who will prescribe dry dressings and dry heat in the form of hot, dry sand or salt applied by means of a bag around the boil.

At the appropriate time he will save you much pain by lancing it. The relief obtained by a skilful lancing at the right time has to be experienced to be realised.

Build resistance

SOME people are much more prone to have boils than others. People who have greasy skins and a tendency to blackheads are liable to suffer from them and they generally afflict people who are in a lowered state of health.

If boils are to be avoided, then the body must be built up to resist infection. The best way to do this is to attend to your method of living.

As a general rule, a boil is an index of faulty nutrition.

The commonest faults are not enough fresh fruit and salad vegetables, milk, and cheese. Wholemeal bread is necessary for proper nourishment.

Most people eat too much sugar, cakes, scones and white bread. Lemons and oranges, papaws, and pineapples are excellent "fortifiers," because of the vitamin C they contain.

Great care should be taken, too, to see that the body is clean. Boils can strike anywhere, but their favorite locations are on the back of the neck, the face, and the buttocks. In such a painful spot as the ear a boil certainly needs medical attention.

As regards the chances of having become infected while swimming in the baths, it is difficult to say. Obviously, even if a pool is kept clean, one person suffering from a transmissible disease entering that pool may infect others.

Such things as colds, tonsillitis, sinus infections, ringworm, boils, and surfer's foot might quite possibly be contracted in public baths.

Many people who have had infections of the ear and of the head passages caught the infection probably while swimming in pools which are not equipped with a filtration system.

Anyone suffering from a cold or catarrh, or head infections, should definitely forgo swimming and diving for two reasons—first, because by so doing the infection may be forced into their sinuses or ears, and so give rise to serious complications: second, because by swimming in public baths they may bring trouble to others as well as themselves.

WHILE playing, this lad cut his wrist on the rough edge of a tin, but mother is guarding against any possible infection with prompt antiseptic treatment.

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally . . . without harsh drugs or medicines

The real trouble is, our modern diet contains little "bulk." Meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, white bread, milk—our daily staples—contain almost no bulk at all! They are so completely absorbed into the system that the residue they leave is too slight to move the bowels naturally. **This is the cause of common constipation.**

Harsh purgatives won't help. They don't get at the cause of the trouble. And, the unrestricted use of harsh purgatives is harmful.

What you need is "bulk".

You must eat regularly foods with enough "bulky" residue for the bowels to "take hold of". Then you'll get **natural and permanent** relief from constipation. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran — the delicious nut-sweet breakfast food that has natural "bulk". Kellogg's All-Bran acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit or vegetables, **but much more surely and thoroughly!**

It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of." Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively aids elimination. When you eat All-Bran regularly you need no harsh medicines!

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning — with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal! Do this every day, drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with irregularity. Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Management of twins

TWINS are very fascinating little people, and generally arouse interest wherever they go, especially if they are the type of twins who are "alike as two peas."

It is the acknowledged ambition of some mothers to be able to produce twins, while others are rather appalled at the thought at first of having two babies to feed and to care for.

In the early days twins are perhaps rather more trouble and work than one baby, but establishing a routine and a brisk method of carrying it through can save much time and fatigue, and as time goes on they are much less trouble to the mother than one babe.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and any reader interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet free of charge, by sending her request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

ALLURING SLIMNESS

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot derange the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Biggs, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tabs at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 3/- each, 10/6 for 8 pkts., post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.***

Buy 3 tins of OLD DUTCH at a time

Save time and steps by keeping one tin of Old Dutch in the kitchen . . bathroom . . garage. Old Dutch will save you work, too, because of its ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION: 1—Cuts grease quickly; 2—Makes cleaning easier. It doesn't scratch like sandy, gritty cleaners, and saves you money because it goes so far.

GET THIS *RAZOR-EDGE* KITCHEN KNIFE FOR HALF USUAL COST!

Just what your kitchen needs, a really sharp knife that holds its edge, slices meat wafer-thin or cuts even hot bread. Strongly constructed with a stainless blade that doesn't tarnish or rust and a handle securely fastened with brass rivets. You'll appreciate the value of this razor-edged knife every time you use it. **Get yours while stocks last.**

TO CUDAHY & CO. PTY. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.

Please send me a QUICKUT Kitchen Knife. I enclose Postal Note for 2/6 and windmill pictures from 3 Old Dutch labels.

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ADDRESS _____

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

In a cheval design . . .
DUCHESSE SET

To bring grace to your bedroom—this duchesse set in a cheval design, on pastel-colored sheer linen or dainty organdie.

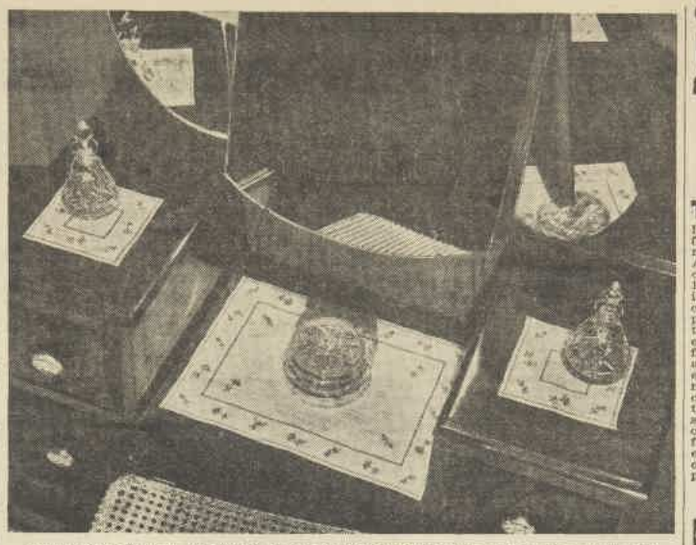
IT may be obtained traced ready for working from our Needlework Department, on blue, green, white or pink sheer linen; or on organdie in the same pretty shades.

The conventional flower design features a fine hemstitched edge and an inner line traced ready for stem-stitch.

Anchor stranded cottons in all the required shades are also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 1½d. per skein.

The stitches used for the embroidery are stem-stitch, French knots, and satin-stitch.

Prices for the traced duchesse set are: On sheer linen, 2/9; on organdie, 2/6, post free.



THIS COLORFUL FLOWER-DESIGN DUCHESSE SET will add freshness and charm to your dressing-table. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced ready for embroidery.

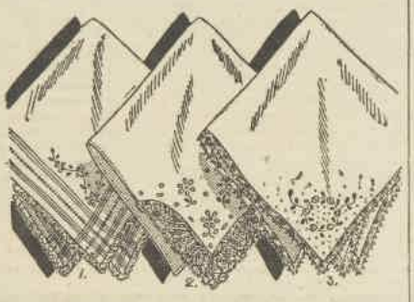
A CLOSE-UP VIEW of the flower design of the duchesse set. The chart illustrates the stitches used and the colors of Anchor stranded cottons required for working.

- 497 - U
- 492, 441 - K
- 761, 483, 497, 493 - R

U - Stem St
K - French knots
R - Satin St

EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS

DELICATE lace-edged handkerchiefs, daintily embroidered in soft pastel colors, are traced ready for working on fine white linen or cotton. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.



PRETTILY hand - worked handkerchiefs make such acceptable gifts to friends or relatives. You can give them singly or in boxes of half-a-dozen.

If you're wise you'll want to embroider some now, to keep handy for unforeseen birthdays. The dainty handkerchiefs illustrated are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for embroidery. Work them in soft pastel shades of peach, blue, primrose or cyclamen.

No. 1 design is on fine quality white linen, with hemstitched line about 2 inches from the edge. The pretty lace edge has very fine tucks. Traced ready for working, price 1/- each or 5/6 for box of six.

No. 2 design, size 11 by 11 inches, has a guipure corner and design ready for embroidery. On white cotton. Price 6d. each or box of six for 3/3.

No. 3 design, with dainty pattern ready traced, is on pure white linen with a lace edge. Price 1/- each or 5/6 for a box of six.

Postage free.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

• She loves saving time round the house and is always ready to pass on her useful hints to you. She says:

BURNERS of a gas stove should be detached and cleaned periodically. The simplest way to clean them is to place them in a large bowl and cover with a hot soda solution (about ½lb. of soda to a gallon of water). Usually a light scrub with a brush will be sufficient to remove grease, but in the case of difficulty steel wool or a wire brush can be used.

* * *

A GOOD polisher for wooden floors can be easily made with a wooden block covered with several thicknesses of flannel.

* * *

THE only satisfactory method of dealing with those white marks on polished surfaces (caused by hot plates or damp utensils) is to rub lightly with a soft rag moistened with olive oil and a little fine pumice. When the marks are worked out the surface will have to be finished off with french polishing. This is the only way to remove bad scorch marks that have penetrated into the polish.

* * *

LARDERS, pantries, and shelves or cupboards where food is stored should be cleaned out once a week. Just remove everything from the shelves and then wash or brush down the ceiling and walls. Never sweep your larder—it only raises dust. Instead, scrub the floor and shelves with hot water, soda, and a little disinfectant. Thoroughly clean any utensils or covers.

SWEEP up any crumbs that have fallen from the dining-table on to the carpet directly after a meal. Don't leave them to be trodden into the carpet. They will be much harder to remove, and may cause bad stains.

* * *

FOR stains on the carpet (and especially on the hearthrug, where careless cleaning of the fireplace sometimes leaves blacklead marks) make a paste of fuller's earth, warm water and a dash of ammonia. Spread it evenly over the stain and brush off gently when the paste is dry. If it is not successful the first time, try again. Often the second application brings results.

* * *

SCRUB wooden floors with the grain. Wipe the dirty, soapy water away with another flannel and rub each scrubbed part as dry as you can. And of course you will leave the door and windows open until the floor is dry.

* * *

EGGS are less liable to crack when you are storing them in the larder or pantry if you use a wooden egg-rack.

* * *

WHEN disconnecting an electric iron, jug, or other electrical appliance, always hold the plug, and not the cord. Faulty cords can cause dangerous accidents.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Get More Security For
FALSE TEETH
Loosened by Shrinking Gums

The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm, even foundation it needs. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to changed gums. And until your dentist has made this change you can use and count on FASTEETH to give valuable daily aid in holding a wabbly plate more securely. FASTEETH, sprinkled on your plate, forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearances from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly **alkaline** (non-acid) FASTEETH checks gum soreness or burning due to chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH to-day from any chemist, and enjoy ease and confidence of a more securely held plate.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to keener eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

FASTEETH

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

MARRIED MALES...
D'you want your wife to LOOK PRETTIER?

So many wives concentrate on face cosmetics and let hair-beauty take second place. Take home today to your wife this remarkable new shampoo tonic, Brunitex. You will see how the silky sparkle of her hair will reflect in her face. For Brunitex gives hair that beautiful "alive" look. Buy BRUNITEX today and tomorrow you will think you are married to a new woman.

BRUNITEX
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

HE CALLED IN A TAXI
AND TOOK HER TO DINE

THOUGH HER TASTES WERE EXPENSIVE
HE THOUGHT HER DIVINE

BUT WORK-STAINED HANDS PAINED HER
SHE SOON LEFT HIM FLAT

IF ONLY HE'D KNOWN
TO USE SOLVOL FOR THAT!

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO WASH! IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO SCRUB! TO GET WORK-STAINED HANDS REALLY CLEAN YOU MUST USE SOLVOL! THE RICH SOLVOL LATHER PENETRATES THE PORES AFTER HARD-AND-FAST GRIME. IT DISSOLVES ALL KINDS OF STAINS, OIL AND GREASE... AND YET IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.
WHENEVER YOU WASH YOUR HANDS USE SOLVOL

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers", booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

It's easy to grow . . .

MUSHROOMS at home!

How easily mushrooms can be grown is not realised by the home gardener, who imagines that one has to erect a costly dark dungeon before he or she can get enough mushrooms to mount on a piece of toasted bread.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

IN recent years this interesting hobby-crop has been taken up as a very payable sideline by many people, and mushroom-spawn producers have developed a good business.

The chief points for successful mushroom-growing are, first, pure culture spawn, a cold, dark cellar or similar place, carefully prepared compost, and some patience.

Add to this a spray to keep down insects, convenient water supply, a strong back and muscular arms, and the ingredients for success are on hand.

For ordinary purposes the intending mushroom-grower will need a quantity of manure. Horse or cow manure is regarded as the best medium.

This should be prepared in a shed with open sides, but supplied with means for protecting the compost from rain.

The manure should be piled into a heap from 4ft. to 5ft. high and any length, and must be turned over five times in three weeks, with intervals of three to four days.

When making the pile, to begin with the manure should be watered until very wet, but not so wet as to allow the water to run from it on to the ground.

The heap should be watered again when turned on the second occasion, but on the third turn it should not be made so wet.

On the fourth and fifth turns it should not require any more water.

On the fifth turn the heap should be left standing for four days.

Any white patches resembling cigarette ashes that appear when turning should be sprinkled at once, as this indicates burning.

When four days have elapsed after the fifth turn, the compost should be ready, and should be steamy moist, but not wet.

A handful of the finished compost squeezed with the pressure of both hands should retain the shape of the hands, but not a single drop of moisture should fall from it.

It should not leave any free moisture on the hands when squeezed, and should have lost all its objectionable manure smell.

If any moisture falls from the compost after it has been treated in this way for three weeks, it must be regarded as useless; but in such cases it can be brought back into condition by adding 30 to 50 per cent. fresh manure and leaving in a heap for about five days.

The fresh manure will cause the heap to steam and discharge the excessive moisture.

HOME-GROWN mushrooms produced from pure-culture spawn. Those in the basket are an ideal size, but the large ones have been allowed to grow too big and coarse.

Avoid over-watering

IT is important to bear in mind that over-watering after the third turn can be very harmful or even disastrous to the compost.

The compost must then be laid out into a bed 18 inches in height in a dark shed or cellar, or even a cave or tunnel, where the mushrooms are to grow.

The bed should be tramped down firmly, and another foot of compost placed on top and again tramped down. Both sides and tops should be firmed.

The compost bed should then be left for 7 to 9 days. The spawn is then broken up into lumps the size of a walnut, and embedded in the compost from ½ to 1 inch deep and 8 inches apart.

This should be done with the fingers, scraping away the compost, burying the lumps of spawn and pressing them well in to make close contact with the compost.

After spawning, the bed is left alone for a week, and should be covered over with newspapers or sheets of corrugated iron to prevent too much moisture leaving the compost.

A week later the covers are removed and the compost bed covered with 1 to 1½ inches of moist, sandy soil. The soil should be moist, but not wet, and should be spread over evenly and not pressed.

The bed is then left alone for four to five weeks, after which the casing soil is made as moist again by light spraying as it was when first placed on the bed.

This has to be done most carefully, for if the water is applied carelessly and reaches the compost, this may be spoiled.

The bed will require little watering if the walls and paths in between the bed or beds are kept damp.

Provided everything has been done correctly, the first mushrooms should be obtained in six to seven weeks from the time of planting the spawn.

Readers who are interested in this hobby-crop can obtain full particulars by writing to me direct.

Now that the cooler weather is approaching, intending mushroom-growers should get started, for the crop does really well in the cool months of the year, when temperatures can be controlled.

Mushrooms can also be grown outdoors by lifting pieces of turf in fields or lawns, filling the bottom with compost and putting bits of spawn in on top, later re-covering with the removed turf.

Numerous plantings of this kind can be made in a lawn or grassy paddock, and fresh, unfermented manure can be used in place of compost, although the results are not so good.

Plant crepe myrtles now

CREPE MYRTLE (lagerstroemia) is coloring many gardens just now with its pink, white, or mauve flowers.

This shrub is one of the most suitable for the average garden. It grows eight to ten feet high, and is deciduous.

Being easily adaptable to very hot climates, it will withstand dry weather well.

There are three types of lagerstroemia—Indica (pink), Alba (white), and Eavesii (clear mauve). The shrub can be planted now or at any time up to June. It can also be planted again in September.

- ECONOMICAL
- HYGIENIC
- ULTRA-SMART
- A NATURAL PRODUCT
- BUILT FOR SERVICE
- LAST A LIFETIME
- AVOID IMITATIONS
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Our quality and price leave pretentious competitors far behind. Let us quote you on complete Home Units. We make to your special order.

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HIDE SPECIALISTS

Exhibition Suite

THIS GENUINE HIDE LOUNGE SUITE is meritoriously outstanding. It is not only magnificently rich in its simplicity of design, but indestructible by reason of its quality and superb construction. The cushions can be had in any contrasting color. Velvet or Tapestry. Any color hide can be had £49/10/-

Exclusive

AN ALL EMPIRE PRODUCT
99% AUSTRALIAN

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CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Makes Salads More Tempting

in QUARTS and PINTS

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Economy and charm in

A COUNTRY HOUSE

● An attractive country house built with an eye to economy, without sacrificing comfort or beauty. A sun balcony runs the length of the house.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW of the house, showing to advantage the attractive sun balcony, and terraced lawn leading to the swimming pool.

SHELTERED by the overhanging sun balcony, this cool terrace provides a pleasant spot for outdoor dining.

LOUNGE and dining-room are connected by a wide arch. Note how furnishing and color schemes of both rooms are cleverly matched up.

THIS pleasant country home in an outlying suburb has utilised wood for the upper part of the house to harmonise with the background of fir-trees.

Because the owners use the swimming pool as a social and recreational centre, prominence was given to the pool, with steps leading from the front door down to the lawn and the pool.

White exterior walls are broken by a long sun balcony running the length of the house. This can be shaded by gay red-and-white striped movable shutters if the sun is too hot.

The interior walls are white with a faint tint of ivory, which gives a warmer tone than dead white. Wide windows and a glass door provide glimpses of the lovely garden.

By Our
HOME DECORATOR

Light maple is effectively used for the walls, the low ceiling, and the wide doors between lounge and dining-room, large windows let in the maximum of sun and air, and at night the windows are screened by long chintz curtains hanging gracefully from the ceiling. The chintzes are blue and red on an ivory background.

Economy and good taste combine with telling effect in the furnishing in similar materials of the lounge and dining-room. This enables the two rooms to be used in combination for entertaining. Even the chairs of one room can be brought into the other if required without disturbing the harmonious effect.

The delicate tracery of a wrought iron chandelier which is fitted with electric bulbs serves to enhance the modern simplicity of the furniture.

Serving as a small bar is the corner cupboard, with convenient bench covered in straw ribbons. Nearby stands a small round table and easy chair upholstered in pigskin.

A lamp covered with the same attractive chintz as the curtains provides an additional link between the two rooms.

DYNAMEL
THAT CUPBOARD!

Dynamel your old furniture new!
You'll Get a Mirror-Smooth Gloss First Time

Dynamel is better than enamel because it dries twice as fast! Twice as hard! No brushmarks. You can scrub that mirror-smooth gloss. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere.

FREE Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me your NEW BOOK ON KITCHENS—packed with color schemes for everything from kitchen walls and doors to cannisters and chairs. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.
Name
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Alias the Baron

by ANTHONY MORTON

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly
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ALIAS THE BARON

By ANTHONY MORTON

GALINET pulled open a drawer in the Louis Quinze desk, and took out a bunch of keys.

"It is your wish, M'sieu Mannering. I warn you, the Dellamont emeralds make bad blood. Galinet would not say that to stop you buying. He is your friend: he would not have you possess the Emeralds of Discord."

"The Emeralds of Discord, are they?" John Mannering said. "Do you know, Galinet, I'm more inclined to have them now than when I came in."

"Pah!" exclaimed Galinet. "You will always laugh, M'sieu Mannering, never was there such a man for taking the world not serious. But"—a shake of a grey, unshapely head—"I have done my part, I would not quarrel with you. But those emeralds, trouble they will cause for you."

He opened a small safe standing against the wall of the exquisitely furnished room, and Mannering smiled inwardly at the simplicity of the lock. Any cracksman of average ability could easily force the safe within five minutes . . .

His thoughts were interrupted as Galinet brought a small, black case from the safe, leaving the door wide open and showing several cases of similar size inside. Mannering, whom some people knew as the Baron, jewel-thief extraordinary, reminded himself that he had come to buy honestly, and to give no thought to ulterior motives.

He watched the ugly little Frenchman with amusement. There were jewel-merchants who traded only for profit, others who had the collector's passion for precious stones. Galinet was of the latter school. Unlocking the clasp of the case he opened it with a gesture of superb showmanship. In the bright sunlight streaming through the window of the first-floor room in the Rue de Rivoli the Dellamont emeralds glowed like green fires.

Without speaking Galinet lifted the necklet slowly and handed it to Mannering. Mannering held it a foot in front of his eyes, his lips curved in a smile of appreciation, his mind making the decision which had been in the balance.

"I'll have them," he said at last, and Galinet breathed heavily, as though the tension had snapped.

"So. They are yours, M'sieu Mannering. I hope you will not wish you had never decided to buy."

"You know, Galinet," said Mannering, "you sound almost as if you believed the legend."

"As if I do!" The little man flared up again. "Who am I to question it, M'sieu Mannering! Those who have owned the Dellamont emeralds lose their friends. It is a fact! Did not Napoleon have them, as one by one his friends deserted him? Did not the sad, unhappy Josephine know their influence?

"M'sieu, I will make you the wager. In six months you will wish you had not seen the Emeralds of Discord. You, John Mannering, will be trying to find for them a new owner. But they will not be so easily sold as they were bought."

"If I stay here much longer," said Mannering, "you'll almost convince me, Galinet." He replaced the emeralds in their case, sat down, and took a cheque-book from his pocket.

Ten minutes later, Mannering left the shop and walked into the blazing sunshine, seeing beyond the railings of the Tuileries Gardens the riotous confusion of mid-spring flowers.

It was a year since he had been in Paris, but he was not likely to forget what had brought him then, even if he was away for fifty years.

Reputed dilletante, wealthy bachelor, as well known in Paris and the Riviera as in London, engaged—so rumor had it—to Lorna, only daughter of Lord Fauntley, there was always the ghost of the Baron at Mannering's shoulder.

Here and there about the world were people who knew his identity as the Baron, some of whom might, one day, become a menace. The police of four countries had "unsolved" jewel-robberies on their records; in both England and France there were detectives who knew the Baron, but lacked the proof to act against him.

There were times when he laughed at the past, others when it worried him. With no apparent reason he was vaguely disturbed that morning. Galinet's exaggerated forebodings about the Dellamont emeralds might have sponsored it, or else the sharpness of the recollection of his last trip to Paris.

He walked towards the Champs-Elysees, thoughtless of the noisy traffic. And as he walked, a nondescript-looking man of medium height followed him, always on the opposite side of the road, and always fifty yards behind him.

FROM the window of a third-floor room at l'hotel Cumart, in a side-street off the Avenue de l'Opera, came the harsh blare of traffic.

It failed, however, to disturb the man lying, fully-dressed, on the double bed.

His sharp features were attractive, even if the mouth was thin and straight, and the chin suggested weakness. Dark, crinkly hair was brushed straight back from a wide forehead.

M'sieu Paul Rentu was at ease.

When at last he did stand up he proved to be broad and well-filled, even for his six feet of height. His walk to the bell, by the door, was silent, almost stealthy. As he reached it, the door opened, and a man of medium height came in; his like might have been seen a thousand times in the streets of Paris that day. He was dressed in a new blue-grey suit, brown shoes, and a new Trilby hat, and the general effect made him look uncomfortable.

"Ah, Corbertes," greeted Rentu, his eyes narrowing. "You are late."

"I am on time," growled Corbertes. He took a cigarette from a crumpled packet, stuck it in the corner of his mouth, and lit it from a petrol-lighter.

"He was there this morning," he said gruffly. "From ten o'clock until eleven. Then he walked to his hotel."

"So." Rentu sipped thoughtfully. "What did he bring?"

"I don't know. He had a packet, I saw the bulge in his pockets."

"It is promising," said Rentu thoughtfully. "Mannering would not visit Galinet unless he was buying, and Galinet would not be likely to sell him a trifle. Is there no way of finding out what it was?"

"It is unlikely. I have arranged with Pierre to say if he leaves it in the hotel safe, or in his room."

"Are there safes in l'hotel Mirage?"

"In the rooms, you mean. Yes. But of no account. If he does not go to the manager, will you work to-night, Rentu?"

"As you say, my friend."

"And you will send the jewels, as usual, to Pienne?"

"Of course." Rentu smiled, and there was a touch of derision in his expression. "How often have I to tell you that I am a loyal member of our party?"

"You don't have to tell me," growled Corbertes, "you have to prove it. Remember you will be watched, Rentu, you are not trusted—so I shall see you to-morrow."

. . . . . .

At ten o'clock that night, Rentu tele-

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phone bell rang, and he picked the instrument up quickly. A porter of the Hotel Mirage spoke:

"He has not made any request, M'sieu. You will come by the side door, M'sieu, at one o'clock?"

"Of course."

"The key to his room will be on the board. Twenty-eight."

"It could not be easier, Pierre, I am grateful to you."

THE rooms of l'hotel Mirage were bolted from the inside by a small, easily-moved catch which was fastened to the door and slipped into a socket in the doorjamb.

At one o'clock that night, Rentu used oil on the key of Room 28, slipped it noiselessly into the hole, and unlocked the door.

He opened it with a sharp movement, stepped inside and pushed it behind him so that only a thin streamer of light gleamed from the passage.

From inside the room came the sound of deep, regular breathing.

Behind his mask Rentu smiled, and closed the door very gently.

He stepped cautiously towards the bed, the shape of which he could just distinguish against the light-colored wall. The dim light, too, showed him the figure of the man stretched on the bed, both arms clear of the sheets, face turned slightly towards the window.

Rentu drew the gas pistol from his pocket, and stepped forward until he was within a foot of the bed, two feet away from the sleeper's face. His finger on the trigger, the gas pistol moved slowly towards the mouth and nose.

It was less than six inches away when Mannering moved. Next moment, his right hand jerked upwards.

He held the thumb and forefinger wide apart, and pushed at the other's wrist. Caught in the V, Rentu's hand was sent high above the Baron's face. As his fingers jerked on the trigger there was a sharp hiss of escaping gas, spending itself against the bare wall; then a sudden thrust from Mannering's left fist sent him to the floor.

Rentu fell heavily, and lay where he fell, too badly winded to do anything in self-defence. Mannering, cool now that the moment of emergency was past, picked up the gas-pistol and stepped backwards towards the door, and the light switch.

Then, as he found the switch and the clear light of the wall-lamps shone about the room, he saw the crumpled figure of the man lying there, no longer holding a gas-pistol but with his face half-covered by a blue scarf that might have been from the Baron's own wardrobe.

To Mannering the sight was fantastic. It was as if he were looking at a film of himself.

The other was recovering slowly, his breathing was easier. Mannering stared down at the mask, into the scared blue eyes, before he tugged the scarf down to the man's chest. The sharp, regular features were unfamiliar.

"I hardly expected you," said Mannering easily. "Sit up, won't you?"

He helped him up, and placed him so that he leaned against the panel of the bed. He himself squatted at the foot. He kept hold of the gas-pistol, warned himself that he had to go warily; he must not give this fellow any inkling of the fact that the disguise and the weapon were so familiar.

"Not exactly a successful escapade," he said in a deceptively soft voice. "Who are you?"

Rentu looked towards the window.

"I—do you not recognise me?"

"Recognise you!" exclaimed Mannering, startled again, "I don't know you from Adam."

"I—am the Baron."

"Oh," said Mannering, staring blankly.

The absurdity of the situation grew. Then Mannering took a firm hold on himself and leaned forward, some of the softness gone from his voice.

"I'm beginning to understand," he said. "The police, I think, will be very glad to have a word with the Baron." Still he felt nonplussed, seeing the difficulties of taking this man to the nearest Commissariat de Police and giving him in charge, testifying that he had called himself the Baron.

Rentu was stammering:

"The police—no, they——"

Mannering stood up abruptly, his voice hard.

"Let us stop stalling. What were you after?"

"You—your jewels." Rentu was making an effort to regain his self-control, and there was a note approaching truculence in his manner as he went on. "You will not go to the police, Mannering, if you do——"

"Well?" Mannering's voice was dangerously hard.

"There will be others who will make you suffer, understand that! I do not work alone, the Baron has men——"

"I'm remembering things about the Baron," said Mannering. "He is reputed always to work alone, and to be the cleverest jewel-thief in England. You—well, I would hardly call this effort clever, and you admit you don't work alone. There's something odd about you, little man. What is it?"

"I have talked enough," said Rentu. With his physical recovery from the attack his confidence was returning, and he sneered into Mannering's face. "If I am not away from here soon, you will find others——"

"We'll wait for the others, I'd like to hand the lot over to the police," said Mannering.

"I—M'sieu!" Rentu's voice went upwards, in sudden appeal. "I have taken nothing of yours, done you no harm! Will you go to the police, will you condemn a helpless man to years of captivity? M'sieu, I can see, is what the English call the sport. I ask you——"

"You're more afraid of the police than I thought you were," snapped the Baron. "I might forget to send for them if you tell me who you are, how you got here, and why you chose me for a victim. It depends on what you tell me, understand that, and you will have to promise never to repeat——"

"M'sieu!" Never again will I try such a thing! Listen, I will tell you. I am Rentu, Paul Rentu, of country birth——"

"We can miss the personal details," said Mannering.

"As you wish, M'sieu!" Rentu seemed as though he could not speak fast enough. "I am a poor man. I meet one who tells me I can make much money. He tells me you are here, that the side door of the hotel is open, that your room number is twenty-eight. I am to take the key, enter, take what I can from the safe, and escape. Then I am to have a share of the money. M'sieu, every word is true, I swear it!"

There was a skeleton of the truth in the words, Mannering fancied, and he let the other think that, for the time being at least, he was convinced.

"I see. And what were you to find in the safe? You mentioned jewels."

"Yes, yes, you"—Rentu gulped, and hurried on—"you have been watched, M'sieu. The excellent M'sieu Mannering, he collects jewels of great value. This morning he visits M'sieu Galinet. He comes out with a package. That package is not lodged with the manager, M'sieu, and so——"

"M'sieu Mannering."

It was a soft voice, and it held a note of menace. It came from the door, and the Baron swung round. He saw a man of middle height standing there, his thin, sallow, pock-marked face expressionless, his lips twisted, shoulders hunched slightly forward. In his right hand there was an automatic: it did not waver.

"Corbertes!" gasped Rentu. "I——"

"Quiet, imbecile!" Corbertes snarled the words at Rentu, without taking his eyes off Mannering, who was trying to assess the danger of this new emergency.

For what it was worth, he knew two names: Rentu and Corbertes; and he could sense the second man's anger at Rentu's exclamation.

But his chief concern was the gun.

There was a sardonic gleam in Corbertes' eyes.

"I regret the need, M'sieu Mannering," he said, "for this visit. It is known that you buy jewels, and we arrange to have them. Rentu was chosen to take them from you. He is new to us. He believes that by pretending to be the Baron he will make himself invincible. Alas, it is an illusion. The Baron is clever and brave, Rentu will never be that. M'sieu will understand my regret at this, but——" He shrugged his hunched shoulders. "Be so good as to turn about."

The gun moved for the first time, but it was not that which made the Baron obey. It was the movement of Corbertes' left hand, towards his pocket. A moment later the soft light fell on the knife held between the other's fingers, and Mannering knew the uncanny accuracy of the apache with a knife, knew that a single throw would be enough to kill him, silently.

Mannering turned about.

Even then he did not know whether he could be sure of safety, the knife might yet be used. He stood tense, every muscle ready for action, and he stared into a mirror which reflected Corbertes' left hand.

Corbertes laughed, a soft, mocking, unnerving sound.

"I shall not kill you, M'sieu, you have been so obliging. Rentu, you have at last a chance of using that fine gas-gun of yours."

Rentu was scowling, but he picked up the gas pistol—it held a double charge, and one had already been expended — and stepped towards the Baron. Mannering drew a deep breath, determined not to breathe as the gas came, to pretend unconsciousness. Corbertes' sardonic laugh was the last thing to echo in his ears, for Rentu struck him sharply on the stomach, making him breathe in convulsively; and then the gas came, sharp, acrid, and yet faintly sweet.

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BY midday the next day Mannering, little the worse for his encounter, had reported the affair to Monsieur Bon, genial little agent of the Paris Surete.

At half-past three he was on the arrival platform of the Blue Arrow train from the Riviera. At twenty-five to four he saw Lorna Fauntley, dealing efficiently with a group of blue-jacketed porters. By the time he reached that slim, upright figure so obviously English, three porters had darted off on her instructions and the others were belatedly trying to find fresh clients.

Lorna turned, and her rather heavy features relaxed as she saw Mannering.

"Hullo, John, I didn't expect you."

"A friend found in a foreign land," said Mannering as their hands gripped. "Good journey?"

"Better than usual," admitted Lorna. "Peter Forsyth was on the train, the man's a fool but he is entertaining."

"Forsyth?" Mannering looked about the platform, and from the far end he saw the approaching figure of a large, amiable-looking man, who bore down on them with a wide smile and hand outstretched.

"'Lo Mannering, I can deliver Lorna to your tender mercies now. My luggage was up the other end," added the Hon. Peter Forsyth, as though explaining why he had not alighted with Lorna.

He chattered for a while, seemed to have time to spare and be anxious to have their company, while Mannering wished him to perdition. The large man could be good fun, but that moment was not one when he appealed to the Baron. Lorna seemed to enjoy it, until Forsyth shook both her hands.

"Well, must be off—got to get over to the Gare du Nord, just about time. 'Bye!"

"When did you arrive?" Lorna asked as she moved off with Mannering, keeping an eye on a lanky porter.

"The day before yesterday. I wasn't sure I'd be able to stay, so I didn't wire you." They walked to his cab, sat inside while the luggage was loaded, saying little; but Mannering felt a deep contentment. Lorna seemed to be buried in herself, but he made no comment on it, it was not unusual.

One of the major puzzles for those innocents and gossips who found in the eccentricities of London Society food for speculation was the Mannering-Fauntley association.

Actually, the truth was simple. Lorna was already married: a farcical relationship with a man who had swept her off her feet and urged a registry office wedding in the Midlands, who had disappeared after a week to present himself again only when he wanted money. In the course of years Lorna had discovered that he spent most of his time in prison, and slowly she had forced herself to realise that the marriage must be kept secret, and there was no question of a divorce. Her father's political ambitions would be ruined if the sordid story came out: and she had determined not to let it.

Only Mannering knew.

Rennigan, her husband, was satisfied with the money for his silence, and if there was a bright factor in the association it was that he cared nothing where she went nor what she did, and kept away from her while she continued to pay him.

Between Lorna and Mannering there had been talk, often enough, of her divorce, until Mannering was convinced that nothing would move her until her father realised his ambition, or failed in the attempt.

Lorna, with her family interests, painting—she was a prominent exponent of the New English school, and held an exhibition every year, either in Paris or London—had more to take her mind off the problem than Mannering. There were times when the urge to be busy as the Baron, to crush the rebellion he felt against his abnormal love-affair, was almost too strong to fight against. In those moments he would have welcomed a return to the game of crackmanship.

It seemed that one was coming, and he smiled a little as he thought of Lorna's reaction to the incident of the previous night.

"Secret thoughts?" asked Lorna, out of her silence.

"Shared with the Surete and others," said the Baron, and gripped her arm. "Merely defensive, darling, I've been guilty of no acts of aggression yet. It'll keep until we're at the hotel. When are you leaving for England?"

"In the morning, if you——"

"That suits me, unless anything else transpires, and I don't think it's likely," he said. "Have you ever heard of the Dellamont emeralds?"

"I've a vague idea about them, yes. Why?"

Mannering related the stories from Galinet with a satire that made Lorna laugh aloud. But she was not laughing when, in his room, he told her of the attempt to steal the emeralds. She was worried, he knew, and her brows knitted, she spoke slowly as though considering every word.

"You're sure this man Rentu wasn't just talking?"

"The more I think of it the more I think he was acting on instructions. Corbertes leads this bright organisation, and the idea might—the 'might' emphasised—be that every haul is to be made by a man disguised with my familiar trade-mark, and thus put the police on the wrong trail. It's a neat arrangement, when you think of it—if it's true."

"Neat!" said Lorna scornfully. "It's infamous. What are you going to do?"

"Wait, watch, and see," said the Baron, "and if necessary, of course, enter the lists again. I don't want to, but if I'm right, if Rentu was put up to this and it's going to be an organised case of alias the Baron——" He broke off, smiling, but without much humor, thinking of the time, only the previous day, when he had reflected on the hopelessness of escape from the past which he had created.

He went on more briskly:

"There may be nothing in it, and at all events if the Baron gets caught in Paris while I'm in London, it might persuade the sceptics that I was never a cracksman."

"You won't do that," said Lorna with feeling. "Bristow would never believe it, no matter what circumstantial evidence he had. John, why not fly over to-night? Anyhow, I want to get back quickly."

"I'll ring for a reservation on the night plane," said Mannering.

Before he lifted the receiver the telephone rang, and he heard a familiar voice, excitable and distinctive. It was Bon's.

"That is M'sieu Mannering? Bon! M'sieu, I have the most urgent task for you. It is a question of an identification. I've found Rentu—I think, M'sieu. At your pleasure I will be at your hotel, in my automobile, at twenty minutes time—merci, M'sieu—pardon?—But yes, of course, one little hour and afterwards where you wish—merci, M'sieu."

TWENTY minutes precisely passed before Bon's car drew up outside the Mirage. Mannering hurried down to the foyer, to find the little fat man waiting for him.

"M'sieu, I am in your debt. This Rentu—you are sure you would recognise him?"

"Quite certain."

"Good!" Mannering was conscious of a sideways glance from the Inspector; it was almost furtive, and he wondered what the other had omitted to tell him.

He had not long to wonder. Ten minutes later, in a tall grey-walled building, he was staring down at the dead body of Paul Rentu.

"So—it is him?" Bon whispered, beside him.

"Yes. Quite beyond doubt."

"It is enough," said Bon, and he gripped Mannering's wrist and led him out of the morgue.

Directly the door closed behind them Bon flew off into an excited dissertation. Rentu had named Corbertes, had nearly failed in his work, had been afraid of Corbertes. Corbertes, then, had murdered Rentu. It was simple—a fact as certain as the death of the man. He——

"How was he killed?" asked Mannering.

"Parbleu, M'sieu, how would Corbertes kill? With a knife to the stomach—he is the foul fiend, this Corbertes; M'sieu, I beg, I pray you to think of Corbertes. His voice, his eyes, all there was about him."

"I've told you all I can," said Mannering with an effort. "The only distinguishing marks were pockmarks. Will you want me for the inquest?"

"M'sieu? But of course, l'enquete. M'sieu need have no fear, his signed statement—the word of M'sieu John Mannering, it will be all we shall require. I have satisfied myself, M'sieu, that M'sieu Mannering is irreproachable."

No hint of embarrassment showed in the bright eyes as he made the statement: he seemed proud of his industry. Mannering hoped he was unaware of the stab of apprehension that his words caused.

Obviously, Bon had not inquired of Scotland Yard!

IT was the misfortune of Chief Inspector William (Old Bill) Bristow that he had charge of the jewel squad of Scotland Yard. As far as a C.I.D. officer could be, Bristow was popular both inside the Yard and in the purlieus of the East and West Ends, each of which harbored its share of jewel-thieves, fences, experts, craftsmen and under-cover buyers, all working together to defeat Bill Bristow's endeavors.

Bill was known to be thorough, painstaking, occasionally brilliant, and always accurate. He knew more than any other man at the Yard, perhaps in all England, of the habits of jewel-thieves and their associates. He knew the intricate processes of jewel-robberies, the chances of the recovery of stolen gems.

Yet none of this knowledge had enabled

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him to deal with his pet abomination—the Baron!

For over three years Bristow had known him. For most of them he had also known that the Baron was John Mannering, and he had sworn frequently to gather proof for a conviction. He failed so often that he called Mannering lucky—one reason why among a select circle of police "Lucky John Mannering" was a catch-phrase.

There were times when Bristow was almost glad of this.

On one occasion Mannering had saved his life. On another he had prevented an innocent man going to the gallows. And, in addition, he was a likeable man. And so Bristow was torn between gratitude, respect, admiration and liking for the Baron, and the duty which made it imperative to put every cracksman behind bars for the common good.

For nearly six months he had heard nothing of the Baron's activities. Their last duel had been unusual, inasmuch as Mannering had worked illegally to uphold the law, and Bristow would have been quite happy to let bygones be bygones providing the Baron maintained his retirement.

Then in the course of a week four things happened to make Bristow suspect the Baron was back.

In one week three robberies of importance were reported, one from Hampshire, one from Surrey, the third from Mayfair. Jewels of over twenty thousands pounds in value disappeared each time. Two of them had been accomplished without any alarm, the discoveries had been made some hours after the burglary, and the country police had informed the Yard, but not asked for assistance.

The Surrey robbery had been at the home of a well-known diamond-merchant named Harrison, whom Bristow knew had been ill for a week past. The third burglary, at the Mayfair home of Lord Collyn, had been discovered while the thief had been at work, and the man who had made the discovery was found, two hours afterwards, bound and gagged in a pantry and suffering from the after-effects of ether-gas.

The Baron always used a gas-pistol, usually charged with that gas.

Bristow entered the office of Sir David Ffoulkes, the Assistant-Commissioner, to find Superintendent Lynch sitting with the A.-C. Ffoulkes was a tall, thin, somewhat arrogant looking man, youthful for his position and universally popular at the Yard. Lynch was a large, stout man, whose coat lapels usually carried traces of cigarette ash. He always dressed in brown, had a placid, reassuring and sometimes irritating manner.

It was the morning after Mannering had returned to London, and the Mayfair robbery was some seven hours old.

"Was it Mannering?" asked Ffoulkes after a preliminary talk, and Bristow pursed his lips.

"It looks like it," he said cautiously, "but the watchman only saw his back, and can't swear about a mask. The gas is suggestive, sir."

"Where was Mannering?"

"Ostensibly in London." Bristow shrugged, and did not need to say that it was impossible to be sure where Mannering had been. "I've been inquiring, and I find that he flew to Paris on Tuesday morning and came back Thursday evening, on the night plane, with Miss Fauntley. There was the Shere robbery—at Harrison's place—on Monday night, the Andover one on Tuesday, this one last night. Mannering might have slipped over for Tuesday by plane, without being observed, but it isn't likely."

"Have you anyone else in mind?"

"No," said Bristow frankly, "all the likely men are clear except Mannering. I wonder if you could find whether he's had any losses lately? Big ones, I mean, that might have made him short of money."

"I'll try," said Ffoulkes. "Have you seen Mannering?"

"Not yet, sir. It's a bit early——"

"Nearly for the first time since I remember the Baron," put in Lynch, "Bristow hasn't jumped to the conclusion that it is him. And sometimes with less reason than there is now."

Ffoulkes' grey eyes regarded Bristow expectantly.

"Any reason for that, Bristow?"

"Well—not exactly reasons," said the Chief Inspector, pulling at his moustache and looking reproachfully at Lynch. "Excepting that as far as I know he doesn't need money, and he's past the stage when he would work for the sake of it. Or I think he is. He's been quiet for a long time, and I know that Miss Fauntley is against him working."

"Where did you learn that?"

"Guesswork," suggested Lynch, "surely?"

"In a way," admitted Bristow, "but I've never been wrong in the past, sir, when I suggested Mannering was busy. There's something about last night's job that didn't seem the Baron's. Twenty-one thousand pounds' worth of small stuff went, sir, Rings, pendants, bracelets—nothing big. And Lord Collyn's family all lost something of sentimental value. Even two engagement rings and a miniature of Lady Collyn were stolen. I've never known the Baron clear a safe out like that. It doesn't ring true. I can't help feeling so."

"Oh, well," said Ffoulkes, "I hope you're right."

So they left it, to wait for the reports from the finger-print department, and the reports from the sub-stations and divisions, searching for the stolen property. Nothing had arrived at midday, when Lynch pressed a bell on his desk, sent a sergeant for Bristow and, when the Inspector entered, looked up at him placidly.

"Well, Bill, I've got a surprise for you. Here's a report from Paris."

Bristow scanned the report, his manner changing with every sentence. It recounted the complaint from John Mannering, the statement of Mannering's that the thief had called himself the Baron, the finding of Rentu's body, a description of Corbertes. There were several suggestions made, but none of them was important; the kernel of the letter was Mannering's accusation against a man calling himself the Baron.

"I wouldn't have believed it," Bristow admitted. "Of all the cool nerve—dash it, he's trying to work up an alibi, trying to force us to believe he's not the Baron, he——"

"Steady does it," said Lynch, and pointedly: "It might be true."

Bristow pulled a chair up, lit a cigarette, re-read the report, and eyed Lynch thoughtfully. His first reactions were modified, and he tapped his forefinger against the letter.

"If someone calling himself the Baron did visit Mannering, and if the man who used gas at Collyn's place wasn't the Baron, but——"

"Wanted an alias," supplied Lynch helpfully.

"It would explain it." Bristow scratched his head, and scowled. "It's too fantastic, though."

LORD COLLYN, one of the more prominent sporting peers, a middle-aged man who divided his energies among business—he was the Managing-Director of the Empire Assurance Company—racing, yachting, contract bridge, and his family, looked up into a pair of very wide blue eyes.

"You really mustn't take it to heart so much, Brenda; after all, we're insured, and the police might get everything back."

"It isn't likely," said his youngest daughter with spirit. "That man Bristow as good as told me that there isn't much of a chance. And they're not your jewels, anyway."

"I had a little to do with the buying of them," said Collyn mildly.

Brenda planted her feet firmly in front of her father, and scowled.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"My dear, I've told the police, there's nothing more I can do. You may not have been impressed by the Inspector who called, but Ffoulkes assures me he's a very thorough man. Don't run away with the idea that I'm going to employ a private detective—I say, Gerry hasn't been putting you up to this, has he?"

Brenda shook her head too vehemently.

"Of course not!" Her scorn was supposed to be withering, but it made Collyn thoughtful. "He hasn't lost anything, except the bracelet he gave me last Christmas—why should he be up to anything?"

"Hmm," said Collyn, "I'll talk to him. Go and tell him I'd like to see him, and tell him to hurry. Unless," he added, as she stared mutinously into his eyes, "you'd like to tell me what mischief you've been hatching yourself."

Brenda, at twenty, had a sense of dignity that her father's paternal manner frequently outraged.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, don't talk to me as though I'm a school child. Nearly every jewel I had went with that beast last night, and you sit there as though nothing had happened."

Lord Collyn smiled.

"Yes," he answered equably, "I sit here and let the police get on with their job, my dear, and you and Gerry will do likewise, unless"—he laughed at her—"you defy parental instructions. I'd better see him, I think."

"Oh, well," said Brenda, tossed her head back, and went out. Collyn sat back, staring at the oak panels of the wall ahead of him, his lips set in a worried smile, while Brenda went up the wide stairs, slapped a bust of her great-great-great-grandfather resoundingly, and hurt her palm, hurried along the first floor passage to her brother's room, and went in unceremoniously.

"It's no good," she said disconsolately, "he's found out."

A young man no taller than Brenda straightened up from a bending position, and the adjustment of a shoe-lace.

"You little idiot, you let on!" he commented tersely.

"No, I didn't. I just stormed at him so

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that he'd know we weren't satisfied, and—anyhow, you've got nothing to shout about, he wants to see you."

"Oh, Lord!" said the Hon. Gerald Collyn gloomily. "Another lecture on the perils of youth and indiscriminate action, I suppose."

"Huh!" snorted Brenda, and pushed her hair back. Something in his gloom made her smile unexpectedly, sunshine chasing storm out of her eyes. "Well, we couldn't have done anything after all, it was only talk."

"That would be your job," said Gerry, and he walked off for his interview with his father, by no means sure what reception he was likely to get. He knew that the loss was more important than his father made out, although he had not confided that to Brenda. A chance-heard conversation between his father and Harrison, the jewel-merchant, had worried him.

So he had determined to discover who had stolen the jewels, Brenda and he had gone into conference over it, and while he had been tying a shoe-lace he had been dreaming of a desperate fight with a crowd of ruffians, and a triumphant return, resulting in some talk of unofficial association with Scotland Yard, and the grateful thanks of his parent. And now——

"Women!" he said with all the scorn of his twenty-one, and he stumped downstairs. In the hall, he could not resist the temptation of going into the cloakroom through which the thief had forced entry by cutting a piece of glass out and getting at the catch. Once inside the cloakroom it was impossible to resist a glance out of the broken window, to the patch of wallflowers which the thief had trampled into an unholy tangle of bloom, bud, and dark brown soil.

A little patch of white against the soil made him look harder. It was like the corner of a visiting card. Blown there some time or other, he suspected, but for all that he went through the window, pulled the card out of the trodden earth and, when he had scraped the soil off, stared at it, the last thing he expected.

A single sentence in block capitals, written in ink and saying:

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE BARON.

IN the week that passed after Mannering's return from Paris, every night produced a burglary, usually in London or the Home Counties, and three times the Baron had been "identified." No serious injury was done, but a total of a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels disappeared. The clamor in the Press for the early apprehension of the Baron grew strident.

There was, too, a small paragraph that worried Mannering. Harrison, one of the first victims, had since died. It had been a natural death, but one paper suggested that the shock of the robbery had affected an already weak heart.

On the morning of the ninth day there was no report of a burglary.

Mannering bathed early, had breakfast sent from his restaurant in the block of service flats, and, just after ten o'clock, walked up the stone steps of a house near the river, in Chelsea. Lorna's studio was on the top floor, and the door opened promptly after his knock. In a smock daubed with paint, her hair ruffled and a dab of paint on the tip of her chin, Lorna greeted him by stabbing a brush towards him.

"I come in peace," said Mannering, as Lorna's eyes searched his for any sign of an emergency. He looked as fresh, capable, and confident as ever, and suddenly her smile broke through.

"Well, it's not bad news, anyhow. What are you going to do, John?"

"I've been asking myself that ever since we came back from Paris," admitted Mannering, sitting on an old divan, and crossing his legs. Despite his smile he was worried: Lorna was less demonstrative than her wont, and she was never emotional. "It has to be admitted," he added with a gesture as near resigned as she had seen in him before, "that it's an impasse. Rentu was a straw in the wind. It isn't conceivable that there are two separate people playing the same game, and Rentu talked of a 'party'."

"An Anglo-French union of the Baron," Lorna said, shrugging her shoulders and pushing her head a little on one side. She swung the brush up and down between her fingers, then began to draw zig-zag lines on a small strip of canvas. "Is Bristow worrying you much?"

"That's why I've kept away. Yet he must be pretty sure by now that I'm not getting away night after night, while his men are watching me. Unless"—his smile was rueful—"it's a question of probability against my reputation. Time and time again I've squeezed out and scrambled home, and been in when Bristow's called. Now that I don't go out, how the devil can we expect him to believe it?"

"If you don't work he can't prove you are working," Lorna said slowly. "And if they catch a man pretending to be the Baron, it must help you."

"That's the one reason I've been waiting," Mannering leaned back, looking towards the skylight, through which a patch of clear blue sky smiled down. "So far it can't do me any harm, although I wish I could help to find Corberies. That poor devil Rentu——"

"You won't, I hope," flashed Lorna. "If you do start moving about and Bristow catches you, it will be worse than ever it's been."

"It is already," admitted Mannering. "I've had some space in the Press, but this beats everything. Seven nights, seven robberies, hang it all, do they believe one man can do it all?"

"They'll believe anything," said Lorna.

He looked at her from narrowed eyes, his face looked thinner, the lines emphasised, and there were others at his eyes and mouth that she had not seen when he had met her at Paris. Unexpectedly, he said: "The only thing that hasn't happened yet is a violent quarrel."

"Quarrel?"

"The Dellamont emeralds," he explained. "They've borne out Galinet's threat of trouble well enough. Oh, damnation, if I could do something——"

"We'll go for a run as far as Guildford," said Lorna practically, and for the rest of the day they tried to forget the problem. But they could not forget the police car that followed Mannering's along the road, whether they chose a country lane or a main highway. The influence of the masquerade was everywhere; no man of Mannering's spirit would be able to resist much longer the temptation to work against it.

And Lorna seemed subdued.

"For the rest of the evening," said Mannering after they had dined at the Elan, "I think we'll try Panelli's. If you feel like it?"

"Panelli's," admitted Lorna, "just about suits my mood."

"What kind of a mood?"

"Dangerous," said Lorna, her eyes gleaming.

She was in a brittle humor, he knew, finding the anxiety of the Press stories, of the knowledge that they were watched all the time, more than she could stand. At the night club her gaiety was forced, once or twice he saw the brooding expression in her grey eyes, wondered whether she would break, suddenly, from her resolve about divorce. He believed that was the explanation of her mood since he had met her in Paris, and he hardly knew whether to hope so, or to dissuade her. He was thinking of the might-be's of life when Lorna said:

"There's Gerry Collyn."

"What, here?" asked Mannering, who knew something of the inflexibility of the peer's control of his family. He looked in the direction of Lorna's gaze, and saw the cheerful, pugnacious face of Gerry, flushed with more champagne than was good for him. He was talking animatedly to a brunette several years older than he, and Mannering had little doubt of the girl's intentions. "You don't know her, do you?"

"No-o. There's a party I think. I—look!"

Mannering saw what made her exclaim. Collyn turned to speak to a waiter; the brunette quickly refilled his glass, but when Collyn looked back she appeared to be replenishing her own.

"I wonder how long she's been doing that?" Mannering mused.

"I wonder why she is?" Lorna seemed glad to have an immediate problem in which she could forget their own. "Gerry's a nice boy, but no one in their senses would expect to be able to make money out of him. His father's too rigid. Look at the idiot!"

Gerry emptied his glass, lurched towards his companion, and then stood up unsteadily. They threaded their way through the tables towards the small dance floor, while another couple took the other seats at the table. Both the man and the woman were strangers to Mannering and Lorna; the man looked a sleek nonentity, his companion was a willowy ash-blonde.

"Lorna," said Mannering thoughtfully, "will you mind going home alone?"

"I—what are you going to do?"

"Follow Collyn, I think," said Mannering. "As you say, why should anyone want to make him drunk? It might be that they would like to hear him talk——"

He broke off, as a waiter came towards their table, leaned over and whispered. Mannering followed him after a word with Lorna.

In the foyer of the Club he saw Bristow, in plain-clothes and as spruce and alert at half-past twelve as he had been earlier in the day. Mannering's pulse quickened.

"Hallo, Bill, what's the trouble this time?" He looked at a curious attendant, and moved out of earshot. Bristow spoke in a sharp undertone.

"Where have you been all the evening, Mannering?"

"It depends what you call evening. I was with Miss Fauntley until half-past six, when I went to my flat to change—but, Bill, haven't your little watchdogs reported?"

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"Never mind my watchdogs," said Bristow grimly. "Where were you between six-thirty and eight o'clock?"

Mannering's eyes narrowed: there was a veiled threat in Bristow's manner, and he half suspected what was causing it. As lightly as he could he said:

"I've told you. At my flat."

"Alone?"

"Of course."

"You've overplayed your hand," said Bristow slowly, and Mannering believed that the man disliked what he was going to say. "Lord Collyn was robbed again, about seven o'clock. This time it was more like your work, Mannering. The Chentz diamonds——"

"What?"

"Oh, don't try to get away with it again," said Bristow, and as he spoke Mannering saw the two Yard men outside. "A man answering your description was seen in the house——"

"I haven't been near it," said Mannering slowly.

"Well, the Baron was seen," snapped Bristow, his voice rising a little. "You've gone a lot too far, Mannering, and this time——"

"Bill," said the Baron very steadily, "if you breathe another word that might be overheard by these fellows in here, I'll have your blood. I'm not the Baron, and I'm tired of telling you so. I won't take slander. And I haven't been near Collyn's house."

Bristow shrugged, and his expression was ominous.

"We'll see," he said. "I've a warrant to search your flat, and Miss Fauntley's studio. You'll wait with me until the search is over, and I'll have to see what you've got in your pockets."

"I see. And you propose searching Miss Fauntley?"

"I do," grunted Bristow. "She's been suspected of shielding you for a long time, Mannering——" He kept his voice lower, but Mannering knew that he was set on his resolve. "Seven robberies in a week call for special measures, and we've taken them."

"Where," asked Mannering deliberately, "do you propose to carry out the search? And what do you propose to do about legal aid?"

"You won't send for it," said Bristow with conviction, and Mannering's eyes met his.

He was about to speak when the interruption came from the passage leading to the restaurant. A high-pitched woman's laugh was followed by the maudlin tones of a man. Of Lord Collyn's son, Mannering saw, and Gerry Collyn, the brunette, the sleek man, and the blonde crowded into the foyer. Collyn was drunk: the others were pretending to be.

And four hours before the boy's father had been robbed of the Chentz diamonds.

"Well!" Bristow's impatient voice broke through his thoughts.

"I said where," murmured Mannering.

"At Great Marlborough Street."

"And Miss Fauntley?"

"I'm not taking any chances," snapped Bristow.

"You're dallying a lot for a strong-minded man," said Mannering slowly, and Collyn with the others went past the waiting detectives and into a taxi. "Well, Bill, you've asked for this so often that I'm not sorry it's come to a head. I'll come to Great Marlborough Street with you——"

"You won't have a chance not to," said Bristow.

"No. A pity. And of course Miss Fauntley——"

"She's on the way," Bristow told him, without emotion in his voice. "I sent for her from the Oxford Street entrance. Your flat's being searched now, and so is her studio."

"Quite a coup," Mannering said, forcing back his anger. "I've warned you often enough, now it's come. I want Mr. Plender at once, and if you're wise you'll send in your resignation. It'll be forced on you anyhow," he added grimly, and there was an assurance in his manner that made Bristow feel uneasy.

MR. TOBIAS PLENDER, one of the best-known criminal lawyers in London, looked from Mannering to Bristow, and from Bristow to Detective-Sergeant Tring, a gangling, melancholy man who always worked with Bristow and was reputed to be the most thorough and efficient searcher at the Yard, and then back at Mannering.

"Good Lord!" he said at length, "Bristow, you must be mad."

Bristow took exception to that, even from a privileged person, and he said so.

"All right," agreed Plender with a quick smile which moved the whole of his lower jaw, "we will call it mistaken. Unfortunately, a serious mistake. There is no trace of the Chentz diamonds at Mr. Mannering's flat? Nor at the Chelsea studio?"

"I've already said no," growled Bristow.

"No evidence that Mr. Mannering was out of his flat, or in the neighborhood of James Street?"

"No, but——"

"On the face of it," said Plender mournfully, "Mr. Mannering and Miss Fauntley have an excellent case for wrongful detention. On the other hand you are not a man to make mistakes of that nature wilfully. The issue would depend on the evidence of justification which you could bring forward."

Bristow drew a sharp, angry breath.

"There was all the justification needed. You've managed to get rid of these diamonds, but——"

"It's a phobia," Mannering said to Plender. "It's a mockery of justice that Bristow or anyone like him can act as he has done, and I'll make him realise it. And Pfoulkes."

Plender's palm beat a tattoo on his bald patch. "Supposing we have Pfoulkes here, or we go to him? Will you talk to him, John?"

"If he cares to come to the flat I'll see what he has to say. But it's outrageous, Toby, there was no justification for it, it was a blind guess out of prejudice——"

"We aren't naming horses," protested Plender. "I'll go and see Sir David, Bristow. Where's Miss Fauntley?"

"In a cab outside," said the unhappy Bristow.

As Mannering went out with Plender, Bristow recalled that when the robberies had first started he had been strongly opposed to the idea that Mannering — or the Baron—was guilty of them. Their persistence, followed by the disappearance of the Chentz diamonds, had made him change his mind.

On the pavement outside the station, in front of Lorna's waiting taxi—Lorna kept back in the shadows—Plender stopped and eyed Mannering frankly.

These two had been together at Eton and Balliol. Their friendship was deep-rooted and long-standing. But Plender's tone hardened as he asked:

"Was it you?"

"What, you, too?" Mannering retorted lightly.

"Was it you?" persisted Plender, his chin more Punch-like than ever.

"It was not," said Mannering, and their eyes met.

Plender seemed satisfied. His face broke into a wide grin, he clapped Mannering on the shoulder, and lifted his spare hand to a driver of a passing cab.

"Right, my son, I'll be along with Pfoulkes soon."

SIR DAVID PFOULKES looked sombrely from Mannering to Plender, missing Lorna, who was sitting in an easy chair further away from him than either of the men. Plender had brought the A.-C. to Mannering's flat within twenty minutes.

"Mannering's probably convinced you," he said, "but I know that he's the Baron, and in the past week the Baron has committed seven major crimes. Bristow was perfectly right, and I approved the warrants."

"But, my dear Pfoulkes," the lawyer insisted, "what is the use of saying you know it if you can't take the case to court? It just won't stand. Mannering and Miss Fauntley have a convincing case for wrongful detention. Think, man! Mannering has an alibi provided by your own men!"

"He's avoided them before——"

"Oh, what's the use of going on?" Mannering broke in impatiently. "You've seen how cussed Pfoulkes is, and——"

"Look here," said Plender, "as I see it a case will do neither of you any good. It will start scandal about you, John, even if you were vindicated, and a vindication looks likely. That would upset you, David. Be sensible, can't you? Apologise and——"

"He'd have to do more than apologise," said Mannering softly, and in his eyes as he regarded the A.-C. there was a sardonic humor that Plender did not fail to see. "Pfoulkes will have to undertake to stop this idiotic persecution. For a week I haven't been able to move without a policeman on my heels. Three times the Baron has been busy out of London, when I've been followed by the police——"

"There's always been an interval," snapped Pfoulkes. "Ostensibly you've been at your flat, your club, or with Miss Fauntley at the times of the robberies. What you don't understand, Plender, is his ability to make-up. He——"

Mannering stood up abruptly.

"All right, that can serve as your last word. The humor of it will lose its point I fancy when Bristow stands up and admits that he thinks I escaped the notice of his men by adopting a disguise in public places——"

"All right," Pfoulkes gave in suddenly, and with a bad grace. "What do you want me to do, Mannering, go down on my knees?"

"I think," said Mannering gently, "a letter of apology to Miss Fauntley and myself would suit the case admirably. And a withdrawal of your watchdogs, of course."

"You'll get your letter," said Pfoulkes. He did not trouble to shake hands with any of them, but went out of the flat amid a silence that was broken by the slamming of the door.

Mannering was smiling, as though to

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himself. Lorna tried to keep a straight face, for Plender's benefit, and the solicitor stood up, his large head jerked forward, his bright eyes moving from one to the other, and his hands deep in his pockets. He stepped forward so that he could eye them both at the same time, and said quietly:

"How long have you been the Baron, John? What dam' fool game have you been playing?"

MANNERING kept his eyes on his friend as he took out his case and offered cigarettes. Lorna looked from one man to the other, sensing the sudden tension. A match flared. Plender blew grey smoke towards the window, and said:

"Well?"

"Ffoulkes and Bristow seem to have converted you," murmured Mannering.

"Ffoulkes and Bristow," said Plender with equanimity, "are clever, shrewd and efficient men. Neither the one nor the other would have countenanced those search warrants unless they had been quite sure of their facts."

"Wrong," said Mannering. "I did not visit Collyn to-night."

"It's a pity," said Plender, "but I don't believe you."

Lorna stood up abruptly.

"This is just the thing that worries me. If the rumor does get about that John was suspected, how can you expect anyone to ignore it? If an old friend like you will believe it in spite of his denials, the idiots who live on scandal will take it for granted. It doesn't matter whether we make a case against the police or not, they're forced him into a corner and he can't escape the slander. They'll whisper behind his back, he'll probably be boycotted—oh, it's hateful!"

"Exactly!" Plender agreed dryly. "But I still can't believe, John, that those two men would have acted without a deep conviction that you were the Baron."

"No-o. They're convinced all right. However, I'll put a theory up to you."

"Not too far-fetched," pleaded Plender.

"It's a reasonable one," said Mannering "Supposing the Baron is a well-known member of society, supposing after a few years he withdrew from the game, and supposing after his retirement other people, ostensibly under the cover of the Baron, imitated his exploits? What would the original Baron do?"

"So-o," murmured Plender, "you are the Baron but someone else has been stealing your thunder?"

"No," said Mannering quietly, "I'm not the Baron, I shall never admit it, to the police or to you, or to anyone else. But I do know the Baron has had nothing to do with this week's robberies."

Plender looked very thoughtful.

"You lost your vocation, you'd have made a good lawyer. Well, if I were the Baron I'd have a go at finding the other johnnies." He raised his brows. "That is strictly unprofessional, and takes me back to the days of my youth. However——"

Mannering pursed his lips.

"Supposing the Baron was dogged by the police, that he couldn't get at the gentleman in question—what then?"

"I'd make a big effort to get the police away."

"Exactly," said Mannering grimly. "He has."

Plender stood up, patting his head, his expression owlish.

"I'm going, in case you make more statements that might give you away." He looked in bewildered amusement at Lorna, and then back at Mannering. "I'd never have believed it," he admitted. "I—you don't mind if I tell my wife?"

"It wouldn't be right to keep an interesting theory entirely to yourself," said Mannering dryly.

BRENDA looked unhappily into her father's face. The peer, considerably more perturbed by the second robbery than by the first, the loser of one of the finest strings of diamonds in the country, seemed harassed and angry.

The police, called just after eleven o'clock when the discovery had been made, had told him that they believed they knew the cracksman, particularly after the description, given by a footman, of the big man, with a blue mask over the lower half of his face, and with a gas-pistol in his hand. The footman had been found in the garden, bound hand and foot—as the watchman had been only four nights earlier — and Collyn reproached himself bitterly for not taking more precautions with the strong-room.

On the other hand, the thought that the thieves would strike twice within a week had never entered his mind. Nor the mind of Bristow, for no one had been left to watch the house.

It was nearly two o'clock when Collyn said sharply:

"You must know where he is, Brenda, I'm surprised that you stand out like this. I told him this afternoon that he must forget the absurd idea of trying to find the thief, but he's obviously gone off on some crazy errand——"

"But he told me he wouldn't!" cried Brenda. "Dad, I——" The tears came, and Collyn put his arms about her shoulders as she clung to him. "Oh, I hate telling you, but Gerry's been out several times lately. I slip downstairs after the servants have locked up, and unbolt the front door for him. He told me he would be late to-night —you won't be too hard, he——"

"He makes a habit of this?" exclaimed Collyn. "It isn't believable! Who does he go with? Is it—a girl?"

"I don't know. I think he just has a good time at the night clubs; if you hadn't set your mind against that kind of—of fun, he would never have tried it, but—well, you know what Gerry is." She was quieter, and he knew she was wondering whether her disloyalty to her brother was justified.

"It's all right," he said heavily, "don't worry, Brenda. You'd better get up to bed."

"I'd like to wait until he comes home, may I?"

"He can't be much longer," said Collyn. "All right."

"It must be beastly for you," Brenda said, her big eyes wistful as she sat huddled up in an easy chair, silk pyjamas covered with a light dressing-gown, and one foot wriggling in a heel-less French slipper. "The other night all the family jewels went, and now the Chentz diamonds; and then the worry about Gerry on top of it—will it be serious?" Her manner made her much older than her years.

"Gerry or the diamonds?"

"Oh, Gerry's just hitting the paces; I mean the losses."

"The jewels are insured," said Collyn, "at a little less than their full value. That doesn't matter much."

But his words lacked conviction. Brenda uncurled herself from the chair, approached her father, and knew that he was trying to evade the challenge of her eyes. For a few seconds they stared at each other, and then Brenda drew back a pace.

"There's more in it than that."

"I think you'd better go to bed," said Collyn with a return to his abrupt, deliberate manner, and Brenda knew that it was useless to keep arguing. She went out at once, and Collyn stared at the door as it closed, uncertainty in his expression.

A few moments later he had forgotten her jaunty little figure, and was trying to decide just what the losses did mean to him. There were moments when he looked a frightened, broken man.

It was half-past two when the telephone bell rang. A deep voice, vaguely familiar, spoke at the other end of the line, and as soon as the caller mentioned his name Collyn knew why the voice was familiar.

"Why, what brings you through as late as this, Mannering?"

"As a matter of fact," said Mannering apologetically, "I'm interfering a bit, I'm afraid. It's about your son."

Collyn spoke sharply.

"What's he been up to?"

"He's been at Panelli's for the evening," said Mannering, "but you probably know all about that."

"I didn't, but please go on."

"Is he back?" asked Mannering bluntly.

"He—no." Collyn's breathing grew quicker. "What makes you ask that?"

"He went off with a party that had been getting him drunk," said Mannering, "and the company wasn't too impressive."

"How do you mean, impressive?"

Alone in his flat, Mannering hesitated before he answered. Perhaps without cause he had been worried by young Collyn's presence and behaviour at the night club, and after Lorna had gone he had called Guiseppe Panelli himself. The Italian, one of many who knew that the patronage of John Mannering was an important factor in his prosperity, was only too glad to offer what help he could.

Apologetically he had said that he could not offend regular clients, that the brunette who had been with Colyn was not only rich but spent freely. He had heard that the man of the other couple had spent some time in prison. This, Panelli had reiterated, had been nothing but hearsay; as far as he knew, there was no evidence to support it. The gentleman in question, a Mr. Savoyan, had always behaved in exemplary fashion, and given no cause for complaint.

Whereupon Mannering had considered it wise to find whether Collyn had returned to James Street. The fact that he was still missing was disturbing.

"Are you there?" The peer spoke harshly.

"Sorry—yes. There was a man named Savoyan among the party, and he has an unsavory reputation. I know nothing against him, but—do you know Savoyan?"

"I've never heard of him," said Collyn. "What on earth do you think has happened?"

"I can't imagine, and except that Gerald's in bad company, I don't think it's important. But he should have been home by now, he left just before one o'clock. On the other hand he might have gone to another club."

Collyn sounded nervous.

"Yes, yes—do you think I ought to ask the police to look for him, Mannering? I

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shouldn't tell you this, but I've been robbed to-night."

"What, again?" Mannering's inflection of astonishment was perfectly done.

"Yes—more seriously, but my chief concern is for Gerald. I hesitate to go to the police."

"It hardly seems justified," Mannering said, "it might mean simply that they'll find him drunk, and it wouldn't do for a story like that to spread. I wonder if I can help you? I know the clubs and bottle-parties fairly well, and I'll gladly look in at those most likely."

"I'd be infernally grateful, Mannering. It's good of you to take the trouble of ringing me."

. . . . . .

A round of the night clubs proved fruitless, and Mannering found himself at a dead end.

Short of trying to trace Savoyan, an almost impossible task at half-past four, there was nothing more he could do. He telephoned James Street, but Gerry had not returned, and the peer sounded distraught.

"I'll have to ask the police, Mannering, I can't bear this any longer. It's been extremely good of you to try, but—Mannering!" Collyn's voice hardened, as though a fresh possibility had occurred to him. "This man Savoyan, is he known to be a criminal?"

"I couldn't say that—why?"

"I've just had an idea," said Collyn slowly. "I understand that my son has been going about with these people for some time, and if Savoyan's a thief it's possible there's some connection between him and the robberies. My strong-room was opened with a key to-night, so was the safe. Gerry could have borrowed the keys and had impressions made. Couldn't he?"

"Ye-es.

"Then—I can't go to the police," said Collyn.

There was a pause; then, "Hold everything!" said John Mannering. "I'll come straight to you."

. . . . . .

"It's good of you to take this interest, Mannering," said Collyn, rather pathetically, "it's an incredible situation, but Savoyan is the man at the bottom of it all, I haven't a shred of doubt about it."

Mannering did not agree.

"What you feel," he said, "is that Savoyan might have influenced Gerald to have taken the keys, but——"

"Isn't it obvious?"

Mannering changed the subject abruptly. He had not talked at length over the telephone, for an interview with the peer would give him, he knew, a much better idea of the facts. And it would also give him an excuse for getting details of the two burglaries, when they should have been exclusive to the police.

"Are you determined not to ask Scotland Yard's help?" he asked.

"Of course, what else can I do? This Baron is a public figure. Any explanation of his thefts here would be in the public eye, and it would be impossible to keep publicity from Gerald."

Mannering temporised.

"The first job is to find Gerry. Then if he admits it's true—and we can't be sure of that by any means—we can worry about discussing Savoyan with the police. The one possibility that you may have overlooked is that Gerry might be in danger."

Collyn stared. "How?"

"Supposing he knows that Savoyan has been a party to the thefts? And assume that Savoyan is very anxious that the police don't know of it. What is likely to happen?"

"You—you're not suggesting Gerry might be—killed?"

"He might be," Mannering admitted slowly. "On the other hand I wouldn't put it as high as that. Savoyan, as I see it, may be determined to make it impossible for Gerry to speak against him."

"I don't understand you, Mannering. How could he, without doing him some injury?" Collyn's hand was shaking.

"By making him incriminate himself," said the Baron grimly. "It has been done before. We're working entirely on premise, Collyn, but it's possible. That being so, are you still opposed to asking the police to help?"

For sixty seconds there was silence. Collyn's voice was sharp when he did speak.

"Are you prepared to try to find Gerald?"

"Am I? But how——"

"Don't prevaricate, please! I know that you have helped others, in the past—young Halliwell, for instance, when Kingley was murdered, and—you know the police, don't you, and some of their methods? I'm sure you could help. Will you?"

It was the first time that Mannering, outside his capacity as the Baron, had been asked to play the part of an unofficial detective. He had not realised that the affair of Halliwell was so well-known, and his lips curved when he understood what it meant: he was gaining a reputation in two spheres, for and against the law.

Collyn saw the smile, the glint in the other's eyes, and associated them with his quiet:

"I'll be glad to."

MANNERING refused Collyn's offer of an early breakfast, and went back to Brook Street. It was half-past six, and he had not slept since seven o'clock the previous morning. To try to find Savoyan, or anyone else, would be madness while he was as tired as he felt; but he could start one or two inquiries.

He telephoned Flick Leverson, one of the cleverest fences in London, and who had bought most of the Baron's hauls. Between Mannering and Leverson there was a friendship which both men prized: they were aware of each other's true vocations, there was no need for them to mince words.

"No," Leverson said, his slow, pleasant voice giving no hint that he had been brought from bed. "I don't know the name, Mannering, but I'll make inquiries. Savoyan, you say?"

Mannering next telephoned Plender and set him on Savoyan's trail.

Satisfied then that there was a chance of getting information in the next few hours, he slipped into pyjamas, and between the sheets. He was asleep at half-past seven, and still sleeping while Mr. Leo Savoyan and Miss Chloe Renkie were discussing the immediate future of Gerry Collyn.

AT half-past eleven Mannering was awakened by the telephone bell, and was alert on the instant. It was Flick Leverson, with interesting information. There was a man named Savoyan—or calling himself Savoyan—living at a house in North Gardens, Kensington. About him, said Leverson, there was a queer story that would best be told tete-a-tete.

"I'll come over," said Mannering. "Half-past twelve to one, Flick."

He bathed and shaved, but in the middle of drinking coffee and reading the morning papers—all carrying headlines of the second robbery from Collyn—there was a ring at the front-door bell. Mannering dispensed with servants at the service flat, for there were times when they would have been very much in the way. He wrapped his dressing-gown about him and went to the door.

It was Bristow.

The two men stared at each other for five seconds, and Mannering, who felt not the slightest animosity towards the Inspector and, in fact, had been sorry for him on the previous night, frowned without enthusiasm.

"What do you want now?"

"I'd like a chat with you," said Bristow, not entirely at his ease, "and I've a letter for you. From the Assistant-Commissioner."

"All right. I suppose I'd better forgive you," said Mannering, with a sudden relaxation that surprised Bristow. "Come in, confound you. If you knew how close to breaking your neck I got last night you wouldn't come near me."

"We came pretty close to you," said Bristow emphatically, as he handed over a letter in a typewritten envelope. Mannering opened it.

"Assistant-Commissioner's Office,
"New Scotland Yard,
"London, S.W.1.

"John Mannering, Esq.,
"Big Brook Street,
"W.1.

"Dear Sir,

"The Assistant-Commissioner asks me to tender you his apologies for the inconvenience caused you last night, and his assurances that the steps taken were, according to information he had received, in the best interests of justice. Later events show conclusively that this information was erroneous.

"Yours faithfully,
"A. S. LYNCH,
"Supt."

The Baron's lips twitched.

"Not what I would call a wholehearted apology, Bill, and I hope he's been more generous with Miss Fauntley. Anyhow, it'll do for now, and I suppose I couldn't expect much more."

"You're lucky to get as much," said Bristow bluntly.

"Let's forget it, and have some coffee," suggested Mannering, "and get down to the horses. What do you want?"

"Three lumps of sugar," said Bristow, and took out cigarettes. He sat back more easily in his chair. "Thanks. Look here, Mannering, there's just a chance that you're telling the truth, and you didn't take the Chentz stones. Well, if you didn't, then someone pretending to be you——"

"Oh, no," said Mannering. "I can't allow it. Someone pretending to be the Baron, you mean?"

Bristow swallowed hard.

"All right—yes. What do you know about it?"

"Haven't you heard of my little misadventure in Paris?"

"Yes. Was it true?"

"Perfectly, as I've told you."

"So there is someone else calling himself the Baron?" Bristow's eyes reflected a rising excitement. "I thought it was possible," he

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admitted. "Except for the Chents diamonds last night I didn't think it looked like y—the Baron. Who is it?"

"My dear Bill, why should I know?"

"Have you any idea?"

"Not being in the Baron's confidence, I'm not even interested."

"Take my advice," said Bristow slowly, "and don't try to find this fellow yourself, Mannering. It will lead you into trouble, and you'll find yourself arraigned for the earlier jobs if you aren't careful."

Ten minutes afterwards Bristow went, while Mannering dressed quickly, and took a cab to Charing Cross underground station. As far as he could tell he was not followed.

LEVERSON was a man nearing sixty, grey-haired, well-dressed, and with the sleeve of his right arm hanging empty. That was the result of a war-wound, Mannering knew.

He had liked Leverson from the moment of meeting the fence, and he had quickly proved that Leverson's reputation for square-dealing was justified.

Characteristically, Leverson came straight to the point when Mannering arrived on his promised visit.

"Well, now," he said, speaking in leisurely tones, "this man Savoyan. Charlie Sloe was able to help me. Charlie used to work the continent, and he met Savoyan in Paris ten years ago. Does that suggest anything?"

"It might, yes."

"Well, Savoyan was poor in those days, and would open a safe for a hundred francs, but he opened one too many. He spent eighteen months in La Rochelle gaol, and Charlie heard no more about him until he saw him at the Heyday, three weeks ago.

"Charlie tried to presume on the old acquaintance, but Savoyan cold-shouldered him. Most people would prefer not to know Charlie! Apparently Savoyan had been known as Cartier, was reputed half-French and half-English, and admittedly clever with a lock. Does it sound like your man?"

"So much like him," said Mannering decisively, "that I'm going to pay him a visit."

"Unofficially?"

"As the Baron," admitted Mannering, and Leverson knew that it was useless to advise him to be careful.

WHEN Mannering returned to his flat it wanted ten minutes to four o'clock. He took the telephone thoughtfully, and dialled Lorna's studio number; as he did so he was conscious of misgivings about the wisdom of the call. He had never hesitated before, but Lorna's failure to ring through that morning was unusual, even worrying.

He recalled her long silence after he had met her at Paris, read into her later talk a reluctance which he could not explain. The day spent together in the country seemed a long way off, and as he heard the br-brrr at the other end of the line he wondered whether it had been completely successful.

Was Lorna worried about something not directly connected with the Baron?

He dialled again, but no answer came, and he tried the Portland Place house. Yes, a maid said, Miss Lorna was in.

Mannering sat back in his chair, swinging one leg over his knee as he waited. The telephone was plugged into the lounge, he heard the strains of radio music coming gently across the wires, a burst of laughter. Lorna's voice cut across it.

"Hallo—oh, John. I've been meaning to ring——"

It was a false note, a disquieting one, but he forced himself not to think so.

"And for why?" he asked lightly.

"Well——" She was finding it difficult to talk easily. There seemed a break in their usual quiet intimacy. "Did you have your letter?"

"Bristow brought it in person. Are your outraged senses of justice and right satisfied?"

"Don't be an idiot." Her voice lowered. "John, you're not working, are you?"

Mannering's fingers tightened about the telephone; for some seconds he did not answer. Lorna said: "Are you there?"

"I was getting over that," said Mannering grimly. "Was it seriously intended?"

"Well——"

"This," said Mannering sharply, "is what we might call the limit. I'm sorry I dragged you into it, although actually you've had the apology from the right quarter. I——"

She laughed lightly, and there was a note in her voice that had been missing before. He wondered whether he was keyed up at too high a tension.

"I'm sorry, darling, but I had to make sure. What's happening now?"

"A period of rest," said Mannering, trying to stifle his uneasiness. "I'm going on a foraging expedition to-night, though."

"Is it—wise?"

"I don't like the idea of these gentry running round loose."

"No-o. Of course you've got to find them." She sounded indecisive, and Mannering felt his pulse hammering; he was out of tune with Lorna, a damnable fact. "You'll be careful?"

"As ever," he assured her lightly. "What will you be doing? The high-spots?"

"I may go out for an hour or two," she said, "if you're not going to want me."

"Good Lord, no! Live fast while you can!" He infused a note of laughter into the words, they chatted for a few minutes, and he rang off. But as he replaced the receiver he reminded himself that for the first time since they had joined forces she was not making a point of being at hand while he would be busy.

FOR years Mannering had owned a house in Barnes where, as Mr. James L. Miller, he had lived occasionally, purporting to be a travelling representative, and supporting a middle-aged housekeeper. The police had come to suspect Mr. Miller, and Mannering had adopted a different disguise, and taken a 99 years' lease of a house on the edge of Streatham Common.

Immediately on his return from Paris he had rented a flat on the first floor of a small block near the Square, and had deposited a suit-case of necessary clothes and tools. The flat was in Brythe Street, and Brythe Street was deserted when Mannering reached it that night.

Mannering went to the first floor by lift, passed no one in the brief walk to Flat 40, and let himself in. Nothing had been touched since he had deposited the bags, and he took off coat, vest and shirt, and sat in front of the dressing-table mirror. From one of the bags he took a complete theatrical make-up outfit, and for three-quarters of an hour he worked silently, slowly at first, because it was some time since he had used a disguise, and he wanted to take no risks. By the end of the time, however, he was fully satisfied with the result.

"Good morning, Jonathan," he said conversationally. "A happy debut."

For as Mr. Jonathan Mellor he had taken the flat, and as Mellor he hoped to work until this affair was over.

From his second case, Mannering took out and put on a suit. It was well-cut but a trifle exaggerated at the waist, not becoming a man of the stoutness that Mr. Mellor proved to have, for Mannering padded his waist-band, and the vest of the dark grey suit was also padded.

He opened the third case, and from it took a waistband, slotted and filled with a number of small tools, or parts of tools. In addition he put in his pocket a blue scarf to use as a mask, with slits for the mouth and nose, a gas-pistol which he charged with a strong ether-gas, and a wash-leather bag containing a chloroform-soaked pad.

BY one o'clock, Mannering was standing outside No. 7, North Gardens. Lorna, young Collyn, everything beyond the task of entering the house went from his mind; when the Baron was busy only a single purpose was possible.

He went through the front gates of the small carriage-way, a glance right and left convincing him that he was unobserved.

He reached the window which, he believed, would afford him easiest access, took a small diamond cutter from his waist-band, and a small rubber cup with a short stem. From the moment he started work it was the Baron, not Mannering. He worked with a quick, nerveless energy, pausing every few minutes to make sure there was no warning sound nearby.

The sharp squeal of the diamond cutter on the glass came clearly. Then a circular piece of glass, nearly a foot in diameter, came away without a sound.

The Baron rested it softly on the grass, took a small electric torch from his pocket, and pressed the switch. The light shot out, towards the sides of the window, and as he moved it round he saw the thin piece of wire running down one side.

So Savoyan had the house wired up with a burglar alarm.

The Baron smiled behind his mask, and took a small pair of wire-cutters from his pocket. He was stretching his arm through the hole to get at the wire when he heard the car come along North Gardens, the engine slowing down. In a flash he withdrew his arm, and crouched below the bushes; and as he did so the headlights of a car, switched on to negotiate the carriage-way gates, shone vividly against the window.

The light went through the hole Mannering had cut, and the room beyond was illuminated for a second by a ghostly white glare, revealing the settees and easy chair, and the door, which was directly opposite the window. For that Mannering was thankful, but he knew that it was possible the driver could see the hole.

The car wheels crunched on the drive, came to a standstill outside. A door slammed. Light footsteps sounded, short and sharp, up the steps towards the porch.

"Lady friend," murmured the Baron, and

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ALIAS THE BARON

a picture of the brunette he had seen with young Collyn passed through his mind, to be broken by the sharp ringing of the front door bell. Silence followed, and from the front of the house an oath, coming unpleasantly from a woman's lips. She rang again, and then a door banged inside, Mannering heard footsteps; through the open door of the lounge, he knew.

The open door.

If the caller was shown into that room the broken window would be seen at once, and the Baron's position would be dangerous. But if it were not used he would have a chance of overhearing the greeting, if nothing more. Tensed and expectant he waited. He heard the pulling of bolts, the rattle of a chain, and then the woman's voice.

"Is Mr. Savoyan in, Parker?"

"Yes, Miss." The speaker sounded sleepy, footsteps came, muffled by a carpet. "He is in his study, I will tell him you have called."

"Tell him nothing," snapped the woman, and Mannering caught the angry inflection in her voice. "I'll go straight up."

"Very good, Miss."

The sharp footsteps echoed again, and then heavier ones, along the passage. Mannering's heart jumped when, accustomed to the gloom now, he saw the lounge door move. It closed with a slam; Parker had noticed it was open.

Mannering lost no time. Moving gently so that he did not shake the wire, he cut it, and pulled back the catch of the window. Next moment, he was inside, creeping across the room.

When he pulled the door open, a filter of light shone through, and for some seconds he was on tenterhooks lest Parker had waited in the hall. The man was not there.

Mannering went through, and hesitated for a moment on the foot of the stairs. He slipped his scarf on, masking his face, and he made sure that the gas-pistol was handy in his pocket. Then, dark against the light furnishing and papering of the hall, he went up to the first floor.

From the second door along the passage he saw a pin-prick of light, coming from the keyhole, and as he neared it the murmur of voices came clearly. Predominant was a man's.

"I've told you before, you must make him do it."

"But, Leo, he——"

"There is no alternative," said Leo, and Mannering knew that it was Savoyan. "My dear Chloe, a mere boy who won't fall for your charms! I can't believe that you have exerted them all."

"That talk doesn't help! If I don't let him go soon——"

"If he doesn't see reason soon," said Savoyan, "he is going to regret it. Or perhaps I should say his relatives are." There was a menace in his words, and they were followed by a silence broken by the sharp creak of a chair.

"Telephone me in an hour," said Savoyan, but the woman did not answer, and Mannering heard her close to the door.

The Baron moved towards the landing, reached it, and stood pressed against the wall, waiting for her to come. If she looked to the right she would see the Baron, and he had the gas-pistol in his hand, ready for immediate action. But the passage led directly to the stairs, and she was staring ahead of her, her cheeks flushed and her eyes angry.

It was the brunette; he saw her lovely, angry profile.

Mannering watched as the small hat perched on the side of her head disappeared. As she reached the hall he heard Parker's voice; heard the door close, the chain rattle and bolts pushed home. Mannering stepped out of his cover towards the wide passage, and tried the handle of the first door, which yielded without trouble. It was dark inside, and he did not push the door right to as Parker came upstairs. The soft, dragging footsteps of the servant suggested weariness, and Mannering did not think Parker would be awake for long. The danger from servants was not important.

A door closed, on the floor above.

Mannering pressed the switch of his torch, and the thin pencil of light shone on the carpet of a bedroom. He went towards the wall separating him from Savoyan and as the light moved slowly along it he saw a communicating door. Savoyan's bedroom and study were adjacent.

He went to the passage door, took out the key and slipped it into his pocket. Then he turned the handle of the communicating door, and pushed.

It made no sound, and a streamer of light came through. There was a gap just wide enough for him to see into the study, and he drew a short breath of relief when he saw that Savoyan's back was turned towards him. And against the wall opposite him was an open safe.

Savoyan was leaning over something he held in both hands, and he seemed intent on his inspection. As Mannering drew nearer he saw that Savoyan had a watchmaker's lens screwed into his right eye. And he saw the slender fingers playing with a necklace, the diamonds of which sparkled and scintillated.

The Chentz diamonds?

The Baron stood two yards from Savoyan, slightly behind him, and held his gas-pistol in sight.

"Well, Savoyan," he said.

Those softly-spoken words dropped into the silence seemed to reverberate about the room. As they came Savoyan swung round in his chair, then raised his arms, the lens dropping from his eye, the necklace falling to the white blotting pad on the desk.

"What—what——" Savoyan started to speak, stopped, and stared aghast.

"Naturally a shock," said the Baron, "but I had hoped you would stand up to it better. Keep your hands still!"

After the first stupefaction, Savoyan had started to move his hands, the right towards his pocket, the left towards a bell-push on his desk. At the Baron's words he stopped short.

"The—the Baron!" he exclaimed.

"A highly original comment?" murmured the Baron, intent on playing his man as much as he could. "Others have said the same, I'm afraid. That looks a pleasing piece you've got there. May I?" He stretched out his left hand for the necklace, and Savoyan handed it to him with fingers that shook.

"Thanks." Mannering dropped the diamonds into his pocket without looking at them, stepped forward and sat on the edge of the desk. "Now I think we'll see what else you've got."

"I haven't anything else worth seeing!"

"No? I wonder. Step over to the safe and empty it."

Savoyan's eyes narrowed, and he pushed his chair back. The Baron was waiting for the attempt, saw the way the other's knuckles whitened, and anticipated the leap that Savoyan made at him. He slipped from the desk, and as Savoyan was carried past him with the impetus of his leap he brought his left fist round, catching the man behind the ear.

Propelled by the blow and his own rush, Savoyan went flying to the floor; there was a heavy thud and a rumble of furniture as he met it. He cried out, but the shout was stifled as his mouth was buried in the thick pile rug.

Mannering returned to the desk, his eyes glinting as Savoyan sat up and scrambled to his feet, trembling from head to foot. His brown eyes—darker than Mannering's—held an anger mingled with fear and malevolence.

"Next time," said the Baron, "I shall hurt you. Go and empty the safe."

Savoyan's feet dragged as he went to the wall, pulled the door of the safe wider open, and thrust his hand inside. He drew out two small jewel-cases, a wad of bank notes, and several small trinkets; but Mannering saw the paper inside the safe.

"Everything, I said."

Savoyan's lips twisted, but he tried again, bringing a note-book and two loose pieces of paper.

"On the desk."

Savoyan obeyed and stood looking at the Baron, his eyes showing his bewilderment. Mannering was enjoying himself.

"Open the cases, little man."

"I—I'll have to get the keys from my pocket."

"That's all right with me," said Mannering, but he slipped from the desk. "Turn round a moment."

The other obeyed. Mannering leaned forward, and patted his right coat pocket. He felt the hard lump, and drew out a .32 automatic. He slipped it into his own pocket, patted the rest of Savoyan's and satisfied himself there were no more weapons, and drew back.

"Proceed," he said.

Savoyan pulled a key-case out, selected a small key, and unlocked the clasps of the cases. In one, the lustre of a small pearl necklace shone, in the other were pearl earrings and pendants. Mannering nodded, saw the other trinkets, and said:

"Push them all towards me, the keys included."

Savoyan's lips tightened, there was unalloyed evil in his glare, but he obeyed. The note-book, keys and loose pages he kept near him, until the Baron pointed towards them; and it was the note-book that Mannering picked up first. Studying Savoyan, he knew that the book was more important to him than the jewels; and that suggested it would be more important to the Baron. The loose sheets, he saw as he glanced down quickly, contained names and addresses—two on each.

He pocketed them all, while Savoyan's fingers worked, his eyes seemed to burn. Mannering laughed lightly.

"A complete coup, I think, Savoyan, and now the talking has to be done. Who was the girl-friend?"

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"She—look here, who the devil are you?"

"I'm the Baron, hadn't you guessed?"

"Yes, I know, but——"

"On what might be termed an errand of vengeance," said Mannering gently, and he enjoyed the alarm the words created. "I have been impersonated—cleverly impersonated, I think we can say—long enough. In fact too long. Who was the woman?"

"A—a friend of mine." Savoyan's lips were trembling.

"Yes, I'd gathered that. Not that you appeared to be on friendly terms. She seemed to think you were expecting too much of her, and I'm not sure she was wrong. From what I know of Gerry Collyn he's a resourceful youngster, and he might prove even more awkward than you expect."

"What—what don't you know?" The words seemed forced from Savoyan.

"Not a great deal," admitted the Baron. "Chloe's other name, now?"

"Ren—Renkle."

"Hmmm. And her address?"

Savoyan put up less of a show than he expected. He gave the address without further argument, and all the time his lips and hands were trembling. Mannering went on tersely:

"You don't work alone, Savoyan, I want the names of the others. Who are they?"

"I—don't know."

"No?" murmured the Baron, and in his voice there crept a note of menace. "I can't believe you. Perhaps I can jog your memory a little by mentioning Corbertes. Or Rentu. But I've reason to believe that you, Rentu and Corbertes are only the operatives of the little organisation aiming to profit from the Baron's reputation. Isn't that so, Cartier?"

"Great heaven!" Savoyan was sweating, his foot trembled so that it tapped irritatingly against the tubular steel of his chair. His lips gaped, and Mannering knew that he was facing a man on the point of collapse. Because of it he felt exuberant, and yet from Savoyan's manner he knew that he was right, that this man and Corbertes were operatives, and there were others more important to be found. He was about to enlarge on it when the interruption came. The telephone bell rang harshly.

"KEEP very quiet," Mannering ordered, and lifted the receiver. He heard the sharp voice of the girl operator.

"Bayswater two-one-three-six-five?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Savoyan?"

"Yes."

"Hold on, please, for a personal call from Boulogne."

The ear-piece crackled and snorted as the call came through. Mannering did not recognise the voice, speaking in broken English.

"Zat you, Savoyan?"

"Yes." He was determined to speak as little as he could, to better the chance of being taken for Savoyan.

"Good. You 'ave got it?"

"The Chentz——"

"No names, you fool, 'ow often do I need to tell you to 'ave ze care!" The other's anger was transparent. Mannering knew that the deception was going over well. "You vill send them at vonce to Fienne."

"Yes, of course."

"So. Do not vait zis time. And listen, Savoyan, send all you have take. The payment vill be after, not before. Understan'?"

"Yes, I won't fail you."

"You vill be vise," said the man at the other end of the wire. And on the words, particularly because of the note of menace in them, Mannering recognised the voice. He was startled, so much that his grip on the gun relaxed.

Corbertes!

"I——" he began. But Savoyan had jumped.

A clenched fist caught the Baron on the side of the face, his head rang, and he fell heavily.

There was murder in Savoyan's eyes as he leapt for Mannering's gun, which had fallen close to him.

If he got it Mannering could call it the end.

He saw Savoyan's face, very close, and he let go with all his strength towards the chin. He connected. The vital nerve-centre collapsed, Savoyan sagged, and then fell unconscious.

HE came back to consciousness to find Mannering bending over him, forcing whisky down his throat.

When he saw the masked figure above him he went stiff. Mannering forced another dram between his lips and helped him to a chair, knowing there could be no danger from Savoyan for some time to come.

Even so, he was surprised at the ease with which Savoyan now gave in, and told his full story.

He admitted serving a three years' sentence in the prison of La Rochelle for jewel-robbery, under the name of Cartier. For some years, he assured Mannering, he had lived "honestly," on the proceeds of the crime for which he had served his term. He had met Corbertes at a cabaret, Corbertes had offered him protection for certain services, and for some years he and the Frenchman had been working together.

Nearly six months before Corbertes had told him that in future he would use a blue mask and a gas pistol. It had been some time before Savoyan had realised the significance of the impersonation. Then Corbertes had admitted that his idea was to create the impression that the Baron was at work.

Most of which Mannering could have guessed.

On the more important points, such as the number of men working for Corbertes, Savoyan was silent; Mannering felt sure that it was because he did not know. The man was desperately afraid both of Corbertes and the police, so much was certain.

There was silence for some seconds after Savoyan had finished talking, while the Baron considered. At last he said slowly:

"Well, what about young Collyn?"

"I—I'm not going to hurt him!"

"No? I think you're right," admitted Mannering. "But just what did you want with him?"

"I wanted the keys for Collyn's place—the first time I went there I could only get the small stuff, and Corbertes wanted the Chentz diamonds——"

"For a special client?"

"He didn't tell me! They were to be sent to——"

Savoyan broke off: Mannering knew the man was afraid to tell too much, afraid of the vengeance of Corbertes. Every time he uttered the man's name he seemed to cringe; and in view of the fate of Paul Rentu, that fear was understandable. But Corbertes had mentioned a name that might prove significant. Mannering tried it.

"Fienne, isn't it?"

"What don't you know?" groaned Savoyan.

"That's the second time you've asked the question," said Mannering, "and I think I'll beg it again. Who is Fienne?"

"A—a Frenchman."

"Yes, I'd gathered that. Where do I find him?"

"I—don't know!"

"Meaning that you daren't tell me?"

"Corbertes would know who squealed—curse you, send for the police, do what you like, but I won't talk, I'd rather spend a ten-year stretch in Parkhurst than answer to Corbertes!" There were tears in the man's eyes, he was trembling helplessly, and Mannering knew he would get no more information.

He pushed the whisky towards the man.

"Take another drink," he said. "We're going for a ride."

"I——"

"Hurry!"

Savoyan hurried.

Within the next hour, Mannering had tied Savoyan securely to the bed in his Westminster flat; had posted the jewels taken from Savoyan to Mr. Mellor at Brythe Street, and was on his way to make another call.

CHLOE RENKLE'S flat was off the Embankment, and he reached it fifteen minutes after leaving Savoyan. But four rings at her flat bell brought no response.

Mannering frowned in the gloom of the fourth floor, then his face relaxed.

"What a fool I am sometimes!" As he muttered the words he took out Savoyan's key-case, which he had purloined, seeing the three differently cut keys. The second turned the lock.

The door opened quietly.

There was no light inside, and he did not switch one on until he had closed the door. On the threshold of the room he stood silently, listening for any sound. None came. The flat seemed empty. Frowning, he took his torch out, and shone it about the room. It was large, pleasantly furnished and untidy.

An open door was opposite him.

Mannering tiptoed towards it, and as he drew near he fancied he heard the light breathing of a man or woman. He reached it, and as he opened it the light from a street lamp filtered dimly through, and he could see the woman on the bed. On it, not in it. And tied to it!

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed the Baron, and he switched on the light, satisfied that as Mellor he had no need for the Baron's mask. The woman—it was Chloe—blinked up at him in the sudden glare, and struggled at the cords which fastened her, just as Savoyan was fastened a mile away.

Mannering stepped forward quickly, taking a knife from his pocket, and cut the cords while pulling the handkerchief from Chloe's mouth with his free hand. For some

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minutes she could not speak, but a weak whisky and soda helped her to recover, and the Baron spoke sharply, with an increasing sense of foreboding.

"Where's Collyn?"

"I—I—they took him!" she gasped.

AFTER that she talked both coherently and convincingly. No more than fifteen minutes before Mannering's arrival she had opened the door to a man who—she admitted without dissembling—worked at times with Savoyan.

She knew him as "Mike," and had no idea of his real name. Thinking it to be a business call she had not hesitated to admit him, but "Mike" had been followed by a second man, who had held her up with a gun while "Mike" had tied her to the bed and gagged her.

Little had been said. She had seen them go into the dressing-room and come out carrying Collyn, who had been unconscious; and they could not have been gone more than five minutes when the ringing had started at the front door.

Mannering felt worried.

"I want to find Collyn," he told her tersely. "Where does 'Mike' live?"

"I've no idea."

"Does Savoyan know?"

"He ought to."

"Hmm. How many are there in this business?"

"I don't know," she said quietly. "I've worked with Savoyan, 'Mike' and Tilly——"

"Tilly being?"

"Oh, she's like me—she catches the poor saps." There was such complete frankness in the admission that Mannering was amused, worried though he was by this new development. "Daisy Tilford if you want it all—everyone calls her Tilly. That's my lot."

"Well, taken square and round, young woman, you've landed yourself in a mess. Not only did you borrow the keys from Collyn with intent to use them for a felony, but you've been party to abduction."

"Oh, good Lord!" She had a matter-of-factness that would have appealed more to Mannering in different circumstances. "Well, you seem to know all about it—I'll come quietly."

"Nice of you, but where?" asked Mannering.

"To the—here, who are you?"

"Who do you think?"

"To tell you the truth," said Chloe slowly, "you don't look much like a policeman, but I took it for granted. Aren't you?"

"No!"

"Want to give me in charge, eh?"

"Not yet," admitted the Baron. "A friend of Collyn's first, anxious that he doesn't make a fool of himself. I gathered from Savoyan just what you were trying to do. So far it hasn't worked.

"Worked! It's been a howling frost. I warned him, but the stubborn fool wouldn't take any notice. I didn't think it would work with Collyn."

"What wouldn't?"

"Don't try to be innocent," said Chloe. "And give me a cigarette, will you—thanks. I had to make Collyn believe Savoyan was forcing me into crime—you know, the old sympathy angle. He wanted to get Collyn working with him."

"Hmm," said the Baron thoughtfully. "Collyn, as a son of a peer, and with the right of entry into most houses, would have been an invaluable accomplice for Savoyan, wouldn't he?"

She stared. "I didn't think of it."

"Savoyan did: and so, it appears, did 'Mike.' What else do you know about Savoyan? Did he take you into his confidence about being the Baron?"

"The Baron nothing! He dresses up with a scarf and takes a toy pistol about with him, but the Baron's clever. Savoyan—look here, who are you?"

Mannering's lips twitched.

"The Baron," he said gently.

"What?"

"Or aren't I clever enough?"

She sat back in her chair, and her eyes were solemn as she looked into his.

"I wouldn't have believed it! So you're after Savoyan because he's stealing your thunder?"

"Because the Baron died some time ago, and I don't want him born again." He stared down at her thoughtfully. "Fond of Savoyan?"

"Fond of—look, what are you getting at?"

"It struck me," said Mannering thoughtfully, "that you might like to help me. As an accomplice of Savoyan's, and an abductress"—she grimaced, but did not interrupt—"you wouldn't show up very well in the dock. I've no desire to see you there: it seems reasonably certain that you didn't propose doing Collyn any serious harm——"

"I wouldn't have stood for it."

"That does you credit," he said dryly. "But if Savoyan goes for trial he'll bring you in. If I let him go free, and let you go, he might get in touch again with—er—'Mike.' You could keep me informed. Does it sound attractive?"

There was silence. At length, Chloe said: "I don't like it. But you seem safer than Savoyan, even if you are a miserable-looking beggar—is that your real face?"

"It'll serve."

"What a blow! All right, where do I find you?"

"You don't," the Baron assured her. "I'll phone you from time to time, and if you want to contact with me, put an agony in 'The Times.' Address it M.E.L., and sign yourself——" He hesitated. "'Angel,' shall we say?"

She grimaced. "You'll do." Mannering saw a small, well-shaped hand thrust towards him. "Shake on it?"

Mannering complied, gravely.

"And the first job you can do," he said, "is to visit fifty-four Row Court Mansions—here's the key—and let Savoyan out. Say about nine in the morning. Tell him I came to see you, that Collyn was gone, that I tried to make you talk but you wouldn't, and say that I couldn't go to the police, being what I am. It should convince him."

"I think it will," she admitted, and took the key.

Mannering went back to the Westminster flat where his own prisoner was waiting.

Savoyan showed a fear of "Mike" as strong as of Corbertes. Rather than betray either of them he would face the police and a certainty of imprisonment, a fact which showed Mannering the extent of the influence of the Frenchman and of the Englishman. Were there others as scared of them as Savoyan?

LORNA sat on a soap box liberally daubed with paint, and stared up at Mannering, who leaned precariously against her easel.

"What a mess," she said slowly.

"I've seen worse," Mannering said. "What worries me more than anything is the strength of this organisation."

"You've no idea at all where to find Gerry Collyn?"

"Apart from this 'Mike'——"

"You didn't get a description of him?"

"I phoned Chloe after I left, to try again, but she seemed vague. Helpful but useless—the untrained eye. 'Mike' doesn't appear to have any particular characteristic. But she'll advertise if she sees or hears anything of him again."

"Aren't you trusting her too much?"

"I'm taking a chance. What else could I have done? If I'd turned them over to the police I'd have had no chance at all of getting at Corbertes. They had to be freed. You're hard to please to-night, darling."

"You've got those names and addresses on the papers from Savoyan's safe." Lorna ignored his smile, eyed him soberly.

"Of coming victims, yes. They plan well ahead," Mannering said ruefully. "Anyhow, I shall warn the four named on the notes, but I don't think there'll be any move made against them now. Savoyan knows I've got their addresses. The notebook's more puzzling, if I could read it I'd be in clover." He took it from his pocket and handed it to her.

He had looked through it at the Brook Street flat, but beyond a series of notes, obviously written in code, it was empty. Mannering knew nothing about codes, and if he took it to a cypher expert he would probably find himself in difficulties to explain how it reached him. At that point he was checked.

He had reached Lorna's studio just before midday, after four hours' sleep at Brook Street and a visit to Blythe Street to make sure that the packet had been delivered.

He did not doubt what had happened after the interrupted telephone call from Boulogne. Corbertes had telephoned "Mike"—there would not be much delay in cross-Channel calls at night—and given him instructions to get the peer's son away from Chloe.

That premise meant that Corbertes had known where Collyn was . . .

"No, it doesn't," Mannering said aloud, and Lorna looked up sharply from the notebook. "It means 'Mike' had to know, Corbertes would tell him there was trouble at Kensington and 'Mike' would work off his own bat."

"Very instructive," said Lorna.

Mannering explained his reasoning. Lorna admitted that she could make neither head nor tail of the code, and there remained the policy to adopt about Gerry.

"You'll have to tell the police," Lorna said slowly. "It's too much responsibility for you."

"Ye-es. The question is, do I tell them everything, or just persuade Collyn to report his son's disappearance? And that isn't going to be easy, by the way."

"He'll have to, if he thinks there's real danger."

"I suppose so," said Mannering reluctantly.

Lorna said sharply: "Don't lose time, John."

"I——"

"Do you want me to tell the police?"

She looked angry, and it was rare to see her cheeks flushed. Her eyes were stormy, and Mannering believed that she was feeling Collyn's danger—and the part Mannering had played in it—too keenly. Not for

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years had she spoken as sharply as that.

And not for years had he felt his own temper rising with her.

"Steady," he said, "I'm trying to puzzle out the best course."

"And while you do it Collyn might be murdered."

"Oh, don't——" He stopped short, staring down on her without speaking, meeting her angry gaze. Through his mind had flashed a memory of Galinet, and the legend of the Emeralds of Discord.

This was fantastic.

"Well?" she demanded quickly, and Mannering shrugged.

"I don't usually forget the main possibilities," he said, with a forced lightness. "When all's said and done, if I hadn't gone after Savoyan, and risked my neck doing it, we'd have no more idea than the police and Collyn have of where he is. I've got to find out whether he's in immediate danger before acting."

"Have you?" asked Lorna, and there was a dangerous lilt in her voice. "I hope——"

"Supposing you leave it to me?" he suggested, "I've managed in the past."

"This case is different," snapped Lorna, "and you seem to think it's not important. Either you tell Bristow, or——"

Mannering felt a queer constriction in his chest.

"Or what?"

"Or I do. Oh, I won't give him any information that might incriminate you, but he must know about Collyn. The boy's in danger, haven't you realised that?"

"I've realised several things," said Mannering, "and everything considered, it'll be wiser if I tell Bristow. Heigh-ho, life's full of surprises." He forced a smile. "Darling, I——"

"You'd better tell him to-day," Lorna said abruptly. "And I want to get some work done while the light's good."

Mannering frowned, the constriction in his chest grew tighter. He wanted to tell her not to be a fool, to convince her he was genuinely trying to find the best line to take. But all he saw was an uncompromising profile, and he turned to the door.

And he thought again of the Emeralds of Discord.

A VISIT to Lord Collyn produced swift results. The peer readily agreed with Mannering that Scotland Yard should now be informed of Gerry's disappearance. Moreover, Collyn seemed glad to leave the task of telling the police to his friend.

Mannering left the lounge ten minutes after he had entered, but before he reached the front door Brenda was at his side. Mannering knew how deeply she was feeling her brother's disappearance.

"I'll do everything I can," he assured her. "If——"

"There's something else worrying father," said Brenda with a doggedness that suggested she had been arguing the point with Collyn. "He won't admit it, but I'm sure it's true. I think he's worried over the losses."

"Well, they total close on seventy thousand pounds. Most people would be."

"But he says they're insured."

"I——" Mannering hesitated, a sudden thought flashing across his mind. "I don't think you need worry."

"Now," said Brenda almost wearily, "you're holding something back. Don't treat me as though I'm perishable goods, I won't melt away. What is it?"

Mannering smiled at her seriousness.

"To be blunt, just this. If Gerry had anything to do with the theft it might cause a query with the insurance. Precious stones are covered by particular conditions, the owner has to take 'all reasonable precautions.' If he left his safe and strong-room keys lying about, even in his own house, it might be construed as negligence."

"And the insurance company wouldn't pay?"

"If it was proved negligence, and if there was a negligence clause, no."

"Oh!" said Brenda, slowly and worriedly. "I wonder if that's it?"

Mannering saw the question in her eyes, wondered what possibility had occurred to her, and waited. She seemed to speak unwillingly, but she succeeded in surprising him.

"Well, he's recently been made Managing-Director of the Empire Company, you know. And if the diamonds were insured with them, and probably they are, it would be a complication. I mean, if there was any scandal about Gerry, and the company stood to lose——"

"How long has he been managing-director?" Mannering spoke more sharply than he intended. He knew Collyn to be on the board, but to be managing-director was far more important. Brenda's eyes narrowed, but she answered promptly enough.

"Nearly six months; what does that matter?"

"I don't know," admitted Mannering.

But as he walked down the steps towards his waiting cab, he saw a wider vista, and the complications seemed to increase. Collyn's position at the head of the Empire Assurance Company would be extremely difficult if his son was in any way connected with the theft of the Chentz diamonds. At best it would create a delicate position, and at worst it would force Collyn to retire.

Was that what worried him?

Few problems had needed discussion so much: and Mannering found himself automatically thinking of seeing Lorna, putting the new development up to her. The realisation that they had parted on almost acrimonious terms stung him, and on the spur of the moment he countermanded his order to be driven to the Yard.

"Eighteen Cheyne Street, Chelsea. In a hurry, please."

The cabby nodded; Mannering wondered whether the gesture he was making would break through the restraint which appeared to grow stronger the more he puzzled over it. He felt an inward excitement as he reached Chelsea, and the cab turned down Cheyne Street. He had his hand on the door to open it as soon as the driver braked, when he saw Lorna.

She was laughing, more vivacious than usual, and at her side was a large, elegant gentleman whom Mannering had last seen in Paris.

The Hon. Peter Forsyth, massive, and in his way handsome, wealthy and—which was Mannering's first thought—with a reputation for gallantry that went ill with his large frame, seemed as pleased with life as Lorna as they stepped into his car; the cab and the car passed within a yard of each other.

Mannering sat very still, and the driver wondered whether his fare did know what he wanted when, after staring at him blankly, he redirected him to the nearest call-box, and then to Scotland Yard.

Mannering was recalling that Lorna had seemed buried in herself when he had met her in Paris, after she had come from Biarritz with Forsyth.

SUPERINTENDENT LYNCH'S fleshy face was unusually sober as he regarded Mannering. He saw none of the other's customary self-confidence, no hint of that faint mockery which Mannering usually revealed to the police, and Lynch missed it. But he made no comment beyond:

"Well, what have you come into the lion's den for?"

Mannering did not try to find a riposte.

"Did you know Gerald Collyn was missing?"

Lynch rubbed his chin.

"Well," he said, "the fact that young Collyn was not at home on the night of the second burglary was reported, and we've had a man watching the house. He hasn't been back. Moreover, he was with a queer party the night you—er—had your little misadventure. You don't know how near——"

"I didn't come here to waste words," snapped Mannering. "What queer party?"

"Not a nice one," said Lynch uncomfortably. "There was a woman named Tilford with him—or the party. Silly Tilly, in the profession. Her speciality is making fools out of the young nobility."

"Anything else?"

"I'm the policeman," Lynch said gently.

Mannering seemed to take a grip on himself: there was a vestige of a smile on his lips.

"Sorry, yes. Someone did make a fool of Gerald Collyn. Persuaded him to get out the strong-room keys, took an impression and——"

"So that's how it was done!" exclaimed Lynch.

"And afterwards," went on Mannering, "they apparently decided that Collyn would be useful to them. They kept him by force at a flat in Westminster, and I traced him——"

"Quite a detective! What were you doing, anyway? Looking for the other Baron?"

"Lord Collyn asked me to help," said Mannering gently; "he was naturally anxious to keep his son's name out of any scandal. I lost the youngster, though, someone else had been to the flat before me. Has it pierced the great intelligence yet? He's a prisoner, held against his will——"

"Here!" exclaimed Lynch, "wait a minute."

A shorthand writer came in, took a story that was mostly true and omitted only to mention Savoyan and Chloe by name, or to implicate Mannering as the Baron. He gave Chloe's address, for he had phoned her and she had assured him she was prepared to move.

Mannering left Lynch scowling, but for once found no pleasure in annoying a detective, and he walked to Brook Street. He found no solace in the quietness of his flat, nor, a little later, in the decorous hum of conversation in the grill room of the Army and Navy.

He could not keep his mind on the problem of Corbertes, and the impersonations. Nothing seemed important, a queer frame

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of mind for John Mannering, taking him back to the days when the Baron had been born, when the whim of a woman had broken something in him. Something Lorna had mended . . .

In a mood of deep depression he walked from the club to his flat. Outside it he saw a slim, familiar figure, which turned suddenly, saw him and almost ran towards him.

"Thank heaven you've come!" It was Brenda, a distraught, wild-eyed girl who gripped his hand as though she would pull it off. "Father's gone—he's gone!"

Mannering's mental paralysis was broken, the startling abruptness of that statement was the shock he had needed to bring him back to normal. He hurried Brenda inside, and heard her desperate, half-incoherent story.

Soon after Mannering had left the house her father had gone to his bedroom. He had not put in an appearance at lunch time, although he had left no instructions and sent no message, and when she had gone into his room she had seen signs of hurried packing. He had not taken much, however, just clothes and necessaries for a night or two.

"Any note?" asked Mannering quietly.

"No, nothing at all. He's scared of something, he would never have gone off like that unless he was."

"Where's your mother?"

"In Oxfordshire, with the Warrenders. He wouldn't have gone there, why should he? Did—did you tell the police?"

"Yes," said Mannering, and he felt relieved, for he remembered that Lynch had told him a man had watched the James Street house. But it was wiser not to tell Brenda that her father might be under police surveillance. "Have they called?"

"Not yet. I—I think that's why he went."

"He didn't want to talk to them about Gerry, you mean?"

"He was scared, too," said Brenda. "Oh, can't you do anything? First Gerry, now father——"

"They'll both come back," said the Baron, although he knew that airy reassurances would not settle her. "Well, now, can you keep a steady head? The police will visit your father, and someone else will have to be there to see them. Give them the impression that your father might have gone to Oxfordshire, that he told you he was thinking of going down there for a day or two, about Gerry. And when they keep hammering the point, as they will, suggest that he might have had word from Gerry."

Brenda stared wide-eyed, suddenly excited.

"He might have—but it could be true!"

"Yes," said Mannering dryly, "it could be, so you'll sound convincing on that point. And there's one other line I'm taking up, unknown to the police, that might help."

"What is it?"

"Just a possible opening," said the Baron, and he was glad that with the prospect of a clear line of action she had grown calmer. She left the flat with her head high, and he knew she would prove a problem for Bristow and Lynch.

He telephoned immediately Chloe's St. John's Wood flat and learned that "Mike" had been through, and was visiting her at half-past five.

"I'll be there," said Mannering, his eyes hard. "Did it go all right with Savoyan?"

"I went there just after nine," Chloe told him. "He was pretty worked up, you should have heard him. 'Mike' knows about it, I think that's why he wants to see me."

"Lie," said the Baron, "lie harder than you've ever done, Chloe."

"That'll break some records," said Chloe, and Mannering heard her laugh before she rang off.

"MIKE" was a colorless individual, with an almost apologetic manner which puzzled Mannering at first.

In the pocket of the Baron's coat, as he stood by the slightly open door of Chloe's bedroom, looking into the lounge where "Mike" was sitting at ease, was Savoyan's automatic. As Mr. Jonathan Miller he had reached the flat—a ground floor one—just after five.

"Mike" had come at exactly five-thirty.

To Chloe's bitter reproaches he had presented a slightly apologetic front, with an insistence that he had been acting under orders, and in any case he had done her no serious harm.

"And be a little more gracious," "Mike" concluded, shifting his position for cigarettes. "I've come just to reassure you on one point—that conscience of yours has to be soothed, hasn't it?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Collyn," said "Mike." "Savoyan doubtless threatened to kill him, and I doubt whether you would be persuaded to agree, my dear, on the need for such an arbitrary act. And so here I am to tell you he is safe and well. Angry, but that is to be expected."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, I can hardly tell you that," said "Mike" smoothly. "And now, Savoyan has reported that distressing misadventure of his with the Baron. And that you rescued him at the suggestion of the Baron. Was the man masked when you saw him?"

"He—no."

"Come, make up your mind."

"He wasn't——"

"Then what does he look like?"

"I'm—I'm not good at describing people."

"Try," encouraged "Mike," and Mannering saw the girl's eye narrow, saw her fear, and wondered whether it would allow her to be a reliable ally.

Chloe tried. "Well, he was middle-aged, I'd say. A miserable-looking man. Rather pale—unhealthy. I noticed his sloping shoulders. I—I don't remember much, he wasn't there long, but he had brown eyes. A big moustache, clipped short. Is that enough?"

"How tall was he?"

"About the same height as Savoyan. He was plump—not fat, but plump."

"It all sounds very mysterious," said "Mike" with a sigh that might have intimated his doubts of her accuracy. "Well, that's all for now, my dear. Hold yourself in readiness, I have no doubt that you will be wanted again before long. Er—you will in future work with me, not Savoyan."

"Well, I'm not sorry about that, anyhow."

"Mike" stood up, and as he turned sideways to the Baron, he smiled.

"Perhaps not, my dear, but poor Savoyan was a better man to work with than some. Don't you think?"

The Baron's hands tightened, Chloe's eyes held a sudden unmistakable alarm, and she drew a sharp breath.

"Was?"

"Don't be too curious," exhorted "Mike." "I think you were wise to move from Westminster, out of the way of the Baron. Oh, yes," he stopped by the door. "Have you ever met a man named Mannering?"

The Baron went rigid, failed to see the little smile on "Mike's" face as Chloe said:

"No. Do you mean John Mannering?"

"Yes. So you've heard of him? A very big collector of stones, as you may know. There has been a little misadventure with him, as you will have seen if you read the Paris news. At all events you will probably meet him soon, we want to find where he keeps his stuff. A lady's man, I believe."

"Lady's man nothing!" snorted Chloe, natural for the first time since "Mike" had arrived. "Everyone knows he's tied up with Lorna Fauntley."

"To what heights your social knowledge rises," murmured "Mike" sardonically. "As it happens, my dear, there is talk of a rift in the lute. Inevitable when a courtship lasts so long. Miss Fauntley, I'm told, is looking elsewhere."

Mannering kept very still, feeling a chill in his bones. The detachment with which he had watched and listened had gone. So the rumor of Lorna and Forsyth was going the rounds. It seemed as if this affair was seen to harass him, break him.

"Who told you?" asked Chloe, dubiously. "They've been as close as turtle doves, everyone knows——"

"Don't trust everyone," said "Mike." "Trust me—as I," he added with a bark in his voice, "trust you. Good-bye, my dear, for now. I can let myself out."

Chloe stood in the middle of the lounge, staring after "Mike," and had not moved when the Baron stepped from the bedroom. She started when he touched her shoulder, but a lifted finger exhorted silence. He said softly:

"I'm going after him, through the window. The same arrangements as before. Chloe, I'm relying on you."

"What did he mean about Savoyan?"

"That's one of the things I'm going to find out," Mannering said quietly.

Half an hour later he was aboard a Gloucester-bound train, sitting in a compartment near "Mike's," his sallow complexion replaced by fresh rosiness. Just where this trail would lead he had no idea.

Mannering settled down to reading the newspapers. Among them was a midday "Cry," and for once its headline was not given to the prospects of the afternoon's racing, but to murder.

Mannering stared down at the announcement, read the address, knew that the murdered man was Leo Savoyan, and that his body had been found at a flat occupied by Mr. Jonathan Mellor, at Row Court, Westminster.

Which meant the police would be after Mellor—or the Baron, alias Mannering.

COHERENT thoughts came out of the haze of quick, unwanted first impressions. Savoyan had been released from the flat and gone to Kensington. "Mike" had talked to him.

This wasn't possible, it——

"They took him back," Mannering muttered, "to the flat where I'd handled him, and they killed him there. That's their game!"

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Vividly he could see the cleverness of the move, the indescribable cunning of it. They knew Savoyan had been located by the Baron, knew he was in danger; they had killed him so that he would never be able to talk to the police, and left him so that the police would look for the flat's tenant, believing it to be the Baron's.

Mannering's forehead was damp as he stared unseeing out of the window.

At the flat was a make-up case, clothes, and tools—evidence enough for the police that the Baron had been there. He had even left a gas-pistol and a scarf, articles Bristow would be able to identify on sight. The only relief was that none of the things could be traced to Mannering: he had made his purchases too carefully.

"I wonder," murmured the Baron, "where I was when he was killed? Somewhere with witnesses, I hope to heaven!"

The train was slowing down.

Mannering forced himself out of his gloomy reflections and looked along the platform. The door of the carriage which "Mike" had taken was opening. "Mike" stepped down and, without glancing right or left, walked to the exit. Mannering followed, as soon as the man had passed the ticket-collector, and he was in time to see a chauffeur who touched his cap at the plump man and led the way to a saloon drawn up in the desolate-looking station approach.

Then Mannering had to take a chance.

To order a London cabby to "follow the car in front" rarely occasioned much surprise. In the smaller provincial towns it was a rarer commission, and liable to cause suspicion. Mannering approached the youngest of three taxi-drivers standing hopefully by their battered hackneys. It was a lanky, pale-faced man with a wet cigarette-end stuck in the corner of his mouth.

"I'd like you to keep that saloon in sight, young man. Don't keep too close." He spoke sharply, and with assurance.

"Wassat?" The cigarette-end dropped.

Mannering took his wallet out and displayed the wad of notes. The younger man, whose reaction suggested a lower level of intelligence than London cabbies normally maintained, shrugged his shoulders and opened the door of the dilapidated car.

"O.K., boss."

He made a mess of his gears as he started off, and Mannering's heart was thumping. Would the fool lose the trail before he was out of the approach? Inwardly he called down all the curses conceivable on the driver's head, but the taxi moved at last.

After five miles over country roads, the saloon was still in sight. It took a bend, and for a moment was hidden. Mannering had grown so accustomed to catching it again that when they reached a long, straight stretch of road with woods on either side he was startled to see no sign of it. And then he realised how much store he had set on finding "Mike's" port of call. He leaned forward, outwardly calm enough.

"See here, my man——"

"Goin' to Wellin' Hall," said the driver reassuringly. "That's the only place he could've turned in. Want ter follerr?'

"Where is it?" Mannering breathed more easily.

"Arf a mile up the drive, that's where. There"—the taxi was slowed down outside drive gates of wrought iron that badly needed paint—"that's the drive hentrance, Mister. Do you want te go up?"

"No——"

"Coming back now, then?" The cabby sounded impatient, as though he had seen enough of this escapade.

"Where's the nearest village?" asked Mannering.

"Matter've arf a mile up the road."

"Go and wait there," said Mannering, "and not a word to a soul, do you understand?"

The driver understood, helped by a pound note, and Mannering took cover behind the bushes as he made his way towards the house. Welling Hall, and the length of the drive, suggested a big residence; and he was not mistaken.

The Hall seemed to sprawl in an expanse of neglected parklands, and when he first saw it, perhaps two hundred yards away, he was struck by the general air of dilapidation. Moss and slime appeared to cover some of the walls, weeds grew in profusion except for one or two trim patches of lawn in front of the house, and there seemed little evidence of habitation. But he saw the saloon driving from the front of the house towards some out-buildings, and he needed no more telling that it was being garaged.

Which suggested that "Mike" proposed to stay for some hours at least.

Cautiously through the shrubs Mannering approached the house. The shrubbery led up to the wall of one side, and he could see clearly without much risk of being observed.

And then he saw the man at the window of one of the third floor rooms. He was side-face to the Baron, and he was talking; but even at that distance his alarm seemed clear enough.

Mannering stared up, surprised beyond measure, wondering what Lord Collyn was doing here at Welling Hall, with the man known as "Mike."

The plump man was likely to stay for some hours, probably for the night: and Collyn was at Welling Hall. It was evidence enough for Mannering, who was too well aware of the likely staff of the Hall to venture a visit in daylight.

He walked quickly back towards the drive gates, and turned towards the village, hoping the cabby had remained faithful.

Sure enough, he found the taxi standing outside an inn which was pleasant and gabled, with the woodwork freshly oiled and green paint bright on flower-boxes and tubs.

The cabby was investigating beer, in a tankard. He caught sight of Mannering entering the bar parlor, finished his drink and smacked his lips.

"Ready, sir?"

"I'm going to have dinner," said Mannering, "if the landlord can manage something for me?"

He dined, his keen brain working at top speed all the while—and planning.

WIND from the north whipped through the parkland of Welling Hall.

There was no moon, but the Baron could see well enough as he approached Welling Hall, after parking a small car he had hired—not without difficulty, for he had not dared to show his Mellor licence, nor his own—in a clearing thirty yards from the entrance.

The cabby had driven him back to Reading, after he had talked with mine host.

About the Hall and its new owner—Mannering had pricked up his ears at the "new" — Percival Dawson of the inn had been talkative, but not approving. It was a man named Hawley who had taken the old place over, four months before, lock, stock and barrel.

Hawley, it seemed, made no purchases in the village, contributed in no way to the prosperity of the locality. If he bought beer, wines and spirits it was from Reading or London. Even the servants— three of them, all men—had come from London. It was rumored that Hawley was a writing gent, and Percival admitted a drudging possibility that eccentricity was thus explained, if not justified.

As the Baron moved unseen through the shadows of the shrubbery at Welling Hall, a church clock from the distant village chimed the hour of one o'clock.

No lights glowed from any of the windows. He reached the fourth porch.

The oak door was solid, and the only glass was in two small leaded panes, out of reach of the lock and the bolts. Mannering needed only a few seconds' inspection to know that there was no entrance that way. He slipped towards the right, came to the first window, and met the uncompromising solid shutters. He examined window after window, but none of them was accessible, back and front and sides were shuttered, several of them showing evidence of recent repair.

Hawley had prepared against burglary.

Mannering went on to the out-buildings, ramshackle stables, partly converted into a garage. Standing in its shadows he looked up at the house, and he saw the faint reflection of the stars on third floor windows, which were not shuttered. As far as he could see the precautions had been taken only with the ground and first-floor rooms.

He spent a few minutes in deep thought, then his eyes sparkled. The "conversion" of the stables to a garage had been simply the removal of the stalls, but there was the old carriage house adjoining, and the door to it was unlocked. Mannering stepped through, and he saw what he wanted. From that moment he felt confident, sure of himself.

There were three or four ladders, two of them of the extension type, and long enough to reach the second floor windows.

Ten minutes later a convenient gust of wind covered the squealing as he pushed up a window on the second floor and climbed through.

The Baron used his torch, and the pencil of light showed one end of a passage ending in a blank wall, the other leading to a wider corridor. From the first passage a single door opened, and Mannering tried the handle and pushed. It opened without trouble. He stood there for a moment, his ears strained, but he caught no sound of breathing.

He went out, and made for the next corridor.

Three rooms led from it, and as he shot the pencil of light from his torch he saw a staircase, leading upwards. The beam did not carry to the extreme end of the passage. He went quietly along, his rubber-soled shoes making no sound, until he saw that a third passage led to the main stairs, and the first floor. It was safe to assume that the servants were on that floor, and he paused by one of the doors.

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The heavy breathing of a man came clearly.

The next room was occupied, too, and he knew whence the main danger would come. But when he reached the end of the passage he found a stout door, made to segregate the servants' quarters from the main rooms. He examined the lock and the key: neither had been used for a long time, and he drew the key out, oiled it from a can in his kit, and pulled the door behind him. He locked it, and in the gloom he smiled, for the servants would not be able to get out without sending him warning.

Mannering went forward towards the staircase and the first floor without a sound. At the landing he was faced with three short passages, all wide, all presumably with two or three main bedrooms opening from them. Instead of going towards them he went downstairs, and to the front door.

It was chained and bolted.

Mannering withdrew the bolts, thankful that they were well-oiled and silent. The chains clinked a little, but he took them off their hooks without making much noise. Then he pulled at the lock-knob, and tested the door for opening. It moved easily despite its weight; and the catch was also well-oiled.

Another way of escape was open, doubly important because of the shutting of the servants' door.

Now for Collyn.

He went back to the first floor landing, and the three passages.

And then for the first time he heard a sound.

It was vague at first, and he stood dead still by the head of the stairs. Then it came more clearly, the moving of a man or woman, the rustle of footsteps. He slipped towards the wall, pulling his mask up. As it covered his face except for his eyes and forehead a door opened along the middle passage, and a dim light shone out.

The Baron stepped to the end of the passage, and he saw the man clearly. He was dressed but wore carpet slippers that slipped as he moved towards a door at the far end of the passage. He went in, closed the door, and Mannering stood there uncertain for some seconds.

It had not been Hawley, nor Collyn. Was it a visitor, or a watchman? The fact that he had been dressed suggested the latter, and Mannering fancied that he knew why he had been on guard inside a room.

He stepped towards the door from which the man had come, and tried the handle. It was not locked. As he opened it the soft light flooded the passage, and Mannering was able to see into the room.

Near the door was a small table on which a set of solitaire cards were laid out, as though the man had stopped in the middle of a game. But it was the bed that interested Mannering, for he saw Lord Collyn there, fully dressed but for collar, tie, and shoes. One arm was flung outwards, his legs were wide apart, and he was breathing very softly, unlike a man in a normal sleep.

The Baron went through, and closed the door.

And as he stepped behind it he heard the shuffling footsteps again, and he knew that the testing time had come.

THE Baron was pressed close against the wall, so that when the door opened it would come towards him.

The handle turned and the night-walker entered. Mannering saw his profile, that of a heavy, graceless face, with a thick black stubble. To close the door the man had to face the Baron. He turned . . .

He looked into Mannering's gas-pistol and heard the Baron's whispered command:

"Dead still!"

He gaped, but he made no move nor sound. Mannering knew that he had to move fast. He jabbed the gun forward.

"Turn round, or——"

The man half-turned, but his fists were bunching in readiness for an attack, and Mannering shot his left hand forward with a chloroform pad. He clapped it over the fellow's mouth and chin, dropped the gun, and clutched at the waving arms. The man struggled violently and tried to shout, but the pressure at his mouth and about his shoulders was inexorable. He managed only a choking gurgle, then sagged against the Baron.

Mannering left him on the floor by the wall and stepped to the bed. He gripped Collyn's shoulder, but the peer did not budge. Lightly he slapped his pale cheeks but there was no response.

"That's one thing I can't do yet," muttered the Baron, and he turned back to the guard.

From the man's pockets he took an automatic, and he scowled when he found another gun in a shoulder holster. But among the other oddments he took from the pockets was a bunch of keys and they promised to be useful. Mannering pocketed them, and straightened up, trying to decide on his best plan of action.

More than anything else he needed evidence of Hawley's crimes, particularly anything that would associate him with Savoyan's murder. And the first step was to find Hawley.

Mannering made up his mind quickly to try all the bedrooms on the first floor passages, locked or unlocked, if the keys gave him easy access. He left the room, leaving the light on and convinced that there would be no danger from the unconscious thug for some time.

Three rooms along the first passage, all unlocked, were empty, as well as the two rooms on either side of that where Collyn was stretched out.

Through the uncanny silence, exaggerated by the subdued moaning of the wind outside, Mannering approached the last passage. The first door was heavy, of a different type from any of the others he had examined. He examined it thoughtfully, and then tapped very lightly on the panels.

They looked like wood, but the Baron was prepared to swear that they were made of steel.

The strong-room?

Mannering's heart leapt, and, although he did not hold out much hope of success he tried the keys, one after the other. None of them turned the lock.

With increasing inward excitement he tried the second door. It was similar in every respect to the first, and none of the keys turned the lock.

The third . . .

It was wooden, like most of the others, and he had reached the end of the steel reinforcements. Was it Hawley's room?

Mannering began to try the keys again, but he failed only with the first three of the bunch of thirteen. The fourth key fitted snugly and silently; he turned it in the lock. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of the man inside as he pushed the door open and slipped in.

The Baron took out his gas-gun, stepped to the bed and touched the trigger. The slight hiss of the escaping gas failed to rouse the sleeper, and after ten seconds Mannering knew that he had won another trick.

He was smiling tensely behind his mask as he switched on the light. A dull glow revealed every detail of the room, and Mannering saw with surprise that there was no old furniture: everything was modern, and looked new. So Hawley did think of his creature comforts.

It was Hawley.

The mousy hair and the indeterminate face were unmistakable, and he was sleeping peacefully. Mannering looked about him quickly, seeing a wall-safe above the bed panel and a small bureau that looked solid and safe against one wall. And he saw Hawley's clothes, neatly folded on a chair.

He ran through the pockets, but there were no keys.

Approaching the bed he felt under the pillow, and Hawley stirred in that deep sleep. But there was no threat of danger as Mannering's gloved fingers touched the leather of a key-case. His lips curled, for next to the case was something heavier: he drew out an automatic.

Was it the gun that had killed Savoyan?

The Baron felt his heart thumping as he examined it. It was a .22 Colt, one of the smallest calibres made. Cautiously, to avoid destroying fingerprints, he opened the handle-drum, and peered into it.

One bullet was missing.

Hawley stirred again as the gun, wrapped in a handkerchief, went into Mannering's pocket.

"I think," murmured Mannering, "a little extra dose is required, and a stronger one this time."

He used the chloroform pad, for as far as it was possible he had to make sure there was no one in Welling Hall who could catch him unprepared. He had the run of the house for an hour or more, and he had Hawley's keys.

The wall-safe was not a combination, and he tried five small keys before he found the right one. He pulled the door open, tense with increasing excitement.

The contents, at first sight, were disappointing.

There was a note-book, several hundred pounds in bank-notes, but no single jewel.

The note-book was similar to that which he had taken from Savoyan, and a glance at it showed him that all the contents were in code—and, as far as he could remember, the letters ran identically. He reasoned that it was the key to letters sent from one member of the syndicate to another. Putting it in his pocket, he went to the bureau—to receive quite a startling surprise. The bureau proved to comprise an ingenious trick-door, which, after considerable manipulation, swung round to reveal the door of the strongroom.

This opened easily when he found the right key.

It was dark beyond, but he flashed his torch inside and found the light switch on the wall. In the big room into which he stepped the light was better than in any other room he had yet visited, and he could see every corner of the sparsely furnished apartment.

There was a small desk, three small armchairs, and two stiff-backed ones. There

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were no safes in the accepted form, but five tall steel cabinets lined one wall. Each drawer had a separate keyhole, and he marvelled at the thoroughness of the man who had conceived it. On a minor scale it had the impregnability of a safe deposit.

But with the keys he had nothing to stop him working.

The first cabinet proved to be filled with papers, file after file, which, he imagined, would make interesting reading. But he was looking chiefly for gems.

The second cabinet was empty.

One drawer in the third offered some result, and as he took a jewel-case from it he felt his fingers trembling. He forced the catch with a small screwdriver. . . .

His sharp exclamation echoed through the strongroom, for he was looking down, as far as he could see, at the Chentz diamonds, the necklet that he had taken from Savoyan, and which he had deposited in a safe-deposit that morning.

It was manifestly absurd.

But Mannering's eye was trained to the peculiarities of precious stones, and even a layman would have found little difficulty in seeing the same rose-tint, the same perfect cutting of the brilliants.

He lifted them nearer the light, examined them intently, one by one, seeing the fiery scintillations of the diamonds, and their superb rose-tinted beauty. He had not examined the string taken from Savoyan half as closely, and after the first shock a possibility that would fit the facts began to take shape in his mind.

Had Lord Collyn held the original diamonds, or had he kept a paste set in his strongroom?

If he had, if the diamonds stolen from James Street had been paste, or at least inferior, it would explain the hitherto inexplicable worry of the peer's. Brenda's belief that he was troubled by something beyond the actual theft. If the stolen gems were false he could not claim insurance . . .

But how had he lost the originals?

If knowingly, why had he failed to report it?

"It's beginning to look," said the Baron gently, "as if Collyn is deeper in this than I expected. There's a lot to be explained, his coming here for one thing, but——"

He found it hard to dismiss the subject, but he put the case in his pocket and went through the other cabinets. Drawer after drawer was empty, but in the last one he found a ledger that exceeded his hopes.

The ledger was a record.

Page after page carried a name, a date, comments, and a series of letters—probably explained by the code-books. The thoroughness of the organisation was appalling.

Half-way through the book—past some thirty names—he saw his own. The very sight of it made him chuckle aloud, and he read the entry quickly:

"Mannering, John. (A)

"Mirage Hotel, May 8th.....cash £207. Storage of all goods unknown. To be worked by Renkie, May/June. Owner of . . ." (there followed a list of the major pieces in his collection, kept in Lord Fauntley's strongroom at Portland Place, and the final entry was a barb) ". . . latest acquisition the Dellamont emeralds."

He drew a deep breath, trying to realise to the full the extent of the implications of the ledger. If his own collection was known like that, and the record was brought up-to-date so thoroughly, it meant that someone who knew he had bought the Dellamont emeralds was in touch with Hawley. Only a few friends were aware of it; there had been no report of the purchase in the Press.

He was oblivious to everything else as he glanced through the other pages. There were dozens of men summarised there, and in many of them were notes of the storage-place of a collection, in others suggestions of how to get vital keys, or other vital information.

The names were not entered in alphabetical order, but the book was indexed, and he found the Collyn entry. It reported both robberies, the use made of Gerry, and a footnote was attached:

"Hold G.C."

"They've held him all right," said the Baron, and he turned to the "F" page in the index. It was unlikely that Lord Fauntley was omitted: his collection was probably larger than any other in England. It was there, with full details, and as Mannering read he felt dumbfounded.

". . . strong-room impregnable, need keys.

"Work on daughter with this in mind.

"Alternate possible source, Mannering."

As the full implications of that struck home, Mannering grew very thoughtful.

VERY slowly the Baron put the ledger on top of the cabinet, and stepped to the drawer with the files. He pulled one out, and saw a photograph and a summary of personal details of a thin-faced man named Welch. He looked at the filing tabs, found a single file under "S," and on the front page was Savoyan's photograph.

There followed details of his earlier life as Cartier, his crimes and prison sentence, age, habits, comments on his usefulness—"dependability doubtful" made Mannering arch his brows—and a list of dates and names which had as a last entry: "Collyn, with Renkie."

And at the foot of the sheet was a red line.

"Wiped off the records," thought the Baron, and as he turned back towards the bedroom he felt a savage hatred towards Hawley and all the man stood for.

Hawley was still unconscious, and Mannering went on to Collyn's room.

There appeared to be no change in the peer's regular breathing. He turned back to the door, and as he reached it he heard the movement from the bed.

He was round in a flash, his hand at his pocket, but there was no need for alarm. Collyn was staring across the room towards him, his eyes heavy with sleep, his expression one of bewildered alarm.

Mannering opened his lips, then checked himself. For a moment he had been on the verge of a vital mistake, had been prepared to address the peer familiarly in Mannering's voice. The danger of even a moment's relaxation, whether the odds were on or against him, had never been more acute.

Collyn stared up into the masked face. His lined face twitched, his body was shaking as though with ague.

"You're quite safe," Mannering said gently, and in a voice that no one who knew him would have recognised. "Take it easy, Collyn. I'm not one of Hawley's brigade, you're safe enough, I tell you. What the devil are you doing here?"

"I had to come!" Collyn's nerves were at breaking point, and any attempt at defiance faded. "He sent for me, I——"

"Who sent for you?"

"This—this man Hawley sent for me." It sounded like the truth, although Mannering treated it with reserve. "He told me I had to come, to save Gerry. My son——"

It was convincing. Collyn's manner and the motive for his visit, the fact that Hawley had brought him here on the pretext all fitted in.

"I see," he said gently. "And when you got here—what?"

"He told me Gerry would be here tomorrow. I argued, but he—he forced me to stay." It was a pitiful wreck of a man stammering the explanation, and Mannering could not fail to sense that there was something deeper at stake. The actual facts were not enough to explain Collyn's complete collapse, even allowing for his weakness after coming out of a drugged sleep. What was at the back of his mind, what did he hold in fear? "That's the truth, I tell you," Collyn repeated, his voice rising. "I—who are you?"

"They call me the Baron," said Mannering quietly.

"The—thief!"

"A thief," admitted Mannering, "but not the one who took your jewels. Listen, Collyn, I've a matter to settle with Hawley and I want it settled alone. And I can tell you something: the police are wondering why you've disappeared, and the quicker you're back to explain yourself the better it's going to be."

"But—my son——"

"You can tell the police why you came here, give them the address, and leave your son to them."

"But you don't understand, he's in danger!"

Mannering forced back his irritation, tried to conceive the motive in the older man's mind.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "I'm here alone. I don't know how many others there are in the place, every minute's precious. You were brought here on a pretext, your son isn't here; but if you don't get away I can't answer for the consequences. There's a car at the end of the drive—a little way to the left, on the road. Can you drive?"

"Yes, but——"

"Confound it all, can't you see that while you're here there's danger, that——"

But then Mannering stopped, as an interruption came. Collyn's gaze shifted towards the door, as a suave voice in broken English said:

"Just 'ow much, Baron, you do not know."

And the Baron swung round to look into the inscrutable eyes of Corbertes, and the muzzle of the Frenchman's gun.

CORBERTES came nearer, very slowly.

"So quiet, mon ami?"

Mannering forced himself to speak.

"Who—who are you?"

"A question of interest, but yes," said Corbertes. "It has no answer, for you. But you 'ave cause trouble, Baron. Trouble so great it was best I come myself to arrange it. I come to see my frien' Hawley. The front door, it opens. In this room, voices. Yes," he added and he seemed to sigh, "it is good that I come just now. Turn round, Baron."

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ALIAS THE BARON

Mannering hesitated.

For the first time he looked past Corbertes, and in the passage he saw two men, standing as motionless as the Frenchman. Both of them had their hands in their pockets, and one face was familiar. As in a dream he remembered where he had seen its likeness before; it was the man Welch, whose photograph was among the dossiers of the strong-room.

"Welch," called Corbertes, and the thin-faced man came in. "Untie zat scarf."

Welch said nothing, but approached Mannering, and the Baron knew that the moment for death had not yet come. Now that he had recovered from the shock of the hold-up his mind was working fast, and he saw a slim chance.

If Collyn would support him. But it so happened Collyn started it. Even Mannering was surprised at the way he moved, distracting attention for a vital second, and Mannering acted before any of the others. He backheeled, catching Welch on the knee, and as the man staggered back he swung round on Corbertes and the second fellow.

Collyn snatched a water-glass and hurled it at Corbertes.

Corbertes was unable to shoot without hitting Welch, and as he moved to get clear of the barrier, the glass struck his gun-arm. The automatic was pointing towards the floor when Mannering hit him with every ounce of strength and latent savagery.

Corbertes went down as though pole-axed, and the man in the passage seemed uncertain. Welch was squirming on the floor, Collyn had jumped from the bed and was rushing with the courage of desperation at the door.

Apparently the man was not armed, and he drew back from Collyn. Mannering went after the peer, but before he reached the door he heard a crash from somewhere above him. For a split second it puzzled him; and then he realised that the commotion had disturbed the men on the second floor, and the communicating door had been smashed down.

Corbertes was out of the reckoning for the time being, but Welch might be a menace soon, and the man at the door was rushing towards the stairs to join the newcomers. Mannering snapped.

"The main staircase, and hurry!"

As he ran, with a hand on Collyn's arm, he prayed that Corbertes had not rechained the front door. He reached the head of the staircase before the men from the second floor had come in sight; but Collyn stumbled.

Mannering stopped him from falling, cursed at the delay, and raced downwards.

The door was closed but not bolted.

Mannering reached it, opened it as Collyn came up, breathing hard. The peer almost fell into the porch, while from the head of the stairs came the sharp snap of a pistol shot, and a bullet buried itself in the door not two inches from Mannering's head.

He slammed the door behind him, and the shrubs and merciful darkness closed about their retreat.

ONE of Inspector Bristow's major complaints was that whenever he got to bed early, he was called up during the night. He had a telephone next to his bed, and when he raised himself up to lift it he could see his wife in the next bed, sleeping as soundly as if the harsh Brrr-brrrr had not echoed through the room in the early hours of that morning.

He kept his voice low.

"Bristow speaking—what?"

The last word was a bellow, and his wife jumped in her sleep, then opened her eyes. Bristow was leaning forward over the telephone, and the street lamp that showed his clear-cut face revealed also the excitement in his eyes.

The unfamiliar voice at the other end of the wire came faintly.

"Yes, the Baron. If you get to Welling Hall, near Reading, in the next hour you should find a lot to interest you."

"Look here, Mannering——"

His wife flung the bedclothes back and began to unfold Bill's clothes, while Mannering said:

"You misunderstand me, Bristow, this is the Baron. I should telephone the Reading police at once. Good-bye."

The line went dead, and Bristow sat staring ahead of him, oblivious for the moment of his wife's ministrations. It had not been Mannering's voice, but only Mannering would have the nerve to ring through, and offer that information as the Baron.

It took Bristow less than an hour to reach the Reading Central Police Station, and another ten minutes to reach the drive of Welling Hall. The headlights of the two police cars already waiting there showed the old mansion up at its worst, and Bristow had a sudden fear that it was a hoax.

The Inspector already on duty did not share it with him.

"Astonishing thing," he said after greeting Bristow in the bleak hall. "There's not a soul in the place, but half a dozen rooms have been slept in, and we've found a strong-room that's obviously been cleared out in the last hour or so. What do you make of it?"

But Bristow would not commit himself.

MANNERING had telephoned Bristow from the first call-box he had reached after putting two miles between him and the Hall.

Collyn had been too exhausted to speak after the rush from the Hall. Not until they were running through the dark streets of Reading, keeping to the outskirts, for Mannering had no desire to meet the police he imagined Bristow would put into action—did he break the silence. And then it was in a weary voice holding a note of helplessness and exhaustion.

"Well, what now?"

"That," said Mannering, "is the question. And, of course, it depends on you."

"Why?"

"You can answer so many questions, Collyn, of major importance."

Collyn's voice held a steadier note.

"Who are you?"

"Let's forget that," suggested Mannering, "and simply remember that my chief object is to make the Hawley brigade pay for past offences. And remember, too, that I might be able to get in touch with your son. On the other hand, if he's mixed up with the gang——"

It was just the right note, as he had hoped, and Collyn poured out a torrent of denial.

"That's absurd, you ought to know it, he's been a young idiot, but there's no vice in him. Listen, Baron——" The note of desperation that the Baron had been waiting for crept into his voice, and Mannering used his last card to obtain a complete confession.

"Before you talk," he said gently, "I'll tell you that I know that there are two sets of diamonds, both reputedly the Chentz string."

Collyn started so violently that he banged against Mannering's side and knocked his fingers from the steering wheel. The car swerved towards the crown of the road. Mannering straightened the wheel quickly, preventing a skid.

"Easy goes," he protested. "Well, what's the story of the two necklaces?"

He heard Collyn's sharp intake of breath, sensed the tautness of the man's nerves, and waited. The peer spoke slowly at first, but as the first difficult admission came he gained confidence.

"One—one set was paste. A replica necklace, wonderfully well done, and yet valueless. I—the original stones, Baron, were—were my wife's."

"Ye-es," said Mannering slowly, suddenly understanding.

"And held in trust for Brenda. A family heirloom, not a Collyn piece but my wife's family's, the Rogersons'. It was a damnable business! Things went wrong. You may be aware how the Young Loan slumped. I suffered steady losses on all my holdings, nothing at all would go right. Two years ago I had the offer of a position on the Empire Insurance Board. I needed the salary, and I took it, later accepting the Managing Directorship, worth another two thousand a year.

"But—oh, you won't understand!—my life is inseparable from my horses, Baron. I had to sell one of my favorite three-year-olds. I had to reduce staffs at the stables, one by one I took the horses out of training, ostensibly to rest them, actually to save every penny I could. Oh, I put up a big bluff," Collyn said bitterly. "I don't think anyone suspected the truth. But six months ago it meant selling practically all my stock, publicly admitting I could no longer afford to run the colors, or—finding thirty thousand pounds in a hurry."

"Ye-es," said Mannering.

"I'd sold everything, or mortgaged it," Collyn went on, "except my wife's jewels; and Brenda's. I made an arrangement to sell the Chentz diamonds—oh, I know it was crazy, they weren't mine to sell, but it was a friendly arrangement with a dealer from whom I'd bought a great deal of stuff in better days. He undertook to keep them for twelve months and to give an opportunity of buying them back at the original price, with a small interest. Everything was arranged secretly, of course, and I hoped that my holdings would appreciate as things grew better in the foreign markets. I believe they will; but two things happened to nearly drive me mad, I'm not sure they won't!"

"Nothing as black as it might be," Mannering assured him. "What were the two disasters? The theft of the paste string was one, but the other——"

"Harrison, the dealer, died. It was a private arrangement, and he kept the string at his home. He died only a week ago, you may remember, and I've been living in fear that the necklace would be found and the story come out. It seemed worse, more inevitable, when the paste ones were lost. Well——" He drew a deep breath. "That's

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what happened. When my wife learns of it, I——"

He broke off, and when Mannering glanced at him he saw the haunting desperation in the peer's face. He was tempted to take the diamonds from his pocket and hand them to Collyn then. Instead:

"I've good reason to believe that Harrison was robbed of the string, Collyn, before he died."

"He—what?"

"Easy," said the Baron gently. "They were at the house, to-night. I took them, you're sitting within a foot of them, Collyn. Now, easy I said!"

But Collyn slumped down, and the Baron pulled up with an unconscious man beside him.

IN the restlessness of a troubled sleep, Brenda Collyn felt a hand shaking her shoulder. She opened heavy-lidded eyes, stared uncomprehendingly at the manservant bending over her.

"Wake up, Miss Brenda, please wake up!"

"I—what is it, Parker?"

"The telephone, Miss. Master Gerald——"

Sleep and weariness disappeared like a cloud in high wind. Before Parker had moved his hand she was up, hurrying to the door. The nearest extension of the telephone was in her father's room, and she thrust the door open, leapt to the table next the bed, lifted the receiver.

"Gerry, yes, yes!" Her voice was frantic.

And then her body sagged, for the voice wasn't Gerry's. It was a slow voice and the man spoke broken English, although each word was easily understandable.

"Zat ees Miss Collyn?"

"Yes. Who——"

"A moment, please. I speak for your brother. He wishes badly to speak to you, soon. At nine o'clock, please, at Hy'e Park Corner."

"But why doesn't he come here, why——"

"Please. I give only what he say."

It was useless to rant at the man, and she felt a surge of relief at the possibility of seeing Gerry. And Hyde Park Corner, at nine o'clock, was surely a meeting-place where nothing could go wrong.

"All right, I'll be there."

"He ask you to bring ze car, Miss."

"Of course." She replaced the receiver sharply.

At two minutes to nine she pulled up alongside the railings of Hyde Park, her eyes searching the crowd feverishly for a sign of Gerry.

"Miss Coll-yn?" asked a voice beside her.

Brenda swung round, saw the man opening the door and slipping next to her. Before she could speak he had closed the door, and she saw what glinted in his right hand. Alarm seared through her, her lips parted.

"I am most despairate," said Corbertes. "Please to understand. You will drive to Putney, if you please."

. . . . . .

"I assure you," said Lord Collyn breathlessly, "that the man Hawley telephoned me to go to Welling Hall to see Gerald. He mentioned the Chents diamonds, too. But Hawley refused to talk when I got there, said that he wanted me to stay until the next day, when Gerry would come, and—and when I grew angry he forced a drink on me. It must have been drugged. I don't remember anything more until I saw you."

"So all we want now is Gerry," murmured the Baron.

"Yes—I don't know how to thank you. Coming from you it's incredible——" As though to reassure himself Collyn touched the case in his pocket, where the Chents diamonds were resting——a gift, as Mannering had said sardonically, from the Baron.

The peer drew a deep breath as the Baron slowed down at one end of James Street, and extended his hand. "Baron or not, I'm damnably grateful, and if there's anything I can ever do——"

"There may be," said the Baron. "Who knows?"

He shook hands, smiled, and drove off, leaving Collyn standing and staring after him.

TOBY PLENDER recognised the voice coming over the telephone and scowled heavily.

"You thundering idiot," he exclaimed. "What are you aiming at? Suicide? Do you know they're looking for you about the Savoyan murder? Do you know——"

"May I speak," pleaded the Baron, but Plender ignored him.

"Do you know," he went on with increasing vehemence, "that Lorna's been almost frantic because you haven't been in touch with her? What is this, a new game? I'll stand for a lot, but if you start playing the fool——"

As out of a mist Mannering said:

"Lorna has?"

"Yes, who else? She tells me there was some fool argument and you went off in a huff. Blast you, she almost went crazy."

Mannering said: "Toby, tell her I'll be through as soon as I can, but——" He forced himself back to the immediate problem with difficulty. "The Savoyan business. What gun was he shot with, do you know?"

"Yes, a Colt point-twenty-two, why?"

"I've found a Colt point-twenty-two," said Mannering with a sharp inflection in his voice, "and it may be the one Bristow wants. Has he been to see you about the case?"

"I went to see him when I saw they were after the Baron."

"Is there anything to worry me?"

"Not yet, unless they can get back to you through the Mellor angle."

"They can't hold me as Mannering?"

"Not unless they've got something more than they had last night."

"Find out and ring me here, will you." Mannering gave the number of an hotel. Plender promised to work quickly, and as he replaced the receiver Mannering sat slowly on the bed and stared blankly at the wall. Even while talking to Plender, Lorna's face had been hovering in his mind's eye.

He should have known it.

He should have realised that directly there was the threat of real trouble Lorna would forget their differences. But Forsyth had been at Chelsea.

Mannering sat up sharply, and his expression hardened. For a moment he did not move, and then his lips curved, and he laughed, a deep laughter that held a serious note in it, a note almost of menace. He'd been a blind fool in two respects. Two respects . . .

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the Baron, and he bathed quickly without damaging his disguise, dressed, and went downstairs to breakfast, more cheerful than he had been for weeks.

Two hours later he walked rapidly along Brook Street, saw with interest the police-watchers nearby, and laughed inwardly as one of them hurried away, intent on getting word through to the Yard quickly.

Plender had telephoned him an assurance that Pfoulkes had said there was no case against Mannering as matters stood—and Plender had wanted to know just what had happened the previous night. Bristow and Pfoulkes, it appeared, had suffered a mild reversal of feeling towards the Baron. Mannering consequently had made a packet of the .22 automatic and sent it by messenger to the Yard for Bristow's attention, with a statement, written in pencilled block-lettering, of the way it had been found.

Hawley's prints would be on the gun—there were prints, Mannering had ascertained—and if Bristow found Hawley, the link-up with the Savoyan murder stood a good chance of being established. The situation was clearer; as far as he could see, the one anxiety was Gerry Collyn.

The harsh ringing of the telephone bell greeted him as he opened the door of his flat, and when he lifted it he heard Lord Collyn's frantic voice begging him to come at once . . .

COLLYN pressed his palms against hot temples.

"The brute trapped her, Mannering, it was——" He hesitated. "It's too long a story to tell you, Mannering, but last night I saw this fellow, the pock-marks make it certain, and—he's bent on murder. Brenda and Gerry. You must do something, there's danger——"

"I phoned for the police before I came over," said Mannering, and in the heat of the moment it was difficult for him to keep up the pretence that he had not been with Collyn most of the night.

He was glad that Parker came in, to announce Chief-Inspector Bristow. Collyn stopped his heavy pacing to and fro, and as Bristow entered he was shocked by the way the older man had aged. He nodded to Mannering, knowing that the Baron was likely to be present, forgetful, for the moment, of the other issues, and concerned only with that of the disappearance of the two Collyn youngsters.

Parker repeated his story, Collyn as much of his as he could without implicating himself—none of his reservations affected the possibility of the police making progress. When Parker went out he related the affair of the previous night, his summons to Welling Hall, and the interruption of the Baron.

He missed the queer expression in Bristow's eyes as the Inspector looked at Mannering.

"It's an amazing story, sir. I wish you had told us instead of going to Berkshire, all the same."

"That won't help now," snapped Collyn.

"No-o." Bristow looked worried. "But there's a possible line of immediate inquiry, if you will leave it to us to do all we can—"

"You've got to find them!" snapped Collyn.

"We will," Bristow promised him, but when he left the house with Mannering he did not look so confident.

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They stepped towards the police car as Bristow said:

"There's no time now for beating about the bush, Mannering. Just what happened last night, and who were the people concerned?"

Mannering shrugged. "You're still mixing me with the Baron, Bill. I should have thought you'd proof enough to the contrary by now."

"Darn it, those two youngsters might be murdered!" flared Bristow.

"Listen, Bill," said Mannering, getting in beside the detective. "Forget these hymns of hate, go straight back to the Yard. There might be a packet waiting for you. It might help you." He eyed the Inspector narrowly, seeing the changing expression in Bristow's eyes.

"What's in it?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Mannering mendaciously, "but I'll repeat it might help. Now this pock-marked man. Is he on the records, do you think?"

Bristow drew a deep breath and fingered his moustache.

"It sounds—no more, mind you—like a man named Corbertes. We had word of him from Paris this morning. Good Lord!" exclaimed Bristow, starting up in the car, "you gave the name to the Surete after the Mirage affair."

Mannering's expression was perfectly controlled. Surprise and alarm mingled convincingly.

"That swine? By Jupiter, Bill, it's serious!"

"Serious!" exclaimed Bristow, and he lowered his voice. "I've warned you, Mannering, the responsibility for trouble will be ours. Haven't you the common decency to me clean now?"

"There's nothing to come clean about," retorted the Baron, but Bristow was puzzled by the expression in his eyes. "I'm looking for the Collyns, Bill, and if I get the slightest inkling of where to find them I'll tell you. But until then——"

Bristow whistled.

"It's like that, is it? A means of approach we haven't got?"

"Please yourself," said Mannering, but he was relieved that Bristow had jumped to the conclusion at once. "And, Bill, there's a thing of importance. If I have a couple of flatfoots on my toes I can't guarantee anything. Read that as you like."

Bristow grunted.

"All right, I'll draw them off. But if you try any funny tricks——"

"Aren't you still thinking about the Baron?" asked Mannering gently. "Put me down here, will you?"

"Pull up, Simms," Bristow said to the driver, and Mannering left the car at Piccadilly Circus.

From one of the call-boxes of the station approach beneath the Circus he called Chloe, but there was no answer to his ringing, and he stepped out of the box worried and thoughtful.

Mannering called a cab, and went to Chelsea, and his mind was too full of the later events to feel anything of the bitterness which his last visit had caused. The personal issue between himself and Lorna had, for the time being, to be pushed into the background. But he owed her a visit after Plender's assurances, and it was possible that once again he would see a way out, after discussing the affair with her.

He chose the studio because he knew that when she was worried she rarely stayed at Portland Place, and he heard her light footsteps as he tapped on the door. A moment later it opened.

Lorna stood very still. She looked pale, too pale, and her eyes were much brighter than usual, holding an almost haunted expression which did not disappear as she drew back, and he went in.

"Well, John?"

Mannering closed the door, stood very still for a moment eyeing her, seeing her quickly-moving breast, knowing the tumult within her.

Three minutes later he said:

"Of course I was a bigger fool than ever not to see through it. I was busy, and you know I'm happier working. It was a first-class chance for you to cold-shoulder me and not be afraid of the result. Wasn't it?"

"Oh, my dear," said Lorna, and for the first time the glowing thought of the Emeralds "It was a hateful job, but—well, while I was at Biarritz I'd been going through the whole business. While Rennigan's alive I'm useless to you, and I can't let it come out. It isn't fair to you."

"And so," said the Baron, with a gleam in his eyes, "you made the supreme sacrifice——"

"Don't joke about it. I——"

"A minor argument, almost a major quarrel, a whirl or two with the amiable Forsyth, a knowledge of my too sensitive nature where you're concerned, and all the time the glowing thought of the Emeralds of Discord," went on the Baron; but there was an undercurrent of passion in his voice. "A complete break with me, so that I'd be free to marry if I wanted to. It's true, isn't it?"

"I—well, yes." She was very close to him, and he could see the deep glow in her eyes, sensed what she was feeling. "I nearly gave it up when you met me in Paris, but——"

"The thought that I'd be better on my own persisted," said the Baron slowly. He gripped her shoulders until it hurt, but she made no move as his eyes met hers. "Listen, Lorna, from now until the end of time we'll go on as we are going on, if it's necessary. Good Lord, we know what we're doing, we can't help it if the circumstances work against us, and while we're running in our particular brand of harness we've always got something. I played with the idea of giving it all up, getting out of the country; or else bringing the Baron back in full regalia."

Lorna said in a low, tense voice:

"It frightens me now. Let's forget it. What—what's this about murder, and Savoyan? They've discovered Mellor——"

Mannering made an effort, and the importance of the affair on which he was working seemed more vivid. As she heard him and felt his enthusiasm for the chase, sensed his deep anxiety for the Collyns, she realised that in a way the "break" between them had served a purpose.

Mannering finished:

"And that's the position now. It's pretty damnable. But there's one—sorry, two chances left as I see them. The Renkle woman might give us a line, but there's another one that's going to worry you more, I fancy."

"Worry me?" She looked startled.

"In its way," said Mannering. "Tell me, who began it? You or Forsyth?"

"No, please——"

"It's important," said Mannering.

"It can't be. It was Forsyth, as a matter of fact he was rather"—a smile came, for the first time—"intense. He came to Biarritz just after me. And he's a likeable fellow, and it gave me the idea. I—— But why on earth is it important?"

"Because," said Mannering, "on the ledger of the Corbertes-Hawley alliance is a note that efforts are to be made to find a way, through you, to the Fauntley collection. And if Forsyth is the man I've always believed, he isn't the type to set his cap at you, knowing how things are, without a motive. And so——"

"It can't be," breathed Lorna.

"I fancy it is," said Mannering. "I fancy Forsyth is our man."

CHLOE kicked a slipper off, and it struck against the wall and flopped down. It was the sign of her overwhelming anger. Opposite her the Baron, no longer Mr. Mellor but with proof enough for her that he was the Baron, eyed her narrowly.

"The beasts!" she stormed. "The boy, and then a kid like that! I could poison them! I——"

"It does you credit," said the Baron, "but if you let yourself go like that you won't be a great help in locating them. And," he added, "enabling me to force an entry. And that's vital. First find the house: then get in it."

"You needn't fret," she snapped, "I won't give myself away with them."

"You've heard nothing since that telephone call this morning, when Hawley told you to keep quiet?"

"Hawley? Oh, 'Mike.' That's right. I suppose he came through about half-past nine, I know I was fast asleep. And now what do I do?"

"At the first word from them, call me. If you've got any reason to think that they're watching you, let me know."

He left her, and returned to his Brook Street flat. Quickly he removed all traces of his disguise, changed, and, just after one o'clock, went out, immaculate and debonair.

WHEN the Hon. Peter Forsyth was in town he had a habit of lunching at the Elan, rarely alone. He was not alone that day, for Lorna was sitting opposite him, and to all intents and purposes she was enjoying the tete-a-tete as much as Forsyth. That large and genial-seeming man was at his best, and for the second time since he had started his "offensive" at Biarritz, he brought the subject round to precious stones.

Mannering was at an adjoining table, alone. His back was to them, but he could see Lorna in an alcove mirror. The arrangement had been made before he had left the studio.

Lorna had found Forsyth delighted to take her to luncheon. More, she found it almost impossible to credit that this large buffoon of a man, with his merry eyes and his vivacity, was what the Baron suspected.

Forsyth could be good company, and he spread himself; but his insistence on jewels was in itself suspicious. He talked mostly of his own—Lorna knew he had a large collection—but here and there he put a question about the Fauntley strongroom that, now she was on the alert, seemed unmistakable in its implications.

Did her father use a watchman? He relied on electric control, Forsyth supposed. Was it his habit to keep many jewels at Portland Place? Forsyth would very much like to see the collection and with Lorna as a guide——

With Mannering's strange warnings echoing in her ears the motive of Forsyth's

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casual questions was almost blatant. When Forsyth lowered his eyes to light a cigarette she nodded sharply, meaningly; and Mannering saw her in the mirror. The Baron's lips curved, but he gave no other show of emotion, and he left the Elan before the others. Forsyth had not noticed him before, and looked startled as he passed, bowing frigidly to Lorna.

"I say, Lorna, I'd no idea——" The large man's voice was an apology in itself.

"Oh, it's all right." Lorna seemed reluctant.

"Bad for you," said Forsyth. "I wouldn't have done that for the world. My dear, I——"

"Let's forget him," said Lorna sharply.

"Oh, Lord, yes, by all means. All the same——" Forsyth dithered for a moment, and then changed the subject. "Well—if you can fit me in to see your father's collection I'd like nothing better. Don't always find the old school willing, though."

"I'll arrange it," promised Lorna, and saw the momentary glint of satisfaction in Forsyth's eyes.

They left the Elan ten minutes afterwards, and he saw her to the Chelsea studio before driving off in his saloon towards Putney. In a small car behind him was Mannering; and Mannering was reminding himself that Parker had travelled in this direction in a vain pursuit of Brenda and Corbertes.

To his surprise Forsyth garaged the saloon at a garage near Putney Bridge station, and walked along an alley towards the station itself.

Ten minutes afterwards a large man clad in a light mackintosh came out of the station, and Mannering's eyes narrowed. The bulk and the walk was Forsyth's; but the heavy beard and moustache altered his appearance convincingly.

"Simple but effective," murmured the Baron, and he felt a sharper excitement while as casually as he could he walked in Forsyth's wake. The bearded man turned into a garage opposite New King's Road, and came out after a few minutes at the wheel of a large tourer.

Mannering went back to his car.

The simplicity of Forsyth's move, like so many of the Baron's arrangements, helped its success; but one thing was certain. Forsyth had no idea he was suspected, or he would have adopted a more cautious method of approach. As it was he drove fast through Putney High Street and up the hill, until he turned into the carriage-way of one of the large houses facing Wimbledon Common.

"Grey Lodge," murmured the Baron, and he drove straight past, seeming to look neither right nor left.

He did not return to town at once, but reconnoitred the district. Grey Lodge was backed by a house equally large, and fronting on a by-road called Grove Crescent. All the houses were substantial, and had their private drives.

To get from Grey Lodge to any of them would not be a difficult task, for the adjoining gardens were bordered mostly by hedges, only one house being completely surrounded by a brick wall. And the top of the wall was smooth.

Given reasonable time, escape from Grey Lodge would not be difficult.

"That's the first part," Mannering said as he finished the survey. "Now I'm waiting for word from Chloe."

That came three hours afterwards.

He had been called by Bristow, who appeared satisfied when Mannering said that things were going reasonably well (and who said gruffly that the packet had contained a gun), and Flick Leverson, interested in the progress of the affair and anxious for the Baron. The next call was from Chloe.

"I've had another call from 'Mike.'" She was breathing sharply, and he sensed the undercurrent of suppressed excitement. "I've got to be at the foot of Putney Hill at half-past six."

"So that," said the Baron, "clinches it." He paused, considering the best move now. "Are you still game?"

"Yes!" she bellowed at him.

"Remembering Savoyan?" he insisted, but although he knew that she would be a thousand times wiser to refuse to make that journey, he prayed that her spirit would hold out.

"Oh, curse Savoyan, I'll be there. Don't start arguing now, I—we've got to get those kids free, can't you understand that?"

"Didn't I once christen you the angel?" asked Mannering. "I'll be near at hand during the night, so don't worry what happens, just carry on."

He replaced the receiver, then lifted it again and called Toby Plender's office. The solicitor greeted him as abruptly as always, but exclaimed when Mannering said:

"I want a couple of ex-policemen, Toby; men who look the part from head to foot."

"You want what?"

"Do I have to repeat it all? They're to be on the opposite side of the road to Grey Lodge, Wimbledon Common, at midnight. The opposite side of the road, remember, and if there's any sign of men or cars coming from the house, they're to dodge on to the common. If they don't they might meet trouble. Can you find them, through a private agency?"

"Well, yes, but——"

"And then," said the Baron, "here's a stiffer job for you."

He spent ten minutes ramming home on Plender the necessity for the action he proposed and when he finished he felt warm, but relieved. As far as he could see he had closed all the avenues for danger to others, with the possible exception of Chloe.

But if he failed . . .

"Exit the Baron," he said slowly.

Before he prepared to leave the flat at half-past ten he phoned Lorna, and she wondered what had happened to make him so brimful of confidence. She did not dream that it might be his farewell, nor that when he finished he called Plender again, with a message for her.

He finished his phoning with a call to Lord Collyn.

THE stealthy movement of the Baron as he reached the window he had chosen for the start of that night's activities was hardly visible, and his dark figure and masked face merged with the trees that ringed the grounds of Grey Lodge.

He finished his operations at the window, climbed through, and was moving warily forward when the light flashed on.

In the fierce glare he was momentarily blinded, and before he could move his hands to his pockets men fell on him from the rear and sides, a fist struck him in the back, his arms were wrenched behind him. Vaguely he saw blurred figures, someone snatched at his scarf, then he was helpless in the grip of four men, two at each arm.

As he looked towards the door, he saw the beard and moustache that so effectively disguised the fleshy face of Forsyth. He saw Hawley; saw Corbertes looking at him with naked hatred in his eyes. And he prayed that Forsyth would not suspect that he had planned to get himself caught.

Keeping his automatic well in evidence, Forsyth dismissed his four henchmen, then addressed Mannering.

"You don't know the pleasure that this meeting gives me, Baron."

"Really?" Mannering's voice was mocking. "Then doubtless you'll set my mind at rest on one point. Where are the Collyns?"

"Ah! You want to get to the heart of the matter at once. They are downstairs, Baron; I may let you see them. An unhappy and I'm afraid obstinate couple, but their father will doubtless be more amenable to reason."

"All things are possible," said Mannering, shrugging his shoulders. "You, Forsyth, might get away with it——"

There was a silence in the room as of death, a sudden almost unbearable tension.

Forsyth breathed:

"So you know me?"

"A beard and a moustache," shrugged the Baron. "Hardly a first-class cover, do you think?"

"It has served," said Forsyth. A queer thing had happened to his voice, which was no longer deep and menacing, but soft and hoarse, like a man with a severe cold. "What else do you know?"

The Baron laughed; every word, every movement he made was calculated to undermine the trio's confidence, although each increased his own danger.

"So many things that we needn't ponder over them. I spent an hour in the strong-room at Welling Hall, and—but I need not dwell on that."

Forsyth stood up very slowly, with his hands moving towards the Baron as though he was preparing to jump at him. Corbertes was sliding his left hand into his pocket, for his knife. The silence in the room dragged on, until the Baron broke it.

"You killed Savoyan," he said smoothly, "at least Hawley did, and there's no proof you others were implicated. Corbertes knifed Rentu, and there he is the only direct suspect. But if the police should arrive to find me dead, the three of you will be properly up against it. Pause to consider it. The murder even of the Baron will bring the law working more ruthlessly, Forsyth, even than you've worked. Don't you think?"

"The police!" Hawley broke first, began to tremble.

"Vat does he say?" screeched Corbertes, and his knife shone, evil and murderous.

"What are you saying?" Forsyth breathed.

"That for once," said the Baron, nothing in his manner suggesting the fast beating of his heart, the knowledge that he must win now or lose for all time, "I've co-operated with the police. I sent them to Welling Hall last night, as you anticipated, and I told them I was coming here. At"—he glanced down at his wrist-watch, unruffled and serene—"midnight. It is a few

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ALIAS THE BARON

minutes to. You will see plainclothes men at the front, at the back, even at the sides."

"Kill him," gasped Corbertes, "kill——"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Hawley, "if the police are here we can't do it!"

"If they are," said Forsyth. He was in better control of himself than any of the others, and he pressed a bell.

Gleeson, the butler, appeared.

"Go to the gates," snapped Forsyth. "See if the house is under observation. Go, damn you, don't gape there!" As Gleeson disappeared in sudden acute alarm, Forsyth lifted the house-telephone, and as the receiver crackled, he snapped: "Have all the cars ready for a quick journey, Welch, at once. Take the Collyns into the hall, lock Renkle in her room."

He replaced the receiver with a deliberation that proved his nerve, and his eyes were narrowed with unbelievable malevolence on the Baron.

"If it's true," he said, "there is a better way of handling you than killing you—quiet, Corbertes!" He glared at the mouthing Frenchman, while Hawley had stepped hurriedly to the door. "The police would avenge your murder, yes, but if they got you alive, here—ah. You begin to see?"

For Mannering's eyes had wriened with an alarm as convincing as his earlier calm. He took a pace forward and might have reached the big man but for Corbertes darting between them.

"Good heavens, that! I——"

"That . . ." snarled Forsyth, but before he could go on the telephone rang again. The spluttering from the other end of the line was loud, but Mannering could not catch the words.

As Forsyth banged the receiver down he knew what they were. Corbertes was staring at the big man, Hawley was like a statue at the door.

"It's true," Forsyth shouted; "Gleeson's seen two policemen. Hawley, get down, get the Collyns in a car and rush the gates, you know where to go. Corbertes, the second car with some of the men. I'll look to him." His eyes were inflamed as he rounded the desk towards the Baron, and Mannering saw his fist clench, the arm go back. He tensed himself for the blow, tried to dodge it, caught that great fist on the side of the jaw, and pitched sideways.

As oblivion came footsteps thundered through Grey Lodge. The voices of men afraid were raised.

THE BARON struggled back to consciousness, with his head whirling, sickness at the pit of his stomach.

He staggered to his feet, swaying from side to side and lurching forward until he reached a wall.

His hand was outstretched, palm on the wall, and it struck against a light switch. There was a split second of anxiety before he pressed it down.

The light came on.

Blinking in the sudden glare, he looked about him. His first impression was that he had been in the room before. It was large, barely furnished, and its walls were a drab grey. On one side was a row of steel filing cabinets, most of the other furniture was steel. But the drawers were all open, evidence of a last-minute clearance of the contents.

The strong-room, of course; and they had locked him in there, for the police to find.

For the police to find! Without his disguise they would know him on sight; half-an-hour's work to clean it off, and they would have John Mannering. With him were his tools, his mask—the scarf was still about his neck—all the proof that Bristow wanted.

He saw something that glittered, on the floor. He stared at it, still mentally numbed, and saw a string of pearls. As he picked it up he realised that Forsyth had left the string there deliberately, to make sure the Baron was found with stolen gems in his possession.

And the police would come, he had sent for them, but he had tried to give himself fifteen minutes' grace, believing when he had planned the coup that at worst they would push him in a room. If Collyn had succeeded in getting the police to do just what the Baron had suggested they would be at Grey Lodge about twenty-past twelve.

The nearness of the danger sent the last waves of helplessness from his mind. He knew now why they had left him his tools; it was cleverer than the Baron had anticipated when he had taken the gamble, it might be too clever for him.

He looked at his watch.

He could not have been unconscious for more than five minutes, for it was not yet ten past twelve. If the luck went his way he had five minutes to get out before the police arrived, to break out of the strong-room and the house; and on his success depended freedom.

Five minutes . . .

"YOU think it's wise to do exactly what the Baron suggested?" asked Ffoulkes.

Lynch and Bristow answered "Yes!" simultaneously and most emphatically.

Ffoulkes shrugged.

"All right, if you feel as strongly as that, carry on."

Thus it was that just before midnight he was stationed with half a dozen men three hundred yards from the gates of Grey Lodge, and three hundred yards on the other side was another group of police.

Across the road at both points was a heavy lorry, empty, but a sufficient barricade. Beyond the lorries the traffic was lined up, hooting impatiently at the block, blasting the quiet of the night.

Close to Bristow was Toby Plender.

"Here they come," Bristow snapped. "He was right."

The little group of police separated, three on either side of the road, as three cars came screeching towards the lorry, their headlights blazing. It happened so quickly that Plender felt a cold fear that the cars would crash into the lorry and telescope each other. But as the headlights showed on the massive barrier brakes screeched, screaming through the night air above the sound of impatient horns. At the same moment the headlights of three police cars standing on the common shone out, bathing the whole scene in their lurid glare.

The first car had pulled towards the common, but the sight of the police cars forced Hawley, at the wheel, to stand on his brakes. Corbertes' car bumped into the first, the bumpers locked, but there was no serious damage. The bearded driver of the third car flung open the door before he stopped, the noise of a crash went up towards the heavens, but a ring of police crowded round. Forsyth could find no escape.

Bristow leapt forward, ducking as he went, towards Corbertes. A knife flashed over his head, and cut through the arm of a man behind him, but before the Frenchman could get at his gun Bristow was on him; Plender joined in.

Superintendent Lynch, rushing up from the other barricade, was the first to reach Hawley's car and see Brenda and Gerry Collyn lying unconscious in the tonneau. At the same moment two ex-detective-sergeants who had been sent by a private inquiry agency to the spot, decided that their services were no longer required.

"THE Devil alone knows how he did it," Lynch said, "but he told Collyn he'd drive them out of the house, and damnit he worked it almost to the minute. I'm glad the A.-C. didn't prove awkward. What's the time, Bill?"

"Just turned twenty past twelve."

"Hmmm. Let's get to the Lodge, and see what's left there, if anything." Lynch stepped past the police van that had been summoned from the Putney Headquarters, as Forsyth, his beard dislodged, was being forced into it. The big man was half-crazed, his breath was rasping into his lungs, and he was struggling violently.

"Let me go, I'll give you the Baron. He did it, I didn't, he's behind it, he's in the house now, I'll turn King's evidence, I——"

Lynch swung round, Bristow came running across the road, and Plender felt his heart sink as the Superintendent snapped in an undertone:

"Get a cordon round there, Bill, as fast as you can. We've got the Baron."

"But——" Plender started, and Lynch pushed past him.

"We're the police, not a thanks-and-good-will party," he snapped, "and we want the Baron. Hurry up there, get round the house. Not a man's to get through, understand?"

THE Baron started work on the lock of the strongroom door at ten minutes past midnight.

By sixteen minutes past he was outside, and racing towards the end of the passage, for once careless of the noise he made.

A flight of stairs was just to his right.

He reached them, gripped the banisters, saw the landing below, and swung himself over.

And then he heard the first sound, a hammering at a door inside Grey Lodge, and shouting. Shouting!

Chloe; he'd forgotten Chloe! They'd locked her in here!

The sound was coming ahead of him, and he reached the door as another frenzied burst of banging came on the panels. Then he saw the first evidence of the panic in the earlier occupants of the house, for the key was in the outside of the lock.

He turned it sharply, pushed the door open, and saw Chloe.

She sobbed when she saw him, a sharp, poignant gasp of relief.

"Thank heaven! They'd found me out."

"Come on," snapped the Baron.

He gripped her wrist, swung out of the room along the landings towards the main

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staircase. Their footfalls made little noise on the thick carpet of the hallway, but their breathing was short and gasping as Mannering reached the door, pulled the knob, felt the rush of cold night air.

"We'll make it," he gasped. "We'll make it!"

He reached the porch, Chloe a foot behind him, but as he glanced towards the carriage-way gates he heard the sound of running feet, heavy, ominous. Men in goodly numbers were coming towards Grey Lodge.

"The shrubbery," he snapped, "keep your head down!"

The shrubbery was fifteen yards away, on either side of the garden, and ran up to the hedge separating Grey Lodge from its next-door neighbor. As Mannering reached it with the girl he saw the dark figures reach the gateway, heard their feet crunching on the gravel. But he was hidden by the thick shrubs; for a few minutes at least they had found sanctuary.

The police had reached the front door, and he saw the heavy figure of Lynch, the neater one of Bristow, as the other men started to thud against the door. At least they had no idea he had managed to get out, but the odds against him now were represented by the cordon of police that would have been established all about the house, back and front.

There was one slender chance; he was a step ahead of the police.

"I can't — manage — it," Chloe gasped. "Get on—you'll do it—go on!"

They had reached the thick laurel hedge of the next-door house, and Mannering saw that there were gaps. He forced her towards it, went through with his shoulder forcing the leaves and branches back, dragged her after him, then across to the second hedge.

As he reached it men turned into the gates.

Mannering saw the brick wall which bordered the garden. He was breathing heavily when he stopped in front of it, his lips twisted as Chloe gasped:

"I couldn't climb that—to save—my life!"

"You're going to, there's help the other side." He bent down, gripped her legs by the knees and hoisted her up. "Keep as low as you can."

The talk of help had given her a new strength, and she clutched the smooth top of the wall, held on, and Mannering drew himself up beside her. On the far side was the large garden of a detached house, beyond it lay a minor road, Grove Crescent.

"One garden along again, angel, you'll make it!"

As they forced their way through a hedge leading to the next garden he knew that the odds were with them now. The police would concentrate on the house and garden immediately behind Grey Lodge, and its next-door neighbors. They could not prevent their footfalls sounding. Chloe was dragging her feet and close to collapse but they reached the gates, keeping cautiously behind the heavy pillars on either side.

Through the railings Mannering looked into the road, saw the police waiting a hundred yards further up; and saw the closed car standing not ten yards from him. He raised his voice little above a whisper.

"Lorna?"

Chloe started and gripped his arm.

There was a moment's silence, and then the engine of the car hummed, a whisper came back.

"All right."

"Just one last effort," said the Baron, and keeping pace with Chloe, he stepped into the open.

At the wheel of the car Lorna was sitting, but in a chauffeur's peak-cap and heavy blue overcoat. She jumped out, opened the door quickly, professionally. Chloe darted in and Mannering followed her. Under the eyes of the police further up the road, the chauffeur-driven car moved off, reached the end of the crescent and turned right, away from the common road.

SIR DAVID FFOULKES, Superintendent Lynch, Chief Inspector Bristow and Mr. Tobias Plender were gathered together in the Assistant-Commissioner's office. It was ten o'clock on the morning after the Grey Lodge raid, and if all of them but Ffoulkes were weary-eyed, they all looked satisfied.

"So we got all but Mannering," said Ffoulkes abruptly.

"Yes," said Lynch comfortably, "but he'd been there, it was his work all right. He was out of the house before we got into the garden, and he kept a bit ahead of us all the time. Obviously."

Plender scratched his ear, as though agitated.

"I don't like to strike a discordant note," he said. "But really, Ffoulkes, it's slander. There is no legal connection between the raid last night, the escape, and John Mannering."

"All right," said Ffoulkes, "we needn't argue the point. But for the Baron to let himself be locked in that house was the last thing we expected. Hardly up to his usual form."

"No?" asked Plender. "I'd say he took a considerable risk of losing his life or liberty, that he saw only one way of driving Forsyth and thus the Collyns out of the house and into your hands. As I see it, he put it across you nicely, Ffoulkes, but when all said and done—two first-degree murderers, an accessory, six murder-capable criminals—forgive that expression—the break-up of a dangerously strong organisation, and Bristow tells me that at Forsyth's house you've found a lot of the big pieces stolen by the—er—Baron league, shall we say?"—he patted his head sharply—"what more can you want?"

Ffoulkes grunted.

"For the time being, nothing. But the Baron can't go on for ever."

"No," murmured Plender, "he's got to die one day, of course."

After the solicitor had gone Bristow reported more fully on the find in the cars—including all the dossiers and the "prospects"—on the discovery that Forsyth had a house in Brittany under the name of Fienne, where most of the English hauls were sent: the French hauls were usually delivered to Grey Lodge, Hawley had admitted. The chief object had been to get the goods out of the country where they had been stolen.

Hawley had broken down completely, and made a full confession, including the plan to work in with Collyn and the Empire Assurance Company. The only flaw, Bristow pointed out, was that apparently the Baron had returned the Chentz diamonds to the peer, and there could be no proof of that angle of the story.

"We don't want it particularly," said Ffoulkes. "Now what's this Hawley says about a woman named Renkle, and another named Tilford?"

"Tilford's been picked up in France," said Bristow. "We can't trace Renkle any further than a flat she left yesterday evening. But we'll get her."

He was wrong, as Mannering could have prophesied.

Under a false name and a heavy make-up Chloe left a week afterwards for the United States. When Mannering and Lorna saw her off she was as matter-of-fact as ever, and continually made light of the affair at Grey Lodge. She gripped Mannering's hands and kissed Lorna, and then walked with her head high along the gangway to the Blaric.

"As it turned out," Lorna said, "you didn't need her at the Lodge, John. Why——"

"Did I take her?" asked Mannering. "Send her, rather?"

"Yes."

"I was afraid they'd move out if she didn't turn up," said Mannering quietly. "And above all things I had to keep them there until midnight. I didn't want them frightened away, I certainly didn't want the police raiding the house. Corbertes—well, only the chance of a getaway stopped him killing me. And Forsyth would have been no better. It was not," he added grimly, "a society of friends. Well, it's nicely over, thank heaven, Chloe, Toby and you."

Lorna said quietly: "When Toby phoned me and said you wanted that car outside Grove Crescent, I knew what you'd phoned up about earlier in the evening. If you'd let it happen without giving me a chance of helping, I——"

"Would have felt like the very Devil, I know," said Mannering.

"Will they all hang?" asked Lorna.

The Baron's eyes gleamed.

"If they don't there's no justice in the world," he said. "Well, let's get away."

THAT night a telegram reached Galinet, in Paris:

Death has taken place of the legend of the Emeralds of Discord.

John Mannering.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

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